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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

JANUARY, 1913

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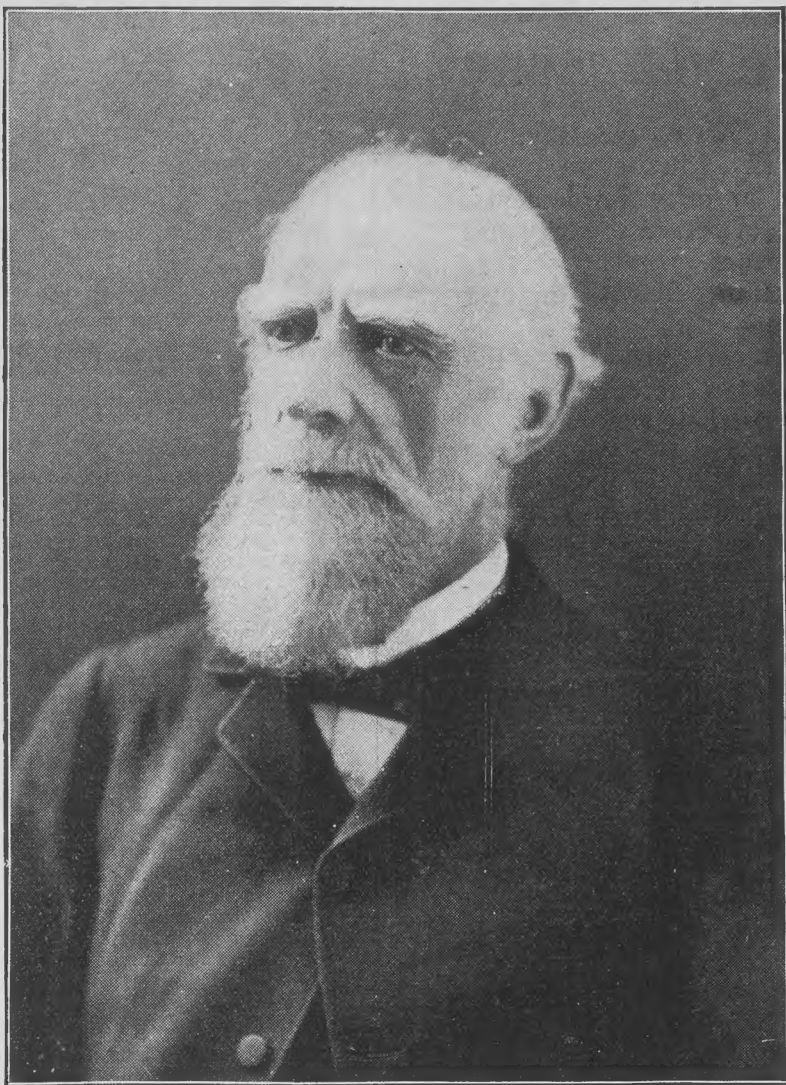
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"Not
Bleached--
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Blended."



A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE to "Western Home Monthly" Readers

From Canada's Distinguished Representative in London
The Right Honorable Lord Strathcona



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL

THE editor has once again asked me to say a few words of seasonable greeting through the columns of "The Western Home Monthly." ¶ At this time of the year it is customary, I suppose, to look back upon the preceding twelve months, and also to look forward and make, let us hope, good resolutions for the future—some of which may be carried out and many not! ¶ In Canada, we have been free from many of the disturbances, political and otherwise, which have perturbed other countries during the year; and for such mercies we ought to be profoundly thankful. ¶ The Western parts of the Dominion, and for that matter the Eastern Provinces as well, have enjoyed another period of progress and expansion. Although the crops in the West—and these are the foundation of the prosperity of the country—did not turn out quite as well as the early promise led us to expect, yet on the whole they have been satisfactory and profitable to the Western peoples. Trade has been good, emigration large, and of the right class, and much has been done to improve railway communications, to make the country more accessible, and to open up new channels for the transportation of produce of all kinds to market. ¶ But above and beyond this, the unity and solidarity of the Dominion appears to be getting stronger every year. There are signs also that the Imperial sentiment is maintaining its strenuous hold upon the people. "The Empire our Country; Canada our Home" is the happy motto of all good Canadians. ¶ So far as can be seen, the Dominion is on the threshold of an era of development and prosperity; and the future bids fair to far exceed anything that has been witnessed in the past. Given good seasons, and satisfactory crops, Canada is bound to continue to go ahead, considering her many advantages and abundant resources. ¶ But Canadians must be careful not to endeavor to advance too quickly. "Steady and Sure" should be their watchword. They must bear in mind that in order to do proper justice to the great heritage they possess, they have to rely upon the help and assistance of others. They must preserve the good reputation they have attained, and maintain the confidence of the financial centres of the world. ¶ I shall not live to see it, but I look forward with confidence to the future when Canada will be teeming with population; one of the greatest agricultural countries of the world; a busy hive of manufactures; her mines in full exploitation; the fisheries yielding abundantly; and the timber lands giving large returns as the result of the careful policy of conservation, which I believe will yet be adopted. And the British flag still floating proudly over the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific! ¶ Let Canadians keep such a picture before them as their ideal; and it is as sure to be realized as year follows year, and the world continues to roll on in its present orbit.

Strathcona

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Talk No. 1

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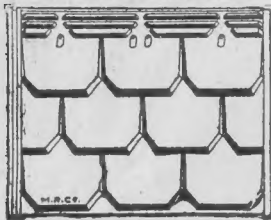
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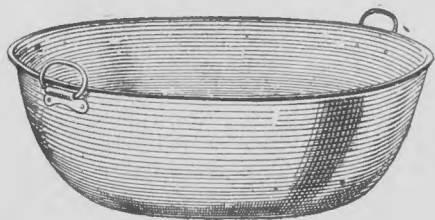
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A Happy New Year

TO every reader of The Western Home Monthly a Happy, thrice Happy New Year. May it be as full of undiluted joy as your first day was full of good resolutions. For have you not resolved that nineteen hundred and thirteen shall mean more to you than any and all of the years that have passed beyond recall? You have known in your life something of satisfaction and enjoyment but there has also been something of unhappiness and a sense of unrealized opportunity. So this year you would amend it all. You would live life to the full. You would find the Blue Bird.

Little school boy, with thoughts of manhood welling up in your young heart, and with hopes of future happiness making your glad hours still more joyous, you want to know what I mean by the Blue Bird, and what it has to do with a Happy New Year. Hear, then, the story of Ilytyl and Mityl, the children of an honest wood cutter. They had a wonderful dream one Christmas Eve, and their dream is the story of a search for the Blue Bird which is a symbol of happiness and the secret of the universe.

After being placed in bed the children are awakened by music and laughter, and getting up they look through the windows into the house of the rich man across the way, and make merry in watching his children as they dance and feast. They take it as a matter of course that Christmas happiness is only for the children of the wealthy. Suddenly the room fills with light and the fairy enters. She explains to the children that the things in their own home are just as wonderful and beautiful as the things across the way, only that people do not see. They look only at the outside—at appearances. She marvels that the children cannot see beauty in her appearance, that they cannot see the glory in the sky, the woods, the streams, and that they cannot hear the grass sing. So she gives them a magic diamond, with which they may see all things in time and space, and bids them go in search of the Blue Bird. Immediately the water of the tap changes into a woman with flowing robes, fire leaps out of the grate and whirls in giddy motion around the room, the sugar changes to a tall giant with fingers made of sugar-sticks, the bread jumps from the pan and becomes a great puffy monster ridiculous in his crust-colored suit, the dog and cat become able to talk, but the former retains his affection and the latter his cunning and treachery. And so, with all these as their daily companions and guided by Light, the children go out on their quest.

They visit the Halls of Memory and meet their grandparents and their lost brothers and sisters. Here they learn that love never dies, and here they find a beautiful Blue Bird which they carry back to Light only to find that it has turned black on reaching earth. The joy of memory is, therefore, not the happiness that endures on earth.

So they next go to the graves and walk among the dead. They are told that at midnight the dead will arise and walk about. But when the hour strikes, there is a glorious burst of light. The graveyard becomes a flower garden and Ilytyl exclaims to the frightened Mityl "Why, there are no dead!"

They pass on into the Halls of the Future and see the children yet unborn, but here they find not the Blue Bird, and so they next visit the Halls of Night. Into the caves of sorrows and miseries, into the dens of sickness and sufferings they go, but no bird is there; they hear the stars sing for joy and see the planets dance in their round, but the object of their quest is not there. At last Ilytyl opens the great door which holds back the secret of things. There is a rush of wings and countless Blue Birds, the secrets that are yet unrevealed to mankind, fly from tree to tree. So the children return with some of these to Light, only to find that they have all died in their hands, for they belong not to the happinesses that will endure on earth.

Last of all a visit is made to the great Hall of Happiness. The Luxuries are visited at their feast, but the Blue Bird they do not know, for it has never been on their table. However they profess to have something just as good since it is most rare and costly. Then the little Happinesses troop in—the Happiness of the Green Fields, of the Blue Sky, of Running Barefoot in the Dew, of Pure Air, of Fresh Water and they laugh when the children enquire about the Blue Bird, and ask them why they do not use their eyes. Then in come the great joys—the Joy of Doing Good, the Joy of Being Just, and the greatest of all—Maternal Joy, which the children find out to be none other than their own mother clothed in the most beautiful of garments—their own Kisses and Kind Words. And while the children wonder why the greatest joy is not akin to laughter, but close to tears, they are transported back to their own old home. The dog and cat lose the power of speech, the water, milk, bread and

fire are restored to their places and in the early morning the two children, asleep in their beds, are awakened by their mother who wishes them a "Merry Christmas" and bids them arise.

Then comes confusion for the good mother cannot understand the child dream. At this stage enters a poor neighbor to borrow a few sticks of wood and to say that her dying child wishes to have Ilytyl's dove that he keeps always in the cage. The two children go to get it and find that it has become blue. They have scarcely got over their wonder when the neighbor returns with her child, saying that a miracle was performed at sight of the bird. Happiness is written in every look. The mother, the children, the neighbor, and her child are all transformed, but only for a moment. For in looking at the bird the two children allow it to escape. The sick child is frantic, the mother is grief stricken, but Ilytyl comforts them with the assurance "Never mind I will catch him for you again"—and in the play he turns to the audience and says "If any of you good people should find him will you not return him to us?"

Yes, little man, there is a story here for you and for all of us. The happiness of this year is to be found in the use and appreciation of opportunities right at your own door. The way to enjoy is to begin to do good. You remember that other story of Sir Launfal who handed a crust to a beggar but it became fine wheaten bread, and the water in a broken cup became wine in a chalice. The way to happiness is through

Man of business, you have been seeking happiness in the accumulation of wealth, but you will never find it there. Indeed, you have said this more than once yourself. Have you not often told me, "I don't care for money, it is no satisfaction to me; but I like the work of making it." My dear man, you are not far from the Kingdom. Even little Ilytyl could not keep the bird of happiness and hold it to his bosom. He had to let it go that he might catch it again. But then his bird was blue and yours is not, for money was never minted that had other than a metallic lustre, and never enough was coined to fill the recesses of the human heart. There must be something more. So open the floodgates and let your wealth pour out for the alleviation of misery, the dissemination of truth and beauty, the expression of many-sided goodness and the stream washing through your heart will clean away all that is impure and unholy and leave you clean in your own sight and in the sight of God. Then shall you enter into the Kingdom of Joy, and you shall understand what is meant by this saying that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Get all you can, make all you can, on one condition that you give all you can. Thus shall you fulfil your highest mission and realize your highest satisfaction.

Teacher in the lonely schoolhouse! Yours is an uninviting work perhaps, and not a work that the world appreciates as perhaps it might, but next to motherhood your office is the highest in this land. For yours it is to lead the children into green pastures and beside the quiet refreshing streams. In the year to come you will deal gently with the young natures that are entrusted to your keeping. You will introduce them to the kings and queens of earth, and bring them up in the fear of Him who is the King of Kings as well as the Friend of all children. And through your ministry you will enter the gates which guard the secret of Happiness. The love you expend on your little flock will be returned upon yourself and it shall comfort you not only now but evermore. "For in the coming years, when you are fast asleep under the green grass they will delight to recall the experiences of childhood, and as they review your kindness in dealing with their many faults and your patience in ministering to their many weaknesses, they will say 'Ah! it was good for us to be there, for in those days were built three tabernacles, one for ourselves, one for our schoolmistress and one for Him who is the teacher of all teachers and the master of all schoolmasters.' And believe me, that unless His spirit which is the spirit of gentleness and patience and love be in your work then your Latin is but sounding brass and your Greek but a tinkling cymbal."

So to all in every walk of life there is a law of living which, if observed, ensures peace, happiness and joy. As the editor wishes happiness to the readers of The Western Home Monthly, he trusts that in the heart of each there may be the joy which comes from fuller service, and that the homes, the offices and the schools of this Great Western Land may be blessed by the presence of that kind spirit which lovingly persuades those who are willing, to search diligently for all that is true and beautiful and good.

Lord Strathcona's Message

Once again The Western Home Monthly is privileged to be the medium of the New Year's message to the people of the Canadian West from the Empire's grand old man—Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, who, on August 6th last, celebrated his 91st birthday, and whom the Canadian people are still honored in having as their High Commissioner in the Capital of the Empire. It is a message which rings true with the sterling wisdom and the faith and the vision which have made Lord Strathcona's career such an inspiration and such an outstanding achievement in modern history. A splendid vitality is his—the gift of the Scottish hills. His perseverance, his sagacity were gifts, too, of the Scottish blood, but his "Far vision" is the endowment of genius which knows nothing of the bounds of nationality. As a matter of fact no one career has been able to contain him. People have forgotten to think of him as captain of the greatest Fur Trading Company in history, in thinking of him as the leading spirit in the organization of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as a philanthropist of superb generosity, as the head of many of the world's greatest financial institutions, and as a conspicuously constructive statesman. Western Canada has abundantly justified his faith in its possibilities, and that he may be granted years to see still greater and greater developments of its progress and prosperity, and to give many more New Year messages of wise optimism and buoyant faith to the people of this country is the hope in which all Western Canadians will heartily join.

Winter Bells

When Winter wraps the world in white,
And silent lie the snowy dells,
'Tis sweet to hear amid the night
The cadence of the fairy bells;
They seem to set the winds astir
With eerie music soft and low,
And gently shake the modest fir
Clad in its garb of spotless snow.

They tinkle 'neath the watchful stars,
Whose beams upon the whiteness fall.
And as they near the meadow bars
What recollections they recall!
The trysting tree which Summer knows,
And clothes in hues of living green,
Stands out against the sky and throws
Its lordly shadow o'er the scene.

O Winter bells that tell of mirth!
Thy music fills the heart with joy
And makes a paradise of earth—
A lovers' year without alloy;
Across the fields there seems to come
The music which of pleasure tells,
And every hearth and every home
Rejoices at the winter bells.

I hear them echo where the snow
Lies softly on the frozen ground,
And where December's winds are low,
I list to catch their merry sound;
A maiden at the lattice waits,
For swiftly through the moonlit dells,
Toward her heart's wide open gates,
A lover rides behind the bells.

unselfish devotion to the needs of others. And, my little man, get it down into the fibre of your being that the only way to win life is to lose it, the only time worth living is the present. And so let every hour be full of service, so that you may attain your own happiness and increase the joy of all around you.

Mother, you have more than your share of sorrow, but you may know more of joy than any other if you but seek it in the right quarter. The highest instincts you possess clamor within you for satisfaction. You must love and be loved. So long as the world lasts you will find your highest joy in husband and in children, and it is vain to seek it in any other source. So if you want the Blue Bird there is only one place where you may find it and that is at your hearthstone. If in the past you have been disappointed because material prosperity has been denied you, turn this year for solace to him whom God has given you as protector, and to those He has given you as a holy charge. And verily you will find your happiness as you minister to the needs of others. There is no other way.



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B24

His Even Chance

Written for the Western Home Monthly. By Irene Keane
University of Alberta

IN missionary work among the Indians of North America, it is a well-known fact that one of the most difficult things to banish out of the hearts of those who are influenced by the Gospel is the spirit of revenge which they harbor against all who have done them any real or imaginary injury.

It is impossible for anyone who has not lived among the Indians to understand thoroughly the isolation and care which fall to the women who have spent some of their best years in striving to elevate the Indian race. Their nervous system, even if naturally very strong, gradually becomes weakened by the successive frights to which they are exposed. The missionary enjoys relief through change of occupation, but the wife has the continued monotony and isolation from her own kind. Many a sleepless night is spent by the Mission House mother, anxiously awaiting the return of the Missionary through a blinding snow-storm, or watching over a sick child, fighting with only Faith on her side, for the little life which lies precariously in the balance for want of proper food or medi-

cine was creeping over the tops of the nearby mountains, slanting along the pine ridges, and warming up the ground along the muskeg, melting the frost and flooding the valley with a pale yellow radiance. The Nehiyowuk (Exact People), whom some call Crees, had an encampment in this valley, the teepees and tents pitched right in the centre of the forest area. Here many trees had been seared by lightning, and clearing was not difficult. Evidently the people had come under the influence of the Whites, for only the elders wore native costume, the others having adopted civilized attire.

Young and old were gathered near the front of the encampment, for a stranger had appeared. In sign language he asked the path over the mountains. He was told, and started on at once. The people watched till the forest had hidden him from view, wondering greatly the while at the circumstances of his leading such a great number of pack-ponies, and of being unaccompanied.

The Cree language is very deliberate, and there was no evidence of haste as



Young and old were gathered near the front of the encampment, for a stranger had appeared.

cal attention. Often, for days at a time, her housework is neglected to talk with the native women and straighten out their domestic tangles. In the long run, the memories of these women are precious to the dwellers of the lodges; but only consecrated zeal and self-sacrifice of the very highest order can carry them through the nervous strain of life in a mission when the Indians are aroused, sullen and vengeful. One of them, for instance, awoken from sleep to hear the dull thud of something thrown against the door; it may only be the flung block in the hands of some young brave, emboldened by too much fire-water; but all the tales she has ever heard or read of Indian raids recur to her, and every sound for the rest of the night is tragic in its effect.

The Great White Silence of the North envelops in its mystery the causes of many feuds, of many dark deeds, and covers over the sites of many a camp where the War Dance has been danced and plans laid for the extermination of the white race.

Often a lone white woman has stood at the door of the Mission, seen the war party approach, and by her bold front apparently turned their course of action; but the Forest and the Silence alone could tell the real story. It is only once in a long time that the inside account of these potential uprisings come to us, so that we see from the standpoint of the two races.

One morning late in the spring, the

the tribe dispersed, talking all the while of this strange "eye-new" who travelled alone.

Through the day that followed, a sinister shadow came over them; night came on hours ere its time; the Wise Men of the tribe predicted some great insult or desecration, and counselled the breaking of camp.

Their advice was taken, and in a very short time the camp was a thing of the past, and the children of the wilderness took the trail over the mountains which led to the open country; for this tribe belonged to that branch known as the Plain Crees, and they disliked the forest with its boding sense of mystery. They wanted to get back to the wide, boundless spaces, of the prairie, their home.

On the fourth day, the mountains behind and to the north, they entered the Sacred Land. Here it was that the last great battle had been fought; and the treaties which bound both their hereditary enemies, the Blackfeet, and themselves to the British Crown in consideration of certain tribal arrangements and certain moneys to be paid annually by the Crown to the tribe, had been signed with great ceremonial.

Here also were the graves of the great warriors of the Cree tribes, fenced by the British Government. It was the invariable custom for the tribes, when passing through the territory of the Sacred Land, to pause respectfully at the graves, with heads uncovered,

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the chiefs relating the prowess of their great ancestors the while the younger members of the tribe laid offerings on the graves, that if perchance the departed Spirits came to revisit the earth, they should lack nothing.

Imagine, therefore, the consternation of the tribe when they came to the graves, upon finding them desecrated, the Houses of the Dead overturned, the palisades broken and thrown down!

Conflicting emotions, lamentation and anger surged up in their hearts. Who had done this thing? Was it the work of the strange eye-new? Had the whites broken faith? Were the Blackfeet on the war-path?

The tribe passed on, just beyond the confines of the Sacred Land, yet within sight of it. Camp was made, and word given for a council and war-dance. Runners were sent out to warn and summon all the surrounding bands, and to call in the aid of the best Medicine-men.

Belts were got out and polished, arms cleaned and brightened up, fresh paint mixed, ornaments of state unwrapped, hair oil applied, and sundry other preparations made. It was significant that all who had been wearing clothes modelled upon those of the whites, were the first to appear in native dress.

By evening, seven bands in all were gathered together round the great fire which had been built at the end of a coulee. The fire threw weird shadows

guish what was going on. He had never seen Indians in all the paraphernalia of war-trappings before, and for a moment he was nonplussed. He had the presence of mind to get behind some fallen timber, however, where he was shaded, and could see all that was going on. He realized now that the matter was serious; and anxiously indeed he watched, for he realized that this was no ordinary tribal meeting, but one extremely ominous to the whites.

The Indians were squatting in rows around the fire; new trees had been lighted, and the burning branches swayed and kissed as the flames leaped along them. An old chief, whom Seymour recognized as Mekasto (Red Crow) was relating his deeds, and the deeds of his fathers, the great chiefs; and inciting the younger men to a frenzy of excitement.

When he had finished, the tom-tom commenced beating, and a low, weird chant was started by the chiefs, growling louder as the others took it up. The most creditable act an Indian can perform is to show that he is brave, to prove his physical courage by some daring deed or by undergoing some fearful torture without flinching.

Now one young man came forward, who demanded that he be made leader of the war band. He had the skin of a Cree Indian, the visage of a commander, and the bearing of a prince.

According to the custom of the tribe,



Mrs. Linehauer came to the door of the Mission Tent

on the assembled company, and side lights came from behind and around them, for several pine trees had been set on fire, and the flames were leaping and crackling up the branches, — tongues of fire, beckoning to far-away tribes, and warning those who knew the signals, that something of dire import was on foot.

Among those who saw the flaming forks with great trepidation was the missionary's wife, Mrs. Linehauer. Her husband was away, and the wee babe stirred restlessly in its cradle. She called the young man who had charge of the Mission School, and who had often supplied at the Mission services. Together they looked across the lake at the flames, now shooting high in the air. After a consultation, the young missionary slipped silently down to the water's edge, and unmoored a boat. From the bottom of it he picked up a scarlet Hudson's Bay blanket, and some fringed buckskin pants. The senior missionary frequently had recourse to the native dress when visiting a band for the first time, and he had evidently left these articles behind from his last trip. Quick as thought Mr. Seymour slipped them on, fastening the blanket in such a way that no one would take him for anyone but a tall Indian.

Skimming along the edge of the water till he came to a place where the shadows were deep, he crossed and beached his boat quietly. The woods are very deceptive in regard to distance, and he had walked some miles ere he came close enough to distin-

he would first have to prove himself before he could be called to the leadership. Seymour shivered a little; what he had heard of these trials of valor inclined him more to sympathize with this young brave, than to admire him.

The Indians began to form up for the War Dance. The first circle was made by the squaws, the second by the sick or infirm Indians, the third by the young Indians, and the last by the warriors. To the sounds of the omnipresent tom-tom and chant, the circle moved through all the tortures of the dance, till the climax was reached when Red Crow took his dagger-knife and went to the would-be chief, took him by the flesh and stabbed a hole through it, and then put a rawhide through this flesh, fastening it to a near-by pole. The Indians danced round in a frenzy of yells till the flesh broke, but the only sign the embryo chief gave was a slight twitching of the mouth as the pain got more intense.

This over, the Indians were re-seated, while a young girl was brought forward and seated where the fire light played full on her. Seymour recognized her as Shasta MacPherson, a beautiful half-breed girl he had seen a few times at the Mission. There, she had always worn English clothes and her glorious hair had been coiled round her head. She always wore dresses of a rich wine red, or a vivid scarlet, which seemed the exact shades to intensify her beauty; and he had always been greatly interested in her, partly because he knew of her great interest in him. As

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They found them desecrated the houses of the dead overturned, the palisades broken and thrown down

the grand-daughter of Red Crow, her standing was first among Cree women. Her dead mother had been his favorite daughter till she left the tribe, and married a Scotch minister. Now, however, the daughter had returned to her mother's people, and as she sat there, she was the chief's daughter, every inch. Her wonderful raven-black hair hung in two braids below her knees; her dress was the finest buckskin, fringed and slashed and covered with thousands of colored beads. Her face was one which once seen, could never be forgotten. Oval, the chin slightly prominent and cleft with a dimple, eyes and hair of an inky blackness, and a brilliancy of complexion and capacity for vivid expression inherited from her Celtic ancestors. Her large eyes suggested in their depths deep forest glades or the dusk of a thousand nights spent in the open, under the reflected light of the stars. In them was a knowledge of the deeps, but a reserve impenetrable. Seymour's pulses quickened as he watched.

The newly-made chief completed the ceremonies of the night by advancing and kneeling before Shasta, presenting her with his most valued trophy, a string of bear's claws.

By accepting it, she declared herself on the side of the Crees, and practically pledged herself to the new chief.

All night long Seymour watched the camp and the preparations for departure. Of Shasta he saw nothing more till the early morning hours, when the bands rode off. Apparently it had been agreed that the new chief was to have the entire avenging of the desecration of the graves, for the other bands rode away leaving only the original one encamped.

They were curiously picturesque, this cavalcade of some two hundred Indians, wrapped in bright-hued blankets with ear-rings, bracelets and metal arm-bands agleam in the sun; the men upon their ponies leading the advance, the women

following. The dragging travois stirred up the dust, and the pack ponies came toiling along behind, each with its swollen burden.

Late that day, Mrs. Linehauer came to the door of the Mission tent, holding the fretting baby in her arms. She was gazing up at the snow-capped mountains, when a movement among the pines caused her to turn quickly. There, in gorgeous attire, fully painted, with his war head-dress affixed, stood the new chief. No signs of fear escaped her, and the force of long habit was strong on the chief. Bitter and surging as he was, there was yet something about this frail woman that stayed his vindictive hand. The very bigness of her isolation had given her a power of repression and lent a dignity to her which he recognized. She appealed to his nobler instinct of reverence, by her aloofness, her silent, steady-eyed power. The wilderness had left something of its mystery in her eyes; and they held him. She spoke to him of war and its wrongs, calmly as though her own life were not in peril; but he listened to her, he even agreed,—for where there is manly force and rude contact with Nature, there is apt to be a result of innate manliness. Though her influence over the tribes was so strong, she could only make them what they had already the power to become. So that though she now saved herself, she would not have been able to do so had the new chief been less one of Nature's noblemen. As it was she had sown the seed, and events were to prove him worthy.

Turned from executing vengeance here, he was however, true to another side of his nature, likely to execute it double-fold on the next white person he met.

Outwardly docile, the pupils of the Mission caused Mr. Seymour no little uneasiness that day, for a restless and contrary mood seemed to be upon them. He was so tall and of such fine build,



The night came down slowly

that he compelled their respect, and usually their friendship, for the physical is of prime importance with them.

A splendid type of a younger Briton, he ruled in his own sphere of influence, though sometimes, as today, the reins were hard pulled. His usual kindly expression was replaced by a grave, stern one, and even the dimple could not mask the determined set of the chin.

He was a very surprised man when Shasta came out from the Mission, where she had been to see Mrs. Linehauer, and started to walk along with him. He could hardly believe his eyes. Here she was, this Indian princess, looking like nothing so much as a well-bred English schoolgirl. Was last night's scene and vigil but a dreadful nightmare? But no, he had gathered enough from the talk of the children to learn that revenge was planned for the desecration of the graves; and he wondered if he had been selected as the sacrificial victim.

They passed a long bed of Black-eyed Susans, doubly golden in the sunlight, and Shasta exclaimed over their beauty; then they could not forbear to stand some minutes longer in silent rapture over the wondrous panorama of beauty spread out before them. War and the fear or thought of revenge and blood-feuds were obliterated in Seymour's mind as he stood with folded arms.

Far to the east stretched the hills, outlined by the mingled delicate pink and blue of the horizon, shading from old rose at one end of the arch to a deep violet at the other. In the west,

its approach was hardly visible. Gradually the turmoil of the river seemed to lessen; the birch knoll was pure gold in the evening glow; the voice of the summer night grew fainter, the nameless something of wild surroundings settled down. One by one the voices of the forest grew weaker and fewer. Its mystery was around, above them—that great, fascinating mystery which once felt grips the heart, and demands all of one; as Kipling says of the call of the Indian hills, a man cannot get it out of his blood; he will go back to end his days with it.

Side by side they sat silent. Gradually the dangerous fascination of the woods crept down upon them. Far away at first, then nearer, echoed the cry of the 'warning bird,' (as the Indians call it)—the bird whose call in the night, when all is still, is an unfailing warning of the near proximity of a human being.

Almost simultaneously, both became awake to the presence of the new chief on the shore below them. He stood with arms folded, the moonlight gleaming on the polished steel of a long hunting-knife clasped in one hand, and on the feathers and ornaments of his head-dress.

With a panther-like bound, Shasta threw herself before Seymour, who rose at the same instant. She pulled open her dress, turned, and unclasping the circle of bear's claws, turned and fastened them on Seymour, thus by Indian law saving his life. Then she spoke rapidly to the Chief, turned from evil design for the second time that day by a woman, and said:—"This man



The pack ponies came toiling along behind, each with its swollen burden

the embers of the sunset smouldered back of the heavy hill shadows, throwing an indescribable light across hill and field and river. In the north, an arm of the river curved, and in its deep-set valley hundreds of trees crowded together made a tone picture of vivid yellow, relieved here and there by the dark tints of the evergreens. They walked on till they came near to the river, and Shasta suggested a pause and rest. She stood beneath the shadow of the dark, rugged pines that for long ages had guarded the land of her forefathers. Undoubtedly she was beautiful. The setting sun's roseate rays shimmering through the trees and playing in checker light and shadow about her, gleamed on her shining black hair, glowed on her cheeks, and shone like fire in her deep eyes. She was a child of Nature, to Nature she turned. From the river she had drawn her buoyancy; like the flowers of the forest, she was lissome and graceful, from the ancient pines she had drawn and imbibed the spirit of unfaltering resolution.

Seymour found himself falling more and more under her spell, and still he was uncertain of her designs. He knew how greatly her word was obeyed by the natives; he knew she was pledged to the new chief, yet he could only think of her as a girl of his own race. She had always shown such a deep regard for him that he could not bring himself to believe that she was deliberately leading him into a trap. If such was her plan, she was succeeding admirably, for the longer he stayed, the more difficult he found it to leave, so potent was her charm.

The night came down slowly; in fact

is not the one who destroyed the graves; but he will help find the one who did, that the Great White Chief may punish. I have saved him now that he may have his even chance. You must do likewise."

Seymour was about to speak, but Shasta and the Chief turned and walked off. The quality of love had been determined strangely, it seemed.

Seymour is not a missionary now; but he is going back in the North country in a different capacity,— 'Some were for Gospel Ministers, And some for red-coat seculars, As men most fit t' hold forth the word And wield th' one, and t' other the sword'

and Constable Seymour, Royal North West Mounted Police, is still taking his even chance on discovering the culprit who almost cost the British Crown a Cree uprising.

The Way of a Woman

They had been quarreling, and although hubby was willing to take the blame all upon himself and smooth matters over peaceably, she was still snippy and indifferent.

"Come over here, Jessie. Aren't you curious to know what is in this package?"

"Oh, not very; I can stand the strain," she replied belligerently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world," he said coaxingly, trying to win a smile.

"Oh, is that so?" she sniffed. "I suppose, then, it's those suspenders you said you needed."



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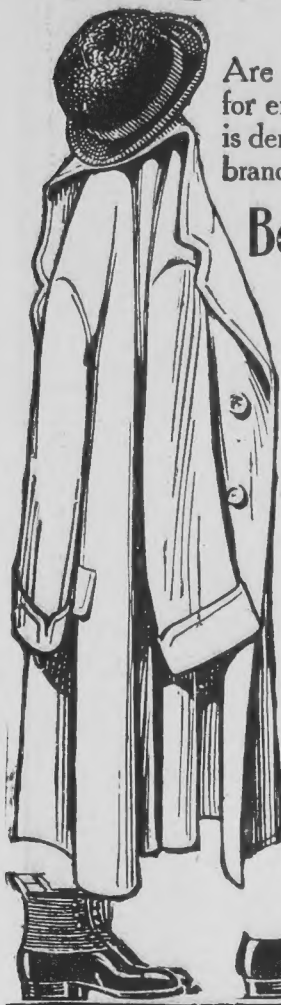
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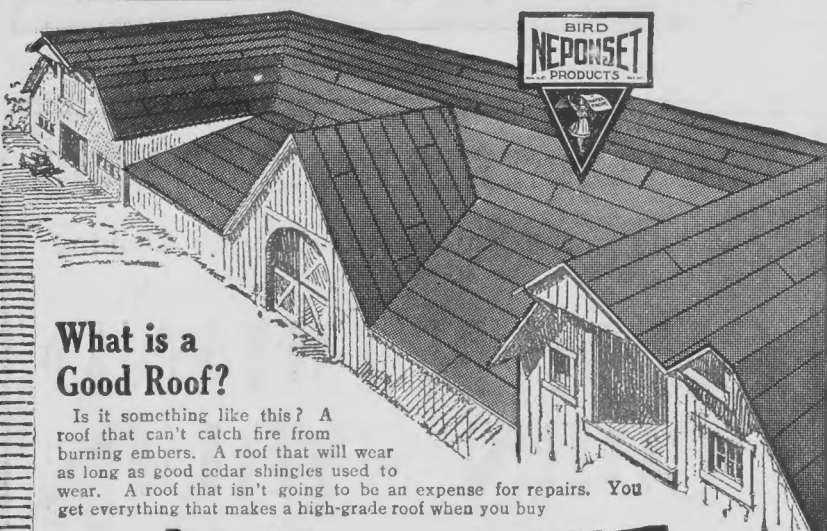
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Cupid

By Robert Alexander Wason

WELL, I wouldn't exac'ly call 'em wise; wordy'd come a little nearer suitin' their class. I was cooped up once fer four months with a book writer an' a show actor, an' the's a ringin' in my ears yet. When spring come, I was kind o' weary o' that locality, so I wafted up here to help watch the colonel's bob-wire fence. Me an' Kid Porter batched together, me watchin' the ten miles to the west of our shack, an' Kid the ten east.

Our shack was closer to Danders than it was to headquarters, so we used to go down once a month fer our needin's. I drove down there the first day of April, an' a cute little feller got off the train an' says to me: "Me good man, are you a type of this community?"

I looked him over careful, front, back, an' both sides, an' then I says in a soft, oozy voice, like a cow conversin' with her first calf, says I: "Be you speakin' to me, little one?"

It allus gets me a little to be called "me good man." It seems to give me an itchin' feelin' in the right hand, an' I've had to make several extra peculiar specimens dance a few steps for no other reason. But this little cuss never batted an eye. He looks me square in the face an' says: "It seems perfectly obvious that I could be addressin' nobody else. I am out in the West lookin' fer a place to study the most pronounced types of American citizens, an' I was very favorably impressed with your appearance."

Did you ever have a stranger brace you like that? I suppose the fat lady an' the livin' skeleton gets used to it, but I allus feel a trifle vacant like. I stand six foot two an' dress easy an' comfortable, an' some o' the guys on the trains seem to think 'at I'm part o' the show, out fer an airin'.

"Well, to tell ya the truth, honey," I says to the little feller, "I ain't fully maychured yet. We get hair on our faces pretty young out here, but we don't git our growth till we're twenty-five. I'm water-boy to the E. Z. outfit. If you want to see somethin' worth lookin' at, you ought to come out to headquarters where the men are. They sent me to town on an errand."

He looked at me a moment, an' then his eye lit up, like as if he'd found a whole plug o' tobacco when he thought his last chew was gone. Finally he give a chuckle an' a wink, an' says: "Here, smoke a cigar on me, an' tell me if I can get board out your way. I think you'll make copy."

Well, I thought I could kind o' use him to help kill time with, so I told him a cheery story an' we got his trunk an' he bought a month's grub an' came along out to our shack. His name was William Sinclair Hammersly, an' the' never was a squarer boy on the face o' the earth. He won my affections, as the story books say, before we was out o' sight o' Danders. He owned up to me that he had been visitin' England fer the best part of a year an' that was where he had picked up the "good man" habit. I told him it might be suited to that climate all right, but that out our way I couldn't recommend it to a peace-lovin' man fer every-day use. He thanked me an' said that he was ashamed to know so little about his own country. He said he intended to become an author an' had come out to learn the aboriginal 'types an' git the true local color. Whenever I hear this little bunch o' sounds, I know I got a nibble. Any time a man goes nosin' around after local color, you can bet your saddle he's got a zigzag in his think organ.

Well, Bill slid right into our mode o' livin' like a younger brother, but it took us some time to savvy his little peculiarities. The' was one wide bunk in the shack an' one narrow one. Me an' Bill took the wide one, but it wasn't so eternal wide that a feller could flop around altogether accordin' to the dictates o' his own conscience. When she was carryin' double we had to hold a little consultation to see whether we would turn over or not. We used to

start out early in the mornin', and if the' wasn't much fixin' to be done, we got back long before dark. About seven-thirty was our perchin' time before Bill come, but afterward we got more sociable, an' sometimes we'd sit up till purt' nigh half-past nine playin' cutthroat an' swappin' tales. Sleep was allus a kind of a nuisance to Bill. Purt' nigh every night when me an' the Kid would stretch ourselves out, Bill would speak a piece about "God bless the man what first invented sleep"; but he was only joshin'. He'd build up a cracklin' fire an' change his clothes. He had one suit that he never used fer nothin' but jes' to sleep in. Pajamers he called 'em, an' they sure was pretty. Well, he'd put on this suit an' light his pipe an' take his guitar an' finger his fiddle an' play till along toward mornin'. Then he'd lay down alongside o' me. But in about fifteen minutes he'd jump out o' bed, sayin': "That's good! That's great! I mustn't lose that." An' he'd get out a little book an' write somethin' into it. Sometimes he'd laugh over it an' sometimes he'd cry.

The Kid'd never had no experiences with geniuses before, an' at first he thought that he might get violent durin' the night, so he took his gun to bed with him; but I knowed the' wasn't a mite o' danger in him. When breakfast was ready, we purt' nigh had to get a boss to pull him out o' bed.

Me an' Bill drove down to Danders about the first o' May to get some more grub. Most o' this kind has a tofable active thirst, but Bill was pretty harmless when it come to storin' away liquor. About the only excitement in Danders fer a temp'rance crank was goin' down to see the train come in. This time the west bound had to take a sidin' an' wait twenty minutes fer the east bound, an' a feller got his dog out o' the baggage car an' started to climb the mountains. You know how this air is. A stranger thinks he can spit on a mountain that's ten miles off. Well, when the whistle blew, he made a good run an' got on all right, but the pup was havin' the time of his life an' missed his chance o' gettin' on the same car that the feller did. But he was game all right an' gave a pretty jump on to the front platform o' the last car, where a big buck nigger with a white coat on was standin'. He give the pup a kick under the chin an' sent him rollin' over backward.

"Why, the vile wretch!" yells Bill, at the same time snatchin' my gun out o' the holster. I had barely time to bump his arm up, an' even as 'twas he knocked the paint off right above the coon's head, Bill turned on me with his eyes shootin' sparks an' says in a voice as cold as the snap of a Winchester: "Next time, John Hawkins, I'll thank you to mind your own business." An' he held the gun kind o' friendly like, with the muzzle pointin' at my watch pocket.

Well, I own up, I was jarred, but I put a little edge on my own voice an' says: "Heretofore I allus counted it my own business to look after what my own gun was engaged in doin'. When you're sure that you're all through with it, I'll thank you to return it."

Then I turned on my heel an' started to march up-town, but he grabbed me by the shoulder an' whirled me around. "Here's your gun, Happy," he says; "you know I didn't aim to offend you. It was that confounded Zulu 'at riled me up."

The pup had give up his chase after the train and was comin' back to town, lookin' mighty down in the mouth. He had a pretty prominent mouth, too, the pup had. He was a brindle bull. Not one o' those that look like an Injun idol, but a nice, clean-built, upstandin' feller with a quiet, businesslike air.

"Purty tough on the pup to be turned out to starve this way," says I.

"Who's goin' to let him starve?" says Bill. "Come here, old feller."

"Better look out," says I; "bulldogs is fierce."

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"So is men," says Bill. "An' besides, this ain't no bulldog, this is a brindle bull-terrier, an' a crackerjack. Look at the brass collar he's wearin'. This ain't no stray. I'll telegraph ahead an' see if they want him expressed."

Bill caught the feller at the next station an' he telegraphed back 'at he'd been havin' trouble with that dog all along the line an' if we'd keep him a month he'd stop an' git him on his way back. He sent us ten dollars to pay expenses. I never believed that they could send money by telegraph before, but I saw the agent give it to Bill, with my own eyes.

We all went up to the hotel fer dinner, the pup lookin' miserable sorrowful. Frenchy was goin' to kick the pup out. Frenchy's a low-grade heathen, but he's big an' he don't mind a little shootin', now an' ag'in.

"If this dog can't eat here, neither can I," says Bill. "But as far as your kickin' him out goes, you'd better pray fer guidance before you tackle that job."

"Do you think I'm afraid o' that cur?" sneers Frenchy.

"Cur!" yells Bill. "Cur! Why, you maul-headed, misshapen blotch on the face o' nature, what do you mean by callin' this dog a cur? I never saw this dog before today, but I'll bet ten to one that I can find out the name of his great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather, an' I doubt if you know who your own father was."

Frenchy was fair crazy. He pulled out his gun an' came clargin' down on us. Bill tried to get mine ag'in, but I thought I'd better run it myself just then. I covered Frenchy, Frenchy covered Bill, an' the bull pup turned his back on us and looked down towards the depot to see if his train had come back yet.

"Better put up your gun, Frenchy," I says. soft as a wood dove, "er you'll git this office all mussed up."

Well, he knew me, so we arbitrated a little an' then we all went in an' the pup et his dinner like any other Christian, payin' fer it out of his own money. After dinner Bill went out an' bought a gun of his own, an' all the way home he was shootin' at marks an' hittin' 'em too. I'd allus thought 'at

he was as harmless as a horn toad, but I kind o' scented trouble from the way he planted his lead.

"Bill," I says, "where did you get to be a shootin' man?"

"Me?" says Bill. "I never shot a livin' thing in my life. I used to practise on glass balls an' such. I don't want no trouble, but I'm kind o' set in my ways about dogs. It's a heap o' responsibility to raise a pup, but I'm goin' to give this one a fair show."

When we reached home Bill says: "Now, I don't want no one to punish this dog but me, till he gets his education. I don't care fer a trick dog. All I expect him to learn is jus' English an' part o' the sign langwidge, so as he'll be pleasant company. I'll pay fer any property he destroys, but please don't punish him."

The pup was about fifteen months when he came, an' at first he sorrowed a heap fer his old boss, but purty soon he sees that Bill knowed more about dogs 'an he did himself, so he jest transferred his affections over on Bill. Bill never raised his voice, he never threatened him, he jest reasoned with him an' explained why it was necessary to learn the conventions o' society. It took him a solid week to learn that pup how to shake hands, an' yet Bill told us confidential that he believed 'at the pup knew it all the time. But at the end



Miss Irene Keane the First Famed Lady Scout in Edmonton

of a week the pup give in, an' from that on he was as eager fer knowledge as a new-born baby.

Cupid was the name o' the pup, engraved right on to his brass collar, an' when he set his mind to learnin' he made me an' the Kid kind o' leery 'at he'd beat us out yet. He could walk on his hind legs an' speak an' shut an' open doors an' wipe his feet on the door-mat an' roll over an' pray an'—oh, well, he knew 'em all an' six more; but Bill said 'at it wasn't the tricks 'at counted, it was learnin' how to think fer himself. He was a solemn-lookin' pup, an' it was kind o' creepy to see him come to the shack, open the door, shut it behind him, wipe his feet on the door-mat, an' look into Bill's eyes an' give a short bark. That was to ask if he had any new jobs fer him.

I had it all planned out 'at the pup was to sleep in the stable, but this didn't look good to the pup nor to Bill neither. When night would come, the pup would go through his lessons, eat his supper, an' fling himself slaunchways on the wide bunk. He only weighed about fifty pounds, but they was the solidest fifty ever wrapped up in a dog hide. He wouldn't mind no one but Bill, an' it was all I could do to git room enough on the perch to

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hang on. Then Bill would open up his vau-deville show, an' when he'd simmer down Cupid would begin to chase jack-rabbits. He was the most devilish-lookin' thing I ever see. He'd lay there with his eyelids rolled up an' his eyes turned inside out, givin' short barks an' jerkin' his legs. "Bill," I says one night, "I ain't no chronic coward, but dog-gone me if I want to be mistook fer a jack-rabbit an' have this bulldog sock his ivories into me."

"He ain't no bulldog," snaps Bill. "It looks as if you might learn purty soon 'at he's a brindle bull-terrier."

"Oh, I know that all right, an' I'm willin' to swear to it, but jest now it's his teeth, not his ancestors, that are botherin' me. If I'm to be mistook fer a jack-rabbit, I ain't nowise choicy jest which kind of a bulldog is goin' to do the mistakin'."

Bill he smiled sadly an' walked over an' stuck his necked finger into the pup's mouth. I looked to see it bit off, but the pup only opened his eyes, looked foolish, an' tramped down another acre of imaginary grass; finally goin' to sleep again an' usin' my feet fer a pillar.

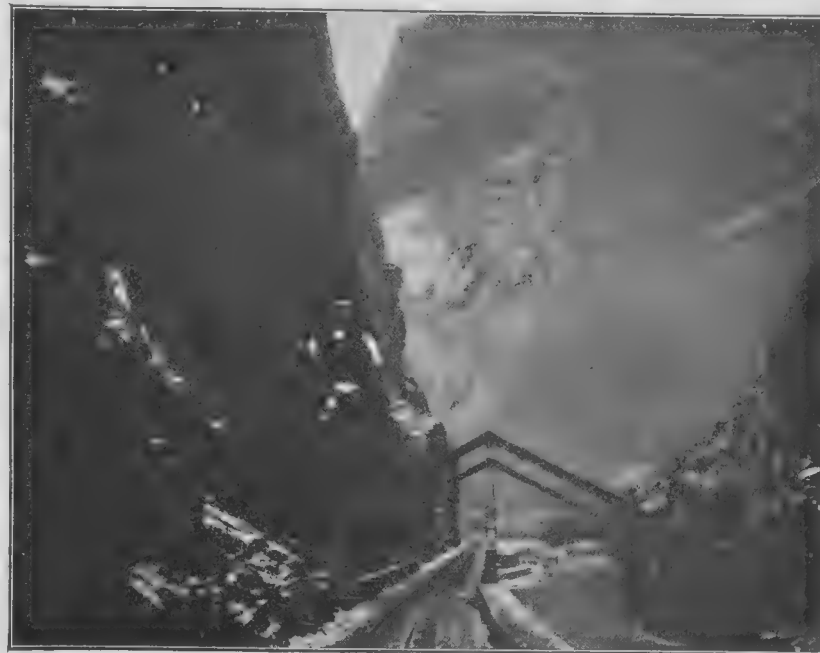
Talk about grit! that little cuss was willin' to fight anything that walked. We took him out to the herd one day an' after he'd been kicked an' tossed an' trampled on, he got on to throwin' a steer by the nose, an' from that on it was his favorite pastime. He played the game so enthusiastic that I finally says to Bill: "Bill," says I, "you

the floor." Well, there I was. I'm as tender-hearted as a baby antelope, so I jest turned it off as a joke an' got to sleepin' in the saddle on the return trip.

Nothin' on earth made Bill so mad as to have any one call the pup a bulldog, though if he wasn't one, he sure looked the part. I knowed it wouldn't do to take too many chances, so me an' the Kid used to post the boys, an' when one of 'em would drop in an' say, "That's a mighty fine brindle bull-terrier you-uns have got," Bill's face would light up as if he was the mother of it an' he would preach us a sermon on dogs.

Colonel Scott's niece came out to visit him some time in May, an' we heard of her long before we saw her. 'Bout every one we met had somethin' to tell about what a really, truly heart-buster she was. She learned to ride, an' one afternoon she an' the colonel struck our outfit just in front of a howlin' storm. The' was no show to get back to headquarters that night, so we fixed up the wide bunk fer the lady an' us men planned to flop in the stable. Well, she sure had dandy manners. She pitched in an' helped us get supper, an' we had about everything to eat 'at a man could think of—side meat an' ham an' corn bread an' flap-jacks an' baked beans an' bean soup an' fried potatoes an' coffee so stout 'at you couldn't see the bottom in a teaspoonful of it. We just turned ourselves loose an' gave her a spread.

As soon as the dishes was off our



Odd Bridge on the D. & O. Ry.

mustn't ferget 'at Colonel Scott has other uses fer these cattle, besides usin' 'em fer dog exercisers." From that on, Bill made the pup be a little more temperate in the use o' steers.

The muscles on that pup got like hard bunches o' rubber an' you couldn't pinch him hard enough to make him squeak. He allus took a serious view o' life 'ceptin' when the' was a chance fer a little rough an' tumble. Then his face would light up like an angel's. Pullin' on a rope was his idee o' draw-poker an' he could wear out the whole bunch of us at it. Bill fair idolized him. Fact is, we all thought a heap of him, but I'd 'a' liked him a mite better if the'd 'a' been more bunks in the shack.

If he got cold, he'd scratch your face till you let him under the covers, an' then when he got too hot, he'd pull the covers off an' roll 'em up into a nice, soft heap, with himself on top. He never overlooked himself much, the pup didn't. First I knew, I got to missin' a right smart o' sleep that rightly belonged to me. When the pup wasn't chasin' imaginary jack-rabbits er live fleas, Bill was jumpin' up an' down to write somethin' new on to his pieces. I like a dog the full limit, but I never hankered none to sleep with 'em, not when they have fleas; an' when they don't, they allus put me in mind of a man 'at uses perfumery. I tried to devise a plan fer sleepin' on the floor, but I couldn't engineer it through.

"No," says Bill, in a hurt kind of a tone, "I wouldn't inconvenience you fer the world. Me an' Cupid will sleep on

hands we started in to be jovial. Me an' the Kid wasn't jest altogether at home, but Bill was right in his element. He played, an' him an' her sang, an' they talked, an' it was the most festive function I ever see; until the pup came an' jumped up on the wide bunk where she was sittin'. "Oh, take that horrid bulldog away!" she squealed.

I dreaded the result, but I says to myself: "Now surely that dog-gone ijit won't call her down," but he did. "Miss Johnston," he says, "that ain't no bulldog. That's a high-bred brindle bull-terrier. How would you like to be called a Chinaman? Come here, Cupid."

Well, that spoiled the whole evenin'. Bill was like an oyster from that on, an' the girl looked as if she'd been slapped. I was mad clear through. It's all right fer a man to be crazy, if he'll only keep it private, but the' ain't no sense in tryin' to git the whole balance o' creation over to his side.

The old man thought it a mighty prime joke to have his niece called down over a bull-pup, an' he chuckled about it consid'able. Next morning he made Bill promise to come over an' visit him, but the girl said her good-bys to me an' the Kid. From that on Bill was over to headquarters 'bout half his time, but it didn't do him much good. The girl wouldn't stand fer the pup an' Bill wouldn't go back on him, so it looked purty much like a deadlock.

One Sunday about the middle o' September we was all sittin' in the shade o' the shack, lookin' down into the prairie. The shack stood up on a high

plateau with a big crag protectin' it. The road came in from the west, went around a steep butte, then along the top o' the cliff, an' then slid off into the valley. We heard the thud o' hoofs an', turnin' around, saw the colonel's niece tearin' up the road on a big hoss. It was a plain case o' runaway, an' I felt somethin' break inside my chest. They were headin' straight fer the top o' the cliff, an' the hoss could never make the turn; an' we was too far off to beat him to it.

We simply stood there like a flock o' sheep, without a single thought among us. The' didn't seem to be a thing to do but just watch 'em plunge two hundred feet into the ravine. I glanced at Bill, but I hardly knew him. His brows was drawn down like a wildcat's, his jaws was clamped so tight you could hear his teeth grit, an' his eyes seemed to smoke.

He happened to shift his gaze fer a second an' saw the pup standin' by the road watchin' the hoss runnin' toward him. I heard Bill give a sigh, as though he had jest come back from the dead, an' in a voice that trembled an' wavered, but still rang out like a trumpet, he yells, "Throw him, Cupid! Throw him!"

Lord, man! I wish you could 'a' seen it. The mane bristled up on that dog's back an' his muscles bulged out till he looked like a stone image. We heard him give a low whine, like as if he knewed it was too big a job fer a little feller like him. But did he try to flunk it? Not him.

We fair held our breath as he backed away from the road an' took a little easy gallop until the hoss was near even with him. Another dog would have blown his lungs loose tellin' about what he was goin' to do; but Cupid never said a word. Only his lips curled up till you could see those wicked hooky teeth o' his, an' then when the hoss was right alongside an' it looked as if he had lost his chance, he gave a couple o' short jumps an' threw himself fer the critter's nose.

Well, I can't rightly tell you jes' what did happen then. I saw him make his spring an' swing around full sweep hangin' on to the hoss's nose, but from that on the whole earth seemed to be shook loose. The hoss keeled over like

he was shot, an' the girl seemed to turn clear over in the air an' light all in a heap with one arm hangin' over the edge o' the cliff. We heard a shriek, a little smothered yelp, an' then we ran down to 'em.

Bill looked first toward the girl an' then toward the pup, an' it was tearin' his heart apart to tell which he would go to first. Finally he ran to the girl an' carried her back from the cliff. He knelt an' put his ear to her heart, then he took her wrist, an' after a mighty long time he give a little sigh an' says: "Kid, run fer some water. Run! What do you stand lookin' at me fer?"

The Kid he certainly did run, while Bill stepped over to where the pup was layin', still an' quiet, but with a piece o' the hoss's nose still in his grip. The hoss's right shoulder was broke an' he couldn't git up, but was thrashin' an' strugglin' around. "Git your gun an' put that hoss out of his misery, Happy," says Bill, an' the' was somethin' in his tone that shot me plumb full o' action.

When I came back the Kid was pourin' a bucket o' water over the girl, an' Bill, with the tears rollin' down his cheeks, was feelin' over the body o' the little bull pup. I put the muzzle to within an inch o' the soft place in the hoss's temple an' fired. The hoss's head sank, an' then I gulped a couple o' times like a flabby galoot an' says: "Bill, do you reckon the brindle bull-terrier'll pull through?"

"Git me some o' that water," says Bill. When I come back he showed me a place where the whole o' the pup's scalp had been kicked loose. I couldn't see what good water was goin' to do, but Bill wouldn't give up. "I can't find where the skull is broke," he says, "an' maybe the water'll fetch him around."

He poured some water over the little feller's face, but it didn't seem to be use. He jest lay still, with his head on Bill's knee, an' I thought it was all up with little Cupid, but jest to please Bill I gave him my flask an' says: "Give the little feller a drink, Bill." He never was used to hittin' it, none, an' it'll have a powerful effect on him." Bill opened the pup's mouth an' poured in a pretty stiff swig, an', by cracky, the pup opened his eyes an' when he saw Bill he tried to wag his little tail.

Well, Bill took that brindle pup up in his arms an' kissed him full on the lips—an' if the's any one in this crowd that feels like laughin' it'll be healthier fer 'im to step outside. Then Bill took up the pup an' mentioned fer me an' the Kid to tote the lady up to the shack. She had come to when we reached it, an' we laid her on the wide bunk. Bill put the pup on the narrow one an' washed out the hole in his head an' tied it up with his handkerchief. Then he crossed over an' spoke to the girl.

"Miss Johnston," he says in a low voice, "are you sufferin' much?"

She owned up to a ripplin' headache an' said she was sore all over, but it was her ankle 'at pained her most. Bill started to look at it, but she blushed an' tried to draw it up under her. Bill never paid any attention to her, but says calmly: "I've had some experience, Miss Johnston. A great deal depends on promptness. Now jest let the limb lay natural till I remove the shoe."

Me an' the Kid started to break fer the foothills, but he sent me after a roll o' bandages an' the Kid after some more water. We was losin' our age fast, an' Bill's voice sounded like grandpa's. He said it was a corkin' bad sprain, but he tied it up an' wet down the bandage, an' then he sent me to the colonel's after the spring wagon, an' the Kid to Danders fer the doctor.

We both got back before daylight, an' by that time Bill an' the girl had come to a pretty harmonious agreement concernin' the proper standin' of a brindle bull-terrier. When I came in he was holdin' her hand, an' he didn't drop it neither.

Did the other guy come an' git the dog? Did Bill marry the girl? Well, you fellers sure need pictures to your stories. If that other guy had wanted that dog he'd 'a' had to 'a' brought the hull United States army with him; an' as fer the girl, it seems 'a' she had made up her mind to marry Bill the first time she saw him. That's how I got to be foreman o' the E. Z. outfit.

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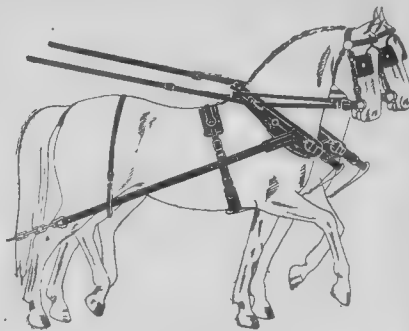
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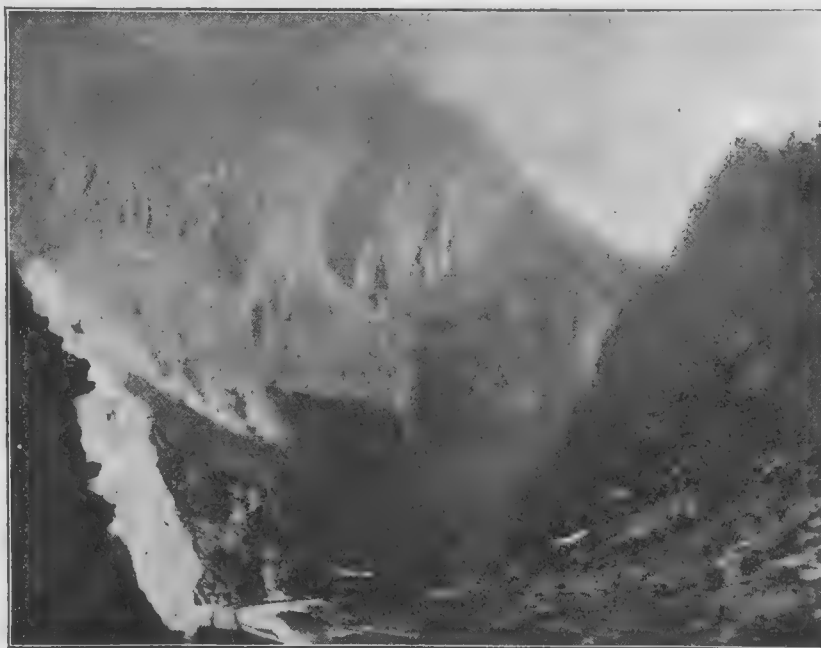
The Lonely Twain

By Mrs. Howard E. Derrett

AFTER hanging up his dish-pan, and also his badly colored tea-towel, Dick McClure pulled from the pocket of his blue coat, a package of "Old Chum," then taking his calabash from the shelf behind the kitchen stove, he passed through the front room, and letting the screen-door go "bang," he dropped into his hammock. Soon the tap—tap—tap of his plough boot, and the sringe—sringe of the hammock, would have given any of his friends, (had they been near) the impression that he had settled himself, for a long evening's read. For on the chair near the hammock lay the local paper, The Western Home Monthly and several other papers, that had come in the mail that day.

Whr.—Whr.—Whr-r-r.—Two short and one long the telephone bell rang out, and a deep frown settled on Dick's sunburned face. Whr.—Whr.—Whr-r-r. again came the call, that every one in the neighborhood knew meant, "Dick McClure's." The frown had deepened, and a muttered, "Dash it. Why couldn't you call me before I settled down?" came from his suppressed lips as he crossed the verandah. A moment later the "Hello" that he sent along the line had a touch of impa-

very post to stop at, and Ned dropping his reins left him, and with several long strides, landed himself in the armchair at Dick's side. He immediately pulled out the bunch of letters. "How many did you get?" asked Dick. "I don't know, let me see," said Ned, as he began to count. "Eleven, twelve, thirteen," he counted, and their eyes met in a sharp glance. "Unlucky to start with," said Dick with a laugh. "Not a bit of it," laughed Ned. "I don't believe in all that old rubbish. I am going to try it anyway. I can't leave Daddy alone so much, and besides this living without a woman around isn't what it's cracked up to be." "No, you bet," sighed Dick. "Well, give them to me, and you get busy with those papers, and don't bother me," said Dick. "Alright," said Ned, and smiled to himself. Dick picked up the uppermost letter and read it quickly, laid it down, took the second, and did the same with it; and so on until he came to the second last. He glanced at it, but before he pulled it from its envelope his eye fell on the last one. "Ah! here she is!" he exclaimed. "I was just going to say there wasn't anyone I would choose." "How do you know?" asked Ned as



Rain Clouds and Mountain Torrents in Colorado

tience, most unusual to the deep mellow tones of his voice. "Hello, old man! What's the matter?" came back to him. "Oh! Is that you, Ned? Oh there is nothing the matter, a little on the rocks, that's all. What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"I want you to come over," answered Ned. "I can't," said Dick. "Oh, yes, you can, come on, I have a whole budget of answers to that ad., and I want you to help me make a choice," called Ned.

"I'll help you make a choice all right," laughed Dick. "But you'll have to bring them over here. I've turned 'Fred' out for the night, and there is nothing on this ranch that can catch him before morning." "Alright," said Ned. "I'll come over. So long."

Dick went back to his hammock, and although he picked up his magazine, he did not commence to read. "So Ned is going to have a housekeeper," he said to himself. "Well I'm glad. I hope she'll turn out alright," he thought. "Poor old chap, he has done well, the way he has kept everything together, and everything pretty comfortable for his 'poor old dad.' It's been tough on Ned since his mother died," and turning again to his magazine he began to read.

It was not long until he heard the pound of "Starlight's" hoofs, bearing Ned nearer and nearer, and at last there they were. Starlight knew the

he looked up and noticed that Dick had not yet read the contents of the letter. "Oh! I know," said Dick, and as he finished reading the note, he handed it to Ned and said, "Yes, old man, there is my choice." Ned took the letter but reaching for another one, he said, "Well! I think this one is mine." Now! said Dick, "Why in thunder did you come over here for my advice if you are not going to use it?" "Well!" said Ned, gathering up his letters, "I'll use it this time. But, by Jove, if she doesn't turn out to my satisfaction, it will be up to you to take her off my hands." "That's a bargain," said Dick and (manlike) stretched out his hand and they sealed their compact, Ned smiling, but Dick still looking most unusually sober.

"But say! What's the matter with you sending for Miss Browne yourself, and I'll send for this Mrs. Reid," asked Ned, the thought striking him suddenly. "Will you Dick?" he asked. "No," replied Dick gravely, "I presume it is because you have your father that she considered your ad. at all." "Probably," said Ned, thoughtfully. "Well, you ought to have someone," said Ned, putting his hand affectionately on Dick's shoulder. "You are not half as cheerful, nor in fact anything like yourself lately. I believe you were happier in the old shack."

Dick did not answer for a moment and then said, "Do you notice anything

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wrong with the 'Bunch?' nodding his head toward a fine lot of horses feeding along the shore of the lake. "I can't say that I do," replied Ned, unless it is that I don't see the big black." "Yes, that is it. I sold him today," said Dick. "That buyer who was in town was passing in a motor today, and saw him. In fact, wouldn't go away without him, and" heaving a big sigh, "I parted with Dixie, he parted with a four-hundred-dollar cheque."

"Well!" said Ned. "Dixie is a dandy. But that was a good price." "Yes, I know," said Dick, raising his arms, and folding his hands behind his head. "But when a fellow lives alone, everything around the ranch seems to become dearer to him. Especially a colt like Dixie. But that wasn't all the misery he caused me." Ned hitched his chair around a little, and with a laugh said. "Why, did he give you a good price for something else?" "No," said Dick, and now that he was going to tell it to someone else, he began to see the humorous side of it and one of his old time smiles broke over the face that had all the evening been so solemn. "He had forgotten his fountain pen. So I brought him in to the desk to write the cheque, and after he had given it to me, he looked around and said, 'I—I suppose Mrs. McClure and the children are away for a visit just now.' I suppose it was the surprise, but anyway, I must have looked pretty glum, as I replied, 'There is no Mrs. McClure.' for with that he caught my hand and clasped the other on my shoulder, and said, 'My good fellow, I am sorry. You must forgive me. You know that I am a stranger in these parts. I did not know that you had lost her.' As soon as I could, I told him there never had been a Mrs. McClure, then he said, 'Well! Well! Bless my soul! Living in a house like this and you a bachelor?' Then his face brightened up and he said, 'Well! Well! Now I see. There will be a Mrs. McClure soon. There is nothing like it. You're getting along, but there is nothing better than a good wife. Nothing better. Well! Well! I'll bid you Good-day.' Then picking up his cane, he came out here and began to wave it to two of his horsemen who were riding up the trail and they took Dixie back to town with them. I don't know whether it was the loss of Dixie or of Mrs. McClure and the children, or what it was, but I never was so blue as I have been this afternoon."

Ned's good hearty laugh rang out on the clear air, and pulling his stetson forward on his head, he said, "Never mind, old chap. The darkest cloud always has the brightest lining, so cheer up. I must get home now. Dad wasn't extra well today. I'll get a letter off to Miss Browne on Friday," and with a big smile, he held out his hand. "Put it there, Dick, may you never have to take my housekeeper off it." Then with a good grip and shake, he turned and was soon galloping away on "Starlight."

Dick turned to go into the house, hesitated, and then went back to the hammock. "What's the use, I can't sleep yet, he thought."

He lay there, his eyes gazing out along the mountains, still discernible in their blue, white and gray coloring in the calm evening dusk.

Dick's gaze was on the mountains, but his mind had turned away back East, and as he gazed his vision was that of a sweetfaced girl, of about sixteen or seventeen summers, dressed in a pretty brown suit and a brown hat, sitting in a certain pew in the old stone church, just as he had seen her all those long years ago. It was a warm night and she was waving a pretty fan in such a way that it benefited the elderly lady by her side more than herself. Their own pastor was away, and in his place stood a small man preaching on Chinese Missions. Dick had listened for some time, but at last, with a shrug of his broad shoulders he thought disgustedly, "What a subject for a hot night," and turning away, his eyes fell on the sweet face he had seen so many times since in his dreams. "Brownie," he named her on that very instant, and taking a small tablet from his pocket he began to sketch her as

she sat with her eyes on the minister. She, probably tiring as Dick had done, turned her gaze and had seen clearly that Dick had been looking at her. She turned away rather shyly and again gave her attention to the minister.

Dick had noticed her glance, but had been so intent on his drawing, that he paid no attention to the fact. He was almost finished when she turned her eyes again and met his. She had blushed and was just about to turn haughtily away, when something had held her glance, and blushing still deeper, she had smiled the sweetest smile Dick had ever seen, as she bowed her head, for the minister had said, "Let us pray."

This had brought Dick to himself and now flushing furiously, he crushed his drawing in his hand and dropped it to the floor. Taking care that he did not again look that way during the singing of the last hymn. But the desire had been stronger than he, and he had glanced again, just as he turned to leave the church. This time, however,

the face was turned to the lady by her side, and Dick had passed out into the twilight with the vision that was to stay with him forever. And tonight it had come back. He lay there for more than an hour, and then, pulling himself together, he thought, "Oh, Dick! God knows where Brownie is," and went slowly up to bed.

The next morning he had coaxed "Fred" with a tin of oats, and had run in the six plough horses, and having fed and harnessed them, he went in to his own breakfast. After he had finished he pulled out the red and yellow tobacco pouch. "I guess I'll have a pipe before I go out today," he thought. Strange thoughts were mixing, "his Brownie" and Ned's Miss Browne today, and as he lit his pipe his eye fell on some letters that had come in the mail the day before. Then taking them up, he exclaimed, "Gee Whiz! Here is a letter from Belle and why, one from Claire too. Gosh! and I thought they were the usual business duns and so forth," and tearing Belle's,

his eldest sister's, open first, he began to read. Then his brow began to pucker and "What's this? What the dickens is she talking about?"

"I'm sure it will do her good, and I am sure it will be good for you, and little Billie will be such company," he read.

Then dropping Belle's letter he opened Claire's, and then the frown quickly disappeared, and turning to the phone he rang. Whr-r-r-r. Whr—

A moment later he called cheerily: "Good morning, Mr. Oliver. Is Ned in the house? Just gone out has he? Well, say! Will you ask him to call me up at noon? Yes, it's Dick speaking. Good-bye."

Already the old springy step had returned, and it wasn't long until the furrows were turning up smooth and black, as the six big horses, the plow and Dick passed on before.

Dick had not been long at his dinner when the "two short and one long" of the telephone bell brought a bright smile as he thought of the sur-

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prise he had in store for Ned. The "Hello" that Ned heard this time was very different from the one he had heard the night before. "Hello, Dick," he called, "What's up?" Dick gave a low laugh, and then said. "Oh! I just wanted to tell you to hustle up with your Miss Browne or I would beat you out." "Good for you," said Ned. "Thought over my proposition, eh?" "No," said Dick, "You know I didn't bother to look at my letters yesterday. I didn't feel like bothering about business, so left them until this morning, and there was a letter from my sister Belle and one from Claire. And what do you think? Claire and her little boy are coming to live with me for a while," and here he emphasized, "If I care to have them," "Hurrah!" shouted Ned. "I suppose you care to have them alright. That is the sister you call 'Goldie,' isn't it?" "Yes," said Dick. "'Goldie' and mostly 'Old Golden Top.' You know her husband died when her boy was only two months old. Let me see, Billie must be three years old now." "When do you think she will come?" asked Ned. "The sooner the better," said Dick. "I was thinking of writing and asking her to call on Miss Browne and have them both come out together." "Fine" replied Ned. "Well! So long. I see where you and I have to 'keep moving.'" "That's no dream," laughed Dick, "Will you come over tonight?" "Yes," said Ned, and

both went off to their work with new thoughts drifting through their minds.

Five weeks later the two men were standing on the Picton Depot platform. Each man casting expectant glances toward the East and each man trying to hide the nervous fluttering of his heart. Ned felt that Miss Browne's coming had become quite an event, through the excitement of Dick's sister coming, too.

Dick who had toiled and lived so many years alone, naturally felt excited to think that he should soon, in a few minutes, see his sister—the little sister whom he had left so many years ago a little golden headed girl. And more than that during all these days of preparation (for even the new house must be fixed up if women were to inhabit it), the thoughts of "his Brownie," and Ned's "Miss Browne," kept drifting back, drifting back, all confusion. He would have liked to have told Ned, but 'twas absurd. And besides, he had never told anyone about "Brownie." "Hurrah! There they come, or rather, there the train comes," laughed Ned, and in less than five minutes, a golden haired woman and a golden curled boy and "Brownie" were walking with them toward the double-seated democrat that was to take them to Dick's home six miles away.

Surely it was "Brownie." Dick could hardly think of anything to say. But

it was absurd of course, and he shrugged his shoulders and calling himself a fool, he caught up little Billie and tossing him up, won the heart of his little nephew at once.

Ned and Miss Browne walked ahead. Miss Browne admiring the landscape and her first view of the grand old "Rockies," Ned not yet over his surprise. Miss Browne was not an old maiden lady as Ned had made himself believe, but well, probably twenty-five, and probably not. No, as he ventured another glance, he was sure she wasn't. And as he turned around to speak to Dick and Mrs. Dixon he thought, "Well! No wonder Dick calls you 'Golden Top.'" And taking Billie in his arms he gave him a hug that surprised himself as well as Billie. And Billie, wiggling himself, turned around and called "Mammy, did you say that that was uncle Dick?" "Yes dear," replied his mother. Then, looking back seriously into Ned's eyes, he said. "Is you my uncle too?" "No, Billie," said Ned. "Oh! I'm so glad," shouted Billie, "Cause I want you for my daddy," and clasping his arms tight around Ned's neck, he squeezed as hard as his little arms could.

This proved too much for Dick, and his old hearty laugh, that his sister remembered so well, rang out, and was immediately joined in by Miss Browne and Ned. Claire smiled and said, "Billie you must not talk like that. You

know Mr. Oliver, he has never been able to understand why he has not had a father like other boys," and then turning and looking across the fields, she tried to force the sadness from her face and voice. "How are the crops, Dick?" she asked. Dick told her that the fall wheat was excellent, and that if the weather kept up as it had been it would have their district in fine shape for the fall.

The ladies had declared that they did not care to go to the hotel for tea, and that they preferred going home at once. So it was not long until they were all seated around the table at Dick's.

"May I ask who made this bread, Mr. McClure?" asked Miss Browne. "Why! Dick did," laughed Ned. "And are you as proficient in all these things, Mr. Oliver," she asked. "No," laughed Ned, "and you know Miss Browne, we only have the old house yet, the one my mother lived in, but Dad and I will do all we can to make you comfortable, and I can't tell you how glad I am that you will have Mrs. Dixon so near you," then blushing and looking down at his plate for a moment, then raising his eyes, he said, "Miss Browne, it is rather hard to say it to you, because I am still wondering whatever made you think of coming out here, but you will consider yourself quite at liberty to do as you wish over at 'The Grange.'" "Thank you," said Madge, "you are very kind," and with a blush and a pretty smile, she looked straight at Ned and said, "I don't care to explain my motive in coming West just now. Will you be satisfied if, for the present, we say it was 'fate?'" "Sure he will," laughed Dick, for that smile reminded him of the smile he had seen so long ago.

"We will be friends, indeed," said Claire, coming around and slipping a hand each side of Miss Browne's neck, and turning back her face, looked down deep into the brown eyes, and pressing a little kiss on the red lips so near her own. "Won't we, Madge?" she whispered. "Yes Claire, I hope so," said Madge. And thus commenced three of the happiest months ever known on "The Grange" or on the "Lakeview" Ranches.

It was a good summer. The four, or rather five, for Billie proved to be small of proportion but not of importance, were often together and very often joined by other members of the neighborhood. Dick's dreams for some time were continually of "his Brownie" and with Madge always coming in somewhere, which had the effect to make him think of Brownie as Madge and Madge as Brownie. And it kept him busy often when Miss Browne was near to keep himself from making the mistake of calling her "Brownie."

Madge had often tried to persuade Ned's father to accompany them when they went over to "The Lakeview Ranch," and sometimes on their drives. But the old gentleman always declined saying that he rested much better at home. And often when Claire and Billie were over at "The Grange," they all joined him in his rambles around The Ranch, and Claire loved to sit on the low rocker (nursing Billie) near the old man's chair, and listen to the tales of the early settlers, which Mr. Oliver never tired of telling her. And it was thus, that Ned best loved to see her.

It was getting along in September, every farmer watching for, and dreading, the September snow storm. But at last everything was harvested and all the district preparing and looking forward to the buzz and hum of the threshing machines.

The nights were growing chilly, and all in Ned's household were settled for a comfortable evening. The old gentleman dozing by the fire. Miss Browne, seated by the small table near the light, was working some pretty embroidery, and Ned had settled down to his mail. Glancing over his letters before opening any, he noticed one of a strange handwriting, and opening it he read:

"Dear Sir,—You have, I believe, a Miss Browne staying with you. As Miss Browne is a particular friend of mine, I desire your hospitality for a few days.

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As I wish my visit to be a surprise to her, I will trust you, as a gentleman, not to mention having received this.

You may expect me on Wednesday.

Yours, Respectfully,

Nigel Abbott.

"Well! Darn your independence," muttered Ned. "Were you speaking to me, Mr. Oliver?" asked Madge, who had not caught what Ned had said. "No indeed!" laughed Ned, rather ashamed of himself. "I was talking to a man who wrote this letter."

Madge smiled and went on with her work, little dreaming that she had been the subject of the letter.

Ned soon finished his letters, and feeling impatient still about the letter from this Nigel Abbott, he put on his hat and went for a walk.

"Nigel Abbott," he said, again and again. "No I am sure I never heard Miss Browne mention his name," he thought. "She has talked quite a bit lately of her life in the East and of these last years in England. But I am sure she never mentioned this man."

"But then it may be all right, and of course any friend Miss Browne wishes to have is more than welcome. But,

by Jove! any friend she doesn't wish to have will receive precious little hospitality around here."

He longed to ask her, but he had to prove to this man that he was a gentleman. Well! tomorrow he would know. But he felt there would be something unpleasant at least and felt very much like staying around the house next day. But business of importance called him away so he did not see the pained surprised look on Madge's face when she saw Sir Nigel Abbott drive up to the door in a livery rig from Picton. The driver turned and drove away immediately, Sir Nigel coming up the walk where he had seen Madge at the door.

Madge was thankful that Mr. Oliver sat in his accustomed chair. She scarcely knew what to say and felt somewhat relieved as she heard the old gentleman getting up to meet the stranger coming in.

Sir Nigel came forward with hands outstretched. "Oh! My dear Madge, You thought you could elude me. But, my dear."

Madge ignored the outstretched hands. Stepping aside, she said. "Mr. Oliver,

this is Sir Nigel Abbott, from Chester-ville, England. Sir Nigel this is Mr. Oliver." "I'm pleased to meet you, pleased to meet you," said Mr. Oliver. "Thank you, sir," replied Sir Nigel, turning again to Madge.

"Was it Mr. Oliver or Mr. Edward Oliver, you wished to see?" asked Madge, her brown eyes almost black in her indignation at this man who had dared to follow her after she had positively declined to accept his addresses.

"Now Madge, my dear," fussed Sir Nigel. "You know I came neither to see one nor the other, that I care absolutely nothing for such people."

"Be careful, Sir Nigel. You expect to accept Mr. Oliver's hospitality for the night, I presume, since you dismissed your driver so hurriedly," said Madge.

"Why yes! Why yes! I wrote and told him so. So he did not tell you, I see! I see! The fellow must be a gentleman after all," said Sir Nigel.

Madge then remembered the letter that had annoyed Ned the evening before. She drew herself up to her full height, her eyes still flashing, her head thrown back defiantly. How she

wished Ned were there. "Mr. Oliver will soon be home, and then you will be able to judge for yourself," she said indignantly. "He did not tell me of your letter" and turning on her heel she entered the hall leading to the front of the house.

"Well! Bless my soul! Bless my soul!" ejaculated Sir Nigel. "It is marvellous what tempers these girls have," and turning to Mr. Oliver who had resumed his seat. "Now you know, sir, I intend to marry this young woman. She has a temper, but by gad, sir, it makes me the more determined."

Mr. Oliver's voice was sterner than it had been for many years as he replied.

"It is quite evident sir, that your visit is anything but agreeable to Miss Browne and until she returns, or until my son returns you may entertain yourself with those papers on the table there," and taking his cane and hat he left the house, taking care to keep close enough to know if the man should show any impertinence to Madge.

Madge went to her room, and burying her face in her hands, she said. "Oh! What shall I do? Just to think

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We will send absolutely free, for the asking, postpaid, one of our large sixty-four page books, with insert, on the common diseases of stock and poultry. Tells how to feed all kinds of heavy and light horses, colts and mares, milch cows, calves and fattening steers; also, how to keep and feed poultry so that they will lay as well in winter as summer. No farmer should be without it.

NOW is the time to use Royal Purple Stock Specific. At a cost of only two-thirds of a cent per day per animal, it will increase it 25 per cent. in value. It permanently cures Bots, Colic, Worms, Skin Diseases and Debility. Restores run-down animals to plumpness and vigor. It will increase the milk yield three to five pounds per cow per day and make the milk richer.

Royal Purple is not a stock food. There is no filler used in its manufacture, and we import from Europe all the seeds, herbs, barks, etc., and grind them on our own premises. Therefore, we can guarantee it to you as being absolutely pure. We do not use cheap filler to make up a large package. We give you the best condition powder ever put on the market in a concentrated form.

A tablespoon levelled off, once a day, is sufficient for a full-grown animal. It prevents disease, keeps your animals in perfect health, and is absolutely harmless. It makes six-weeks-old calves as large as ordinary calves at ten weeks. You can develop six pigs ready for market in just one month's less time than you can possibly do without it, at a cost of only \$1.50, saving you a month's work and food.

A 50c. package will last a horse 70 days. A \$1.50 pail or air-tight tin, containing four times as much as a 50c. package, will last an animal 280 days.

If you have never used it, try it on the poorest animal you have on your place, and watch results. If it does not produce better results than anything you have ever used, or give you satisfaction, we will refund your money.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada. Toledo, Ont., July 1, 1910.

Gentlemen,—I have used a part of a package of your "Royal Purple Stock Specific." I fed it to one cow according to directions. She gained six pounds of milk while using part of a package. The rest of my herd reduced in milk while this one gained. I consider it has no equal.

T. G. BELLAMY.

Bondhead, Ont., Aug. 31, 1912. The W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

Gentlemen,—After experimenting with a great many stock foods, I was about convinced that there was very little virtue in any of it, but your dealer insisted on me trying Royal Purple Stock Specific, saying it was different from all others. I have since used a great lot of it, as I keep from ten to twenty horses and about the same of cattle. This Specific, in my opinion, is certainly in a class by itself as a conditioner, and is the best I have ever used.

GEORGE MAPES.

Clear Creek, Ont., Sept. 19, 1912. W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Your "Royal Purple" Stock Specific is the best stock conditioner I have ever had in my stables, and am never without it. I had a brood sow that had milk fever very bad. Your "Royal Purple" saved her life. Put her on her feet in three days. I had three calves last spring that got scouring very badly. Could not get it stopped until I used "Royal Purple." It did the work O.K.

Yours truly, H. B. MOULTON.

Saskatoon, Sask., Sept. 20th. The W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Gentlemen,—Some months ago we bought some of your Royal Purple Stock Specific from Mr. Vogan here. We have been using it ever since, and we find it the best conditioner for driving horses we have ever tried.

H. F. MCCALLUM, "The Palace Livery."

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AN ASSORTED ORDER AMOUNTING TO \$5.00 WE WILL PREPAY.

Scott, Sask., May 22nd, 1911.

The W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Do you want a man to represent your Royal Purple goods in this district. I am from Ontario, and have fed your Stock Specific—got it from Mr. J. Corbett, of Browns-ville. My cows, while using it, made the largest average, and tested five points over average at C.M.P. at Brownsville. I know your goods are the highest class Stock Specific on the market, and take great pleasure in representing you in this district.

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will make your hens lay in winter, as well as summer, and yet a 50c. package will last 25 hens 70 days, or a \$1.50 pail or air-tight tin, containing four times as much as a 50c. package, will last 280 days. It prevents poultry from losing flesh at moulting time, cures and prevents all the ordinary diseases, makes their plumage bright, and keeps them in prime condition.

Port Colborne, May 11.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Dear Sirs,—This is to certify that I have used one \$1.50 tin of your "Royal Purple" Poultry Specific, and there is nothing that can equal it. I wanted yours again and your agent did not have any, so he gave me another brand, and I can assure you it was not worth carrying home, for my hens layed better without it. I have been from 12 to 15 dozen eggs short every week since I have not used your "Royal Purple."

CHARLES RICHARDSON.

Royal Purple

STOCK AND POULTRY SPECIFICS

A second from Mr. Richardson as follows:—

Port Colborne, Ont., Aug. 24, 1910.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed express order for \$3.00, for which please send me two tins of your "Royal Purple" Poultry Specific.

C. RICHARDSON.

A third letter from Mr. Richardson as follows:—

Port Colborne, Ont., Aug. 29, 1910.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Dear Sirs,—I received two tins of "Royal Purple" Poultry Specific all O.K. I have tried all kinds of specific to make my hens lay, and I find that you are the only ones that manufacture the genuine article. All the rest, I think, is a waste of time and money to bother with. As an egg-producer, I cannot praise your Poultry Specific high enough, for I would not be without it if I had to pay double the money.

C. RICHARDSON.

Sherbrooke, Que., Aug. 1, 1910.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Dear Sirs,—I have used your Specific for one year, and have given it to my birds with good results. See my winnings at the different fairs, which will tell the tale.

MISS GEORGINA CAMIRAUD.

Royal Purple Cough Specific

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will reduce lameness in a very short time. Mr. John M. Daly, coalman in London, says: "We have nine horses constantly tearing coal, and have all kinds of trouble with them being lame at times. I have used your Sweat Liniment for a year back, and have never known it to fail to cure sprained tendons, etc." Price, 50c., 8-ounce bottles; by mail, 60c.

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This is entirely different from any lice killer on the market. In order for you to understand the process of manufacture of this lice killer, you will have to send for

one of our booklets, as we give you a full history of it there. It will entirely exterminate lice on fowls or animals with not more than one or two applications. It smothers them. Price 25c.; by mail, 30c.

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that aunty should insist on me marrying that wretch, and that he should dare to come here. Oh!" she said, as she stamped her foot. "How I detest a scene, but I detest him more."

And then walking to the window she saw the lake at "Lakeview." Everything looked so peaceful and calm over there. Then the indignant look died out of her eyes and a quiet resolve came instead, and going to her mirror, she smoothed the brown tresses and changing her collar and tie, she put on her garden hat and taking her jacket on her arm, she took her parasol. She went quietly out of the front door, and walking quickly across the garden to the lane, she was soon walking across the fields to Claire.

"Oh! Mummy!" called Billie who was playing in the lane. "Here comes Aunty Madge." "Why! so it is," said Claire. "And she is walking, I wonder why; and taking Billie by the hand she went to meet her. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" she called out as soon as she could be heard. She saw that Madge's sweet face was troubled. "Why! Madge, what is wrong?" she asked. "Why are you coming this way and walking on such a warm day?"

"Oh! Claire, may I stay with you?" asked Madge, her voice faltered and broke and sitting down on a rock she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Why Madge! You poor old darling. There, there, have a good cry and then

tell me all about it. And sitting down beside her, Claire put her arm around Madge's shoulder and did not speak again until Madge, raising her tear-stained face, said. "Claire, you will think I am a baby, but I just couldn't help it." "Of course you couldn't help it," said Claire as she patted the hand that had fallen into Madge's lap.

"What's the matter, Aunty Madge?" said Billie. "Tell Billie who made you cry." And taking Billie on her lap, she told Claire of Sir Nigel's sudden appearance, and of how she had left England because her aunt had insisted that she should marry him. "And that was why I came here. I thought I would be free from them. But I was too proud to use any name but my own, so I suppose that is the reason he found me."

"Well, you did right to come to me," said Claire. "It won't be long until Dick will come," and putting her arm around Madge's waist, and taking Billie by the hand, they went back to the house.

"Will you tell your brother? I couldn't," said Madge. "Yes, certainly," said Claire, "and you must come to my room and lie down." "I will after a while," said Madge, and not long after she saw the big four-horse team turn in at the gate, so she went to Claire's room. But she could not sleep.

"Hello, Golden Top," called Dick, as he came in. "Billie says Miss Browne is here, where is she?" But Claire held

up a warning finger, and backed Dick out into the wash-room and then told him what Madge had told her. Dick did not answer for a minute, such a tumult of rage swept over him. "Well, wait until Ned gets hold of him," he said at last. "He'll soon get a quick ride back to town." Claire then called Madge, and they all had supper. After the girls had washed the dishes, Claire had gone to put Billie to bed, and Dick and Madge went out onto the verandah, each talking of other things, and each thinking of Sir Nigel Abbott.

They had scarcely seated themselves when the pound of horses' hoofs and a whinny from "Starlight" made them look around. "Ned," said Dick. "Why! No it isn't." "Sir Nigel," said Madge, her face turning pale.

Dick went down the steps, "Good day, sir," he said, as the man got off the horse. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "Nothing," snapped Sir Nigel. "I came to speak to Miss Browne, and I wish to see her alone."

"Do you wish to speak to this man, Miss Browne?" Dick called back. "No," said Madge.

"There, you see. Miss Browne does not care to speak to you. So there is nothing for you to do, but to go back where you came from." And he stepped in front of Sir Nigel as he attempted to come up the path. "Did you hear me?" said Dick, as he scowled at the man in front of him. "And tell Mr. Oliver that Miss Browne will stay here with my sister, until he can assure her that you have left the country." "And with you," snarled Sir Nigel, as he turned back to Starlight. Dick drew his tall figure to its fullest height. "By Heaven!" he said through his clinched teeth. "You coward. You seem to have noticed that the time has gone by for us Western men to carry our belt and six shooters. But you say another word like that and you'll find that here is one Westerner that has a pair of hands that will choke the breath from your miserable body. Get on this horse this minute, and leave the Ranch, while I can still keep my hands off you." Sir Nigel, shaking from head to foot at the sight of Dick's fury, was glad to scramble as best he could on Starlight, and Starlight seemed to think that the sooner he got this rider back the better. Dick stood staring after them and then he felt a gentle touch on his arm. He did not turn, but drew the hand on his arm and turned down the lane. They walked some distance in silence.

"How can I thank you Mr. McClure?" "Don't," said Dick. "Oh! But I must," said Madge. "I am so sorry to have caused such a scene. But I felt I should need your protection this evening." Dick did not answer for a minute and then he turned and there was a pleading that Madge had fancied she had seen shadows of before in the dark gray eyes. "Madge," he said huskily, "You don't know what a joy it would be to give you my protection for ever." He felt the hand on his arm tremble, and thinking that now was not the time to tell her of his love, he said, "Madge," do you know you remind me so much of a girl I saw once." The sweetest girl I ever saw, and glancing at the downcast eyes, until last spring I saw another, and since then it seems to me that you are she, and that she is you. And you get me all mixed up."

"Where did you see her?" asked Madge, in a low voice that was the sweetest music to Dick's ear. "I saw her in the Old Stone Church down East at home, just before I came West," replied Dick. Madge drew her hand from Dick's arm, and stooping picked a tiny rosebud that grew on the path and looking around at Dick with that smile he loved so well, she said. "And you remind me so much of a young man who drew my picture in that church one evening nine years ago." Dick could hardly believe that he had heard her. "Oh! Brownie, can it be, is it true that it is you? Darling,"—and folding her in his arms, he covered the brown tresses with kisses. "Brownie, sweetheart, I can't believe it. You don't know what you have been to me all these years," he whispered. "Just that few minutes in the Church and

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there you were everything in the world to me. I couldn't forget you darling. I tried, for it seemed so hopeless. But when I came home discouraged, and tired, and alone, your sweet face would come back to me. I could almost feel your presence. And Brownie is it true that you love me and are going to stay?" And taking her face in his hands, he looked down into the deep brown eyes, and saw the love of nine long years shining out to him.

"Yes, Dick," Madge whispered, and putting her arms around his neck she said, "I have loved you too, and Oh! Dick, I'm so glad I have found you." She could say no more for Dick folded her again in his strong embrace and the kisses of his pent up love of nine long years, he pressed on her face and hair. "Oh there! Dick don't eat me," laughed Madge as she pulled away from him. Dick caught her hand in his and said huskily. "Come on Sweetheart. Come till I tell 'Golden Top,' she'll be so glad."

Claire had heard the angry voices, and had seen Sir Nigel ride away, and had also seen Dick and Madge walk down the lane, so was not surprised at the good news Dick had for her, although she was surprised that they had seen each other before. "And just think," laughed Madge. "Dick wasn't sure until tonight." "Well, were you?" exclaimed Dick. Madge nodded her head with a happy smile. "When did you know, darling," asked Dick, as Claire went to the kitchen. "When I first saw you at the station, you goose," laughed Madge. But just then Claire came back and putting her hand lovingly on Madge's head she asked, "When are you coming to stay, Madge?" "Just as soon as Dick and Mr. Oliver can arrange it," said Madge. "Poor old Ned," said Claire, softly, as she walked to the front door. "Why! here he comes now."

It was not long until Ned came bounding up the verandah steps. "Why! What has happened?" he exclaimed, as he saw the happy faces. "I thought you were all angry over here, what did you do to Sir Nigel?"

"Oh! We just sent him off about some other business," said Dick, and Ned, seeing the pained expression on Madge's face, went to her quickly and said, "Miss Browne, I'm sorry that fellow was allowed to trouble you but here is the letter he sent me, and not knowing but what he was a particular friend, I felt I must do as he asked. "But he has gone and I'm sure he won't come back. I wish I had been home before he left for here. But I was there when he got back," and he smiled at Dick as he thought of the farewell he had given to "Sir Nigel Abbott."

"Well! He has gone," said Dick, and going over he took both of Madge's hands and said, "Come Brownie, we'll ask Ned for his blessing now." Madge blushed and smiled her sweet smile at Ned as he (grasping the significance of the thing) raised his hands above their heads and said seriously:

"God bless you, my children,"

And then grasping Dick's hand he laughingly exclaimed. "Dick, you old rascal, you promised to take her off my hands, but not until I was ready." "Well," laughed Dick, "Aren't you ready?" And as Ned caught the happy light in Dick's gray eyes, he said with a laugh, "Providing that you will be married at 'The Grange' and will let Daddy give you away, Madge, and me as best man." "And I am going to be Matron of honor," said Claire, courteously to Madge.

"Thank you all," said Madge, putting both her hands in Claire's. "I couldn't wish for a happier wedding."

And so it was a happy wedding that took place at "The Grange," on the 28th of Oct. And then Dick and "his Brownie," left on the noon train for a six weeks' trip to the Coast. And later when they were seated in a big brown stone church in a Western city Dick turned over the hymn book Madge had given him, and there saw pasted in the back leaf a sketch of Madge as she had been nine years ago, and written underneath was "Met. Church, Toronto, drawn by Mr. Unknown Friend."

"How did you get it?" whispered Dick.

"Auntie went across to speak to a friend and I picked it up to see what you had been drawing," replied Madge. And Dick's eyes told her what he could not say, but he joined in heartily as the congregation arose and commenced to sing the Doxology.

"Are you sure you are not nervous about staying without Dick?" Ned asked Claire as he drove up to the house on their return from the depot. "Not in the least," laughed Claire, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith will be here this evening, and if not they will come tomorrow, and I can trust James in everything."

Ned stayed for tea and as the twilight was falling, Claire was putting Billie to bed. Ned was swinging in the

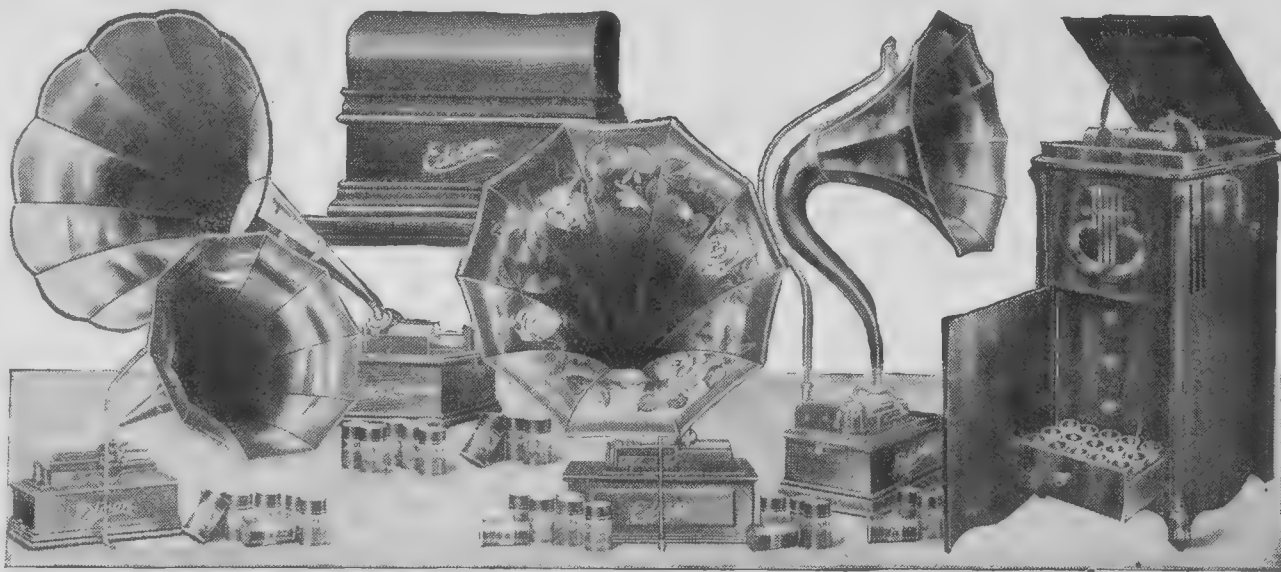
hammock as the evening was extra fine. He was singing softly "In days of old, when Knights were bold." As he came to the end of his song he stopped, and softly through the screened window, came Claire's voice saying her baby's prayer and little Billie's voice repeating after her, and then Billie's voice raised as he said, "Oh, Mummy, can't I pray for a daddy, too." "If you wish, darling," said Claire. And Ned heard the little voice of Billie say, "Oh! Dad, don't forget to send Billie a daddy soon. Dood night."

About twenty minutes later Claire came out through the screen door. She had slipped on her scarlet sweater, and the braids of her golden hair seemed to

form a halo around her head as Ned looked up.

"Aren't the mountains glorious in this light?" he asked, as Claire came to the arm chair beside the hammock. "Yes," said Claire, "I wonder how Madge will enjoy her trip through the mountains she has learned to love so well. I can't begin to express how happy I am to see Dick so happy," said Claire softly.

"Don't you know there is someone else dying to be just as happy?" said Ned. "Goldie aren't you going to let me be the answer to Billie's prayer?" "Do you forget that Billie did have a dear, dear father, but that he can't remember?" asked Claire, brokenly.



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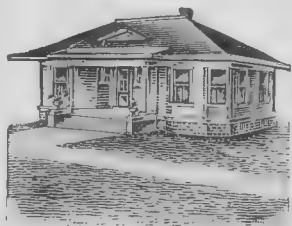


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"Indeed I don't," said Ned, springing to his feet, and bending over Claire, his hand on the back of her chair, "But I love you dear," he said softly. "Don't you feel that you should be your wife's first love?" asked Claire, looking up through tears glistening on the long curled lashes. "I would have said so before I knew you," said Ned seriously. "but to know you, Claire, to me was to love you, and the joy of my life will be, that through my love and care for you I may help to lessen the sorrow that God saw fit to send to mar your sweet young life."

Claire covered her face with her hands and her shoulders shook with the sobs she could no longer suppress.

"Goldie, darling, don't do that," pleaded Ned, as he dropped on his knees beside her, folding his big arms around her, "don't do that, sweet-heart," he pleaded. "Can't you love me a little, I'll wait if you can't just now, but let me teach you. Oh! Goldie I don't know what life would be like now if I can't have you, and you know how I love Billie and Goldie dear, Daddy loves you and he loves Billie, too. Don't you know what a happy little family we would make," he pleaded.

A little shudder ran over Claire as she ceased her sobs, and slipping her arms around Ned's neck, she laid her tear-stained face on his shoulder and whispered, "Oh, Ned, you are so good, I would hate so terribly to go away," and "Ned," she whispered still lower, "I do love you. I tried not to but I couldn't help it. It didn't seem loyal to Frank. But you were so kind, so big and strong, and now that Madge is gone, you do need one. And poor Billie, pleading for you for his daddy."

"My darling," said Ned as he rose to a standing posture, and drawing Claire up beside him kissed the tears away.

It was the beginning of the third week in December, when Dick and Madge returned from their trip. And then all was busy with the preparation of the other wedding, which Claire had set for Christmas Eve.

It was to be very quiet, no one present except the two families and the minister and his wife.

Claire and Madge spent part of their time fixing up Ned's home, making everything ready and comfortable for the old gentleman, while they should be away.

The air was cold and a gentle snow was falling, as the minister pronounced Claire Dixon and Edward Oliver man and wife. Then after a dainty dinner they gathered around to say good-bye. Dick coming in in his big fur coat, called out cheerily, "The rig is ready Old Golden Top," and slapping Ned on the shoulder, said, "Well, now perhaps you are ready to tell us where you are going, old man." "No," said Ned, his glad eyes turning to Claire, "Claire hasn't told even me yet where we are going. Won't you tell us now dear?" he asked, going over to her. She gave his hand a little squeeze, and going over to his father, she put her arm around his shoulder and holding the other hand out to Ned, she said.

"We are going home with Billie's grandfather."

"God bless you, my daughter," said the old man, rising and kissing her forehead. "Ned, my son, I wish your mother could have lived to have seen this day." Then, turning to the others, Claire's happy voice called out, "And we want you all to come over to spend Xmas with us," and gathering little Billie up, she said, "So come along Ned, you'll have to kill another turkey, you know."

Ned put his arms around the both of them, and said, his deep voice almost trembling, he was so happy, "My noble, noble little wife. Come to Daddy, Billie," he said, taking Billie in his arms. Billie looked into Ned's eyes and squeezing his little arms around Ned's neck said, "Oh, I'm so glad (glad) Dad sent you for my daddy."

And they were tears of gladness that streamed down Mr. Oliver's kind old face as he and Claire and Ned filled little Billie's stocking that hung by the fire-place that night.

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The Belt Dance of Bulgaria

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In the land of the rose fields, where the distilleries turn the rose leaves into the most fragrant of perfumes—Attar of Roses, one witnesses with delight, the performance of the "Belt Dance," a variation of the "Ring Dance" originating in Bohemia.

Dressed in their very best clothes made of sheep skin, which solves the highland Bulgars dress problem, wearing as they do the wool side next the skin in winter and the embroidered side next the skin in summer, and embroidered as only a Bulgarian woman knows how, any number of men and women above four, when the spirit is on them, grasp one another's belts and the dance is on.

First three steps forward, then three steps backward, then forward again for three steps, after which they form into a ring. Swinging and balancing to the weird music which puts one in mind of the Dervishes, how they manage to keep themselves "pin-wheeling" for hours at a time, is remarkable.

To watch them gyrating is a treat for about fifteen minutes. Then one becomes dizzy by the rapidly revolving wheel of humanity which goes faster and faster until one can no longer follow.

Though the dance may last for hours at a stretch, each one of the dancers looks as "solemn as a funeral" and never speaks; but at intervals the men howl like hungry hyenas. Taken as a whole it is a very entertaining performance which can with safety, as well as profit, be added to any parlor dance programme.

Fritz on the Sea Shore

A Story for Boys. By Bonnycastle Dale

Photographs by the author

TAKE a lad from the great plains of the Northwest, or even of Ontario or part of Quebec, and turn him loose on this wondrous rugged Pacific Coast and watch his eyes stick out. Now Fritz had never seen the ocean, had never heard the dull deep rhythm of the surf as it beat on the syenite and sandstone rocks, the foundation stones of the mighty ranges that hedged us round about. He soon proved its power to play "Hide and Seek" with his belongings, as he left many of his boyish treasures on the sands at low tide and awoke me in the morning with the complaint that "some one had stolen his fishing rod and landing net and his nice new tackle box." He will never play at raft-building again, as we rescued him a mile out in a very nasty

The fat black and white marked animal scampered off at our approach and I had Fritz dig immediately beside the hole the animal had been working in. It took the lad fifteen minutes, aided by a sharp stick, to dig out an equal number of clams—nine. I snapped Fritz as he worked away beside the disturbed "coons" pile. From the honeycombed appearance of the sands, and the steady squirting of the clams as we walked—they send streams of salt water so high that our boots and trousers bottoms were thoroughly soaked in the first half mile—there were thousands of baskets (fifteen pounds means a basket) on this mile long beach. These big Horseclams are not a choice edible clam, although the Indians and some of the white men eat



The River in the Royal George

tiderip, with his raft only held together by his clinging arms. Now he paddles in such shallow places that he says he has to carry the water ahead and pour it over to get along at all. Forsaking his shore play the lad took the big camera and we started on our pleasant sea-shore studies and adventures.

Skirting a bay whose sandy shores still lay in the shadows of the big fir woods we came upon a raccoon clamming for his early breakfast. He worked just at the edge of the retreating tide, tearing up the soft clay that lay immediately beneath the sand, soft though this Miami clay was it was tightly packed, but the animal's sharp claws soon had a hole dug large enough to work in, out of this with great rapidity he lifted clam after clam, tearing open the ones with the long sucking tube left outside—these were "horseclams," the tube extends up to

them. We have watched the "klootchmen"—squaws—bite off the long muscular sucker that extends far outside the shell, there they opened and ate the rather strong tasting inside. We have come across isolated whole families, ones that will not live on a reservation (as they cannot procure liquor there) that live for days on clams alone, without even a bit of bread. They willingly spend every cent for liquor. For as one old time-withered klootchman jabbered at us "Hi-ne-luk-ut-ehce, lum si-ah." Which, being interpreted, means—many clams, very little rum.

Another charming cove, surrounded by fir and cedar forest, had in the foreground a great glacial deposited rock far out on the edge of the retreating tide. Working around it were a number of native boys and men, busily raking in the shallow water, catching large edible crabs. Later, we watched them scrape from the face of the rock bushels of mussels. Truly the inhabitants of this beautiful island group have little trouble to secure the most dainty of shellfish—with a common rake for their fishing outfit.

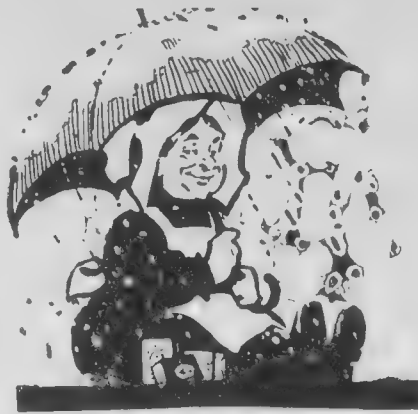
Did you ever go after fishes and catch rats? Well, Fritz and I did. We took a "flutter-tail"—a stern wheeler. I should say, and after some really remarkable steering, especially when they took this big boat through "The Hole In The Wall," a passage through great granite island cliffs, not at any part wider than the boat was long and sinuous as the letter S. These Pacific Coast waters need wizards not wheelmen. I thought at one place they would have to bend the boat to get her around the turn but they managed to do it without having recourse to this heroic means.

At last we approached the old deserted town of Utsalady on Camano Island. Once a prosperous town when the reverberations of the falling forest giants filled the air, now, alas, only ruined mills, empty houses and mosscovered



Picking up the Clams

the top of the sand when the shellfish is feeding, and is as large as a man's middle finger and about five inches long. The shells that had withdrawn the sucking tube and were tightly closed he nipped with his sharp teeth and rapidly tore them open, swallowing the contents as he anxiously watched the bayshore for a possible enemy.



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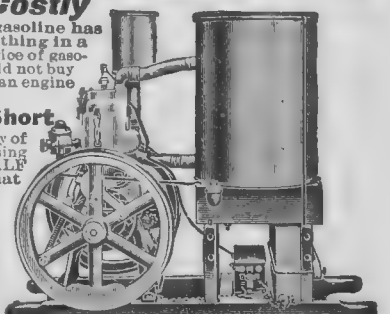
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boardwalks told the tale of the passing of the first growth.

We were in search of the big oyster company's tugs that catch shrimp off this western coast, seeking to picture and tell the tale of the operations. Tied to the side of the floating landing stage was a fisherman's boat. In it were hundreds of the strangest fish I have ever seen. Some were flatfish. Fritz says he was in a lagoon where the water was so shallow the fish had to swim on their sides. These were the fish he saw no doubt. They had black backs and white bellies, but these odd flatshaped things were not the fish that puzzled me. I had seen the cormorants take hundreds of these



Hauling in a Hair Seal

so-called sole in a day from out the shallow waters of an inlet. The ones I could not classify were in a barrow—illshapen, poch-bellied, ragged-tailed, swollen-eyed deep-sea fish.

"What are they," I asked a passing Chinaman. "Latfish," he gibbered.

"What," cried Fritz. "Ratfish?"

"Rats," said a nearby Jap fisherman.

To look at the huge teeth in their mouths one cannot wonder at them being given the very appropriate name of Ratfish. They belong to the shark family and have the glorious emerald green eye so common in this class.

Picture to yourself a fish about a foot and a half long, with a great bull head containing two of the biggest of glassy green eyes, a silvery distorted body, numerous pairs of fan-like fins, a long tapering sharklike tail furnished with fringed edges, a big mouth set far back in under the head containing the rat teeth—but bigger



Lunch, Eating the Crab that Pinched his Toe

teeth than any rat save the Muskrat. Fritz and I set one up and pictured this ugly denizen of the deeper waters. It contained little save the liver, this almost filled the whole body cavity, it was filled with a fatty matter that produces a valuable oil, otherwise the fish is worthless.

"Eat him, John?" I asked the chink. "No, latfish him poison," he chirped back. Well, when he won't eat it, I guess it is, so we left the mass of ratfish, soon to be thrown into the various crabpots for bait.

The hairseals that inhabit all these bays and inlets have many odd ways. Our canoe was passing the estuary of a little river. The tide was half out and the water quite shallow. So dull and peaceful was everything that Fritz was half asleep in the bow while I pad-

dled involuntarily in the stern. Suddenly close beside us, a curling wave leaped up, a brown head shot out, a volume of water was thrown aloft, a shining body of a salmon gleamed for a moment ahead of the next curling wave that was forming off our bow. Again the seal showed for an instant, this time it was the strong hind flippers that broke the water and a curve of the enormously strong tail switched him at right angles to his course. The salmon should have escaped as the water was shallow and the suction on the big body of the passing seal very strong, but unfortunately for the alarmed fish it sped up a blind channel, found it had no outlet and darted straight back towards the waiting seal.

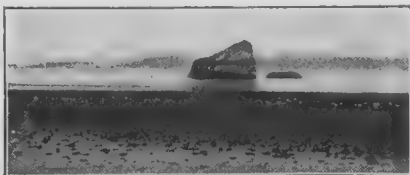
We could clearly see the raised furrow of water over the back of the approaching salmon as well as the circles and bubbles that disclosed the seal squatting on the sand. As the two paths converged the water about the seal became more convulsed. It reminded me of a cat crouched with slowly waving tail awaiting her prey. Along came the fish disclosing furrow. We could tell the moment the seal would strike as though we held him in leash. He darted out faster than I thought even this quick carnivorous animal could. There was a great splashing impact, a swirling struggle—then the seal bit a large piece out of the belly of the bending fish—rupturing the air bladder so



The Crab that Bites

that the fish now floated on its side, then on its back. Its fins were splashing the warm mouth of the seal. The bright brown eyes of the slayer travelled their gaze from dying fish to watching men and back again; evidently he thought we were after fish also, for he suddenly seized the still struggling salmon in his mouth and swam off towards the deep water.

Fritz had amused himself with whistling at the seal, causing it to stare at him and approach closer. Nor its mate, thinking no doubt that we were the custodians of juicy salmon in shallow places swam up close to us. Its intensely human face—when it pops up out of the water reminds you of the face of an old man—with the lustrous brown eyes beaming benevolently on us, its plaintive whining cry, as if it wanted instantly to be adopted into the family, all interested us immensely.



Native Clamming about large Glacial Rock on Tide Flats

There was a shuffling in the bow and I saw Fritz's bare feet twinkling overboard and off he waded to catch a seal that weighed possibly two hundred pounds and was as strong as several boys in that unstable element—water. The seal watched the big fat extended hand, peered humanly at the puckered whistling lips, then when a frightful screech rent the calm air the seal silently dived and swam off and Fritz popped down into the shallow water fervently embracing one foot and at the same time thoroughly soaking his specimen filled clothes—alas! for the seal catcher, he had inadvertently inserted one big fat toe into the waiting claw of a huge crab—whether the shellfish thought it was something to eat, or mayhaps he, too, was collecting specimens—well if you want to find out, ask Fritz, as it is yet a sore subject and he will not tell me.

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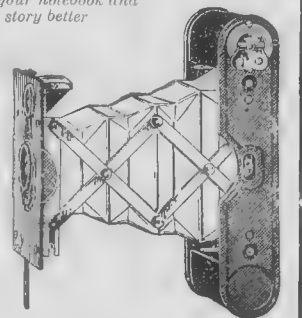
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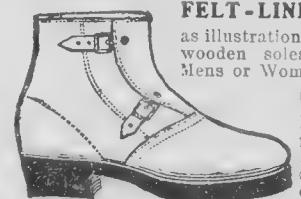
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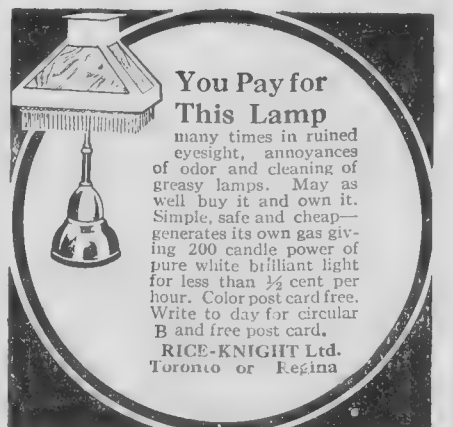
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The Wire Pullers

A Cricket Story. By P. G. Wodehouse

IT is a splendid thing to be seventeen and have one's hair up and feel that one cannot be kissed indiscriminately any more by sticky boys and old gentlemen who "knew you when you were 'that' high, my dear," or who nursed you on their knees when you were a baby. When I came down to dinner for the first time in a long frock and with my hair in a bun there was a terrific sensation. Father said, "My dear Joan!" and gasped. The butler looked volumes of respectful admiration. The twenny, whom I met on the stairs, giggled like an idiot. Bob, my brother, who is a beast, rolled on the floor and pretended to faint. Altogether it was an event. Mr. Garnet, who writes novels and things and happened to be stopping with us for the cricket, asked me to tell him exactly how it felt to have one's hair up for the first time. He said it would be of the utmost value to him to know, as it would afford him a lurid insight into the feminine mind.

I said: "I feel as if I were listening to beautiful music played very softly on a summer night, and eating heaps of strawberries with plenty of cream."

He said, "Ah!"

But somehow I was not satisfied. The dream of my life was to spend the winter in town, as soon as I had put my hair up, and go to dances and theatres and things, and regularly come out "properly," instead of lingering on in this out-of-the-way place (which is ducky in the spring and summer, but awful in the winter), with nobody to be looked at by except relations and father and the curate and village doctors, and that sort of people.

We knew lots of nice people in town who would have given me a splendid time; but father was always too lazy to go. He hates London really. What he likes is to be out of doors all day and every day all the year round with his

gun or rod. And he loves cricket, too. So do I. That is to say, I like watching it. But you can't watch cricket in the winter.

It really wasn't fair of father to keep me stowed away in a place like Much Middleford now that I was grown up. I spoke to him about it after dinner.

I said, "Father, dear, you are going to take me to town this winter, aren't you?"

He shied. It is the only word to express it.

"Er—well, my dear—well, we'll see, we'll see."

Poor old father, he does hate London so. It always brings on his rheumatism or something, and he spends most of his time there, I believe, when he is really obliged to go up on business, mooning about Kensington Gardens, trying to make believe it's really the country. But there are times when one feels that other people's objections must give way. When a girl is pretty (I believe I am) and has nice frocks (I know I have), it is perfectly criminal not to let her go and show them in town. And I love dancing. I want to go to dances every night. And in Much Middleford we have only the hunt ball, and perhaps, if we're lucky, two or three other dances. And you generally have to drive ten miles to them.

So I was firm.

I said, "Father, dear, why can't we settle now, and then you could write and get a house in good time?"

He jibbed this time. He sat in his chair and said nothing.

"Will you father?"

"But the expense—"

"You can let the Manor."

"And the land; I ought to be looking after it."

"Oh, but the tenant man who takes the house will do that. Won't you write tonight, father, dear? I'll write if you'll tell me what to say. Then you needn't bother to move."

Here an idea seemed to strike him. I noticed with regret that his face brightened.

"I'll tell you what, my dear," he said; "we will make a bargain."

"Yes," I said. I knew something horrid was coming.

"If I make fifty in the match on Monday, we will celebrate the event by spending the winter in town, much as I shall dislike it. Those wet pavements always bring on my rheumatism; don't know why. Wet grass never does."

"And if you don't make fifty, father?"

"Why, then," he replied, cheerfully, "we'll stay at home and enjoy ourselves."

The match that was to be played on Monday was against Sir Edward Cave's team. Sir Edward was a nasty little man who had made a great deal of money somehow or other and been knighted for it. He always got together a house-party to play cricket, and it was our great match. Sir Edward was not popular in the county, but he took a great deal of trouble with the cricket, and everybody was glad to play in his park or watch their friends playing.

Father always played for Much Middleford in this match. He had been very good in his time, and I heard once that, if only the captain had not had so many personal friends for whom he wanted places in the team, father would have played for Oxford against Cambridge in his last year. But, of course, he was getting a little old now for cricket, and the Castle Cave match was the only one in which he played.

He had made twenty-five last year against Sir Edward Cave's team, and everybody had said how well he played, so I thought he might easily do better this year and make double that score.

"And if you make fifty you really will take me to town? You'll promise faithfully?"

"Foi de gentilhomme! The word of a Romney, my dear Joan; and, mind, if I do not make fifty the subject must be dropped for the present year of grace. Next year the discussion may be re-



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opened; but for this winter there must be no further attempt at coaxing. You know that I am as clay in your hands, young woman, and you must not take an unfair advantage of my weakness."

I promised.

"And you really will try, father, to make fifty?"

"I can promise you that, my dear. It would take more than the thoughts of the horrors of London to make me get out on purpose."

So the thing was settled.

I went to see Bob about it before going to bed. Bob is a Freshman at Magdalen, so, naturally, he is much more conceited than any three men have any right to be. I suppress him when I can, but lately, in the excitement of putting my hair up, I had forgotten to

give him much attention, and he had had a bad relapse.

I found him in the billiard-room with Mr. Garnet. He was sprawling over the table, trying to reach his ball without the rest, and looking ridiculous. I waited till he had made his stroke and missed the red ball which ought to have pocketed easily.

Then I said, "Bob!"

He said, "Well, what?"

I think he must have been losing, for he was in a very bad temper.

"I want to speak to you."

"Go ahead, then."

I looked at Mr. Garnet. He understood at once.

"I'm just going to run upstairs for a second, Romney," he said. "I want my

pipe. Cigarettes are bad for the soul. I sha'n't be long."

He disappeared.

"Well?" said Bob.

"Father says that if he makes fifty on Monday against the Cave he'll take me to London for the winter."

Bob lit another cigarette and threw the match out of the window.

"You needn't hurry to pack," he said.

"Don't you think father will make fifty?"

"He hasn't an earthly."

"He made twenty-five last year."

"Yes; but this year the Cave men have got a new pro. I don't suppose you have ever heard of him, but his name's Simpson—Billy Simpson. He played for Sussex all last season, and was eleventh in the first-class bowling

averages. The governor may have been the dickens of a bat in his day, but I bet he doesn't stand up to Billy for many overs. As for getting fifty—"

Words failed him. I felt like a cat. I could have scratched somebody—anybody; I did not care whom. No wonder father had made the bargain so cheerfully. He knew he could only lose by a miracle.

"Oh, Bob!" I said. My despair must have been tremendous, for it touched even Bob. He said, "Buck up!"

I said, "I won't buck up. I think everybody's horrid."

"Look here," said Bob, anxiously—I could see by his face that he thought I was going to cry—"look here, chuck playing the giddy goat and going into hysterics and that sort of thing, and I'll give you a straight tip."

"Well?"

"This man Simpson—I have it on the highest authority—is in love with your maid—what's her name?"

"Saunders?"

"Saunders. At present it's a close thing between him and a chap in the village. So far it's anybody's race. Billy leads at present, because it's summer and he's a celebrity in the cricket season. But he must pull it off before the winter or he'll be pipped, because the other Johnny plays footer and is a little tin god in these parts directly footer begins. Why don't you get Saunders to square Billy and make him bowl the governor some tosh which he can whack about?"

"Bob," I cried, "you're an angel, and I'm going to kiss you!"

"Here, I say!" protested Bob. "Break away!"

While I was kissing him Mr. Garnet came back.

"They never do that to me," I heard him murmur, plaintively.

I spoke to Saunders while she was brushing my hair.

I said, "Saunders!"

"Yes, miss!"

"Er—oh, nothing."

"Yes, miss."

There was a pause.

"Saunders!" I said.

"Yes, miss."

"Do you know Simpson, the cricket professional at Castle Cave?"

"Yes, miss."

Her face, reflected in the glass in front of me, grew pinker. It is always rather pink.

"He is very fond of you, isn't he?"

"He says so, miss."

She simpered—visibly.

"He would do anything for you, wouldn't he?"

"He says so, miss." Then, in a burst of confidence, "He said so in poetry once, miss."

We paused again.

"Saunders!" I said.

"Yes, miss."

"Would you like that almost new hat of mine? The blue chiffon one with the pink roses?"

She beamed. I believe her mouth watered.

"Oh, yes, miss."

Then I set out my dark scheme. I explained to her, having first shown her how necessary it was to keep it all quite secret, that a visit to town that winter depended principally on whether Mr. Simpson bowled well or badly in the match on Monday. She held Simpson in the hollow of her hand. Therefore she must prevail upon him to bowl father a sufficient quantity of easy balls to allow him to make fifty runs. In return for these services he would win Saunders's favor, and Saunders would win the hat she coveted and also a trip to London.

Saunders quite saw it.

She said, "Yes, miss."

"You must make him bowl badly," I said.

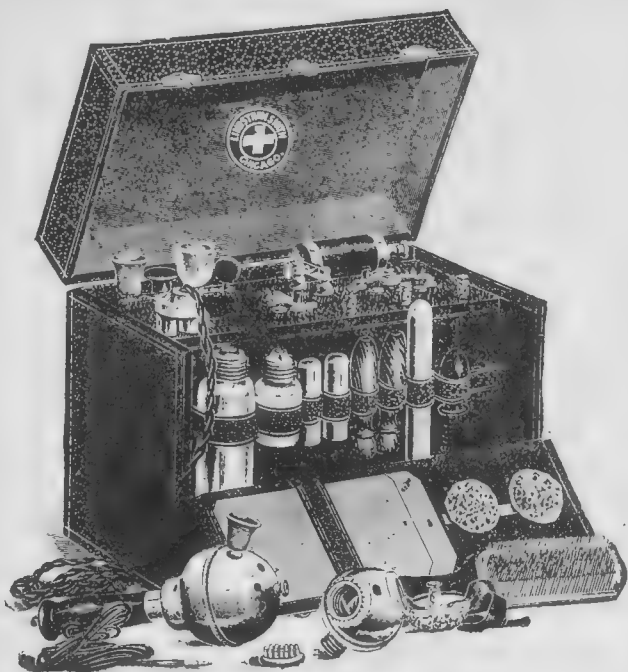
"I'll do what I can, miss. And I do really think that Mr. Simpson will act as I tell him to."

Once more she simpered.

Father came back in very good spirits from practising at the village nets next day.

"I was almost in my old form, my dear," he said. "I was watching them all the way. Why, I am beginning to think I shall make that fifty after all."

I said, "So am I, father, dear."



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Saunders had stirring news on the following night. It seemed that Mr. Simpson was in an awkward position.

"Sir Edward, miss," said Saunders, "who always behaves very handsome, Mr. Simpson says, has offered to give him a ten-pound note if he bowls so well that nobody of the Middleford side makes fifty against Castle Cave."

Here was a blow. I could not imagine any love being proof against such a bribe. London seemed to get farther away as I listened.

"And what does Simpson—"

"Well, Mr. Simpson and me, miss, we talked it over, and I said 'Oh if you prefer Sir Edward's old money to a loving heart' I said, 'why, then,' I said, 'all is over between us' I said, 'and there's others I could mention who worship the ground I tread on, and wouldn't refuse me nothing,' I said. And Mr. Simpson, he said ten pounds was a lot of money and wasn't to be found growing on every bush. So I just tossed my head and left him, miss; but I shall be seeing him tomorrow, and then we shall find out if he still thinks the same."

The next bulletin of Mr. Simpson's state of mind was favorable. After a day of suspense Saunders was able to inform me that all was well.

"I walked out with Mr. Harry Biggs, miss, and Mr. Simpson he met us and he looked so black, and when I saw him again he said he'd do it, he said. Ho, he is jealous of me, miss."

secret sorrow. And I don't wonder. I suppose a bowler hates to have to bowl badly on purpose. And there was the ten pounds, too. But he must have thought it worth while, or he wouldn't have done it. I could not help wondering what was Saunders' particular attraction. Perhaps I don't see her at her best, reflected over my head in the looking-glass.

Much Middlefold won the toss, and father and another man went in to bat. I was awfully excited. I was afraid, when it actually came to the point, Mr. Simpson's blood would be up to such an extent that he would for et all about Saunders' attractiveness. The other man took the first ball. I could see that he was very much afraid of Mr. Simpson. He looked quite green. He made a huge swipe at the ball and missed it, but it didn't hit the wickets. Then he hit one right into Sir Edward's hands, and Sir Edward let it fall and puffed out his cheeks as if he was annoyed, as I suppose he was. And then Mr. Simpson bowled very fast, and knocked two of the stumps out of the ground.

"It isn't playing the game, don't you know," I heard one of our side say, "bringing a man like Billy Simpson into a country cricket match." He was sitting on the grass not far from me with his pads on. He looked very unhappy. I suppose he was going in to bat soon. "He's too good, don't you know. We shall all be out in half an hour. It spoils all the fun of the thing."



A Fine Specimen of the Manitoba Moose. (Photo, John Ambrose, Winnipeg)

Mr. Harry Biggs, I supposed, was the footballer rival.

I slept well that night and dreamed that I was dancing with Saunders at a house in Belgrave Square, while Mr. Simpson, who looked exactly like Bob, stood in a corner and stared at us.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful day on the Monday. I wore my pink sprigged muslin with a pink sash and the pink sash and the pink chiffon hat Aunt Edith sent from Paris. Fortunately, the sun was quite hot, so I was able to have my pink parasol up the whole time, and words can't express its tremendous duckiness.

The Cave team were practising when we arrived, and lots of people had come. The Cave man, who was wearing a new Panama, met us at the gate.

"Ah, Sir William," he said, fussing up to father, "you're looking well. Come to knock our bowling about, eh? How do you do, Miss Joan? We're getting quite the young lady now. Sir William, eh? quite the young lady."

"How do you do, Sir Edward?" I said in my number four manner, the distant but gently tolerant. (It wants practice, but I can do it quite well now.)

"I hear you have a new professional this year," said father. "Which is he?"

"Ah, yes, yes; Simpson. You have probably seen his name in the papers. He did well for Sussex last season. There he is, standing by the tent. That tall young fellow."

I eyed Mr. Simpson with interest. He was a nice-looking young man, but gloomy. He was like a man with a

They wouldn't like it if we got a lot of first-class pros to come and bat for us. Tell you what—it's a beastly shame!"

The next man misse his first ball: it went past the wicket-keeper. They ran one run, so that now my father had to bat against L.R. Simpson.

"If old Romney doesn't do something," said the man who thought Mr. Simpson too good for country cricket, "we're in the cart. He used to be a rattling bat in his time, and he might stop the rot."

He did. I was watching Mr. Simpson very carefully, but I couldn't see that he bowled any differently to father. Still, he must have done, because father hit the ball right into the tent, close to where I was sitting. And the next ball, which was the last of the over, he hit to the boundary again. Everybody clapped hard, and the man sitting on the grass near me said that, if he could keep it up, he would "knock Billy off his length, and then they'd have to have a change."

"And then," said he, "we'll have them on toast."

The match went on in a jerky sort of way. That is to say, father continued to score as if the bowling was the easiest he had ever seen, and the others simply went to the wickets and were instantly destroyed by Mr. Simpson.

"The fact is," said the young man near me, cryptically, "we're all rabbits, and old Romney is the only man on the side who could hit a football." He had himself been in, and been bowled second ball.

The last man was now at the wickets, and it was getting frightfully exciting.



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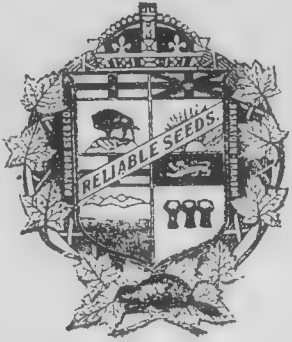
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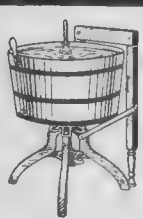
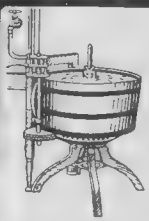
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for father had made forty-eight. The whole score was only ninety-three. Everybody hoped that the last man would stop in long enough to let father make his fifty—especially myself. I was in such a state of suspense that I dug quite a trench with my parosol. I felt as if I were going to faint.

The other bowler, not Mr. Simpson, was bowling. Father was batting, and he had the whole six balls to make his two runs off.

This bowler had not taken any wickets so far, and I could see that he meant to get father, which would be better than bowling any number of rabbits, as the young man called them. And father knowing that he was near his fifty, but not knowing quite how near, was playing very carefully. So it was not till the fifth ball of the over that he managed to make anything, and then it was only one. So now he had made forty-nine.

And then that horrid, beastly idiot of a last man went and spooned up the easiest catch, and Sir Edward Cave, of all men, caught it.

I went into a deserted corner and bellowed.

Oh, but it was all right after all, because father said that forty-nine not out against one of the best bowlers in England was enough for his simple needs, and that, so far as our bargain was concerned, it should count as fifty.

So I am going to town for the winter, and Mr. Simpson has got his ten-pound note, and will marry Saunders, I suppose, if he hurries and manages it before the football season comes; and father is as pleased as possible with his forty-nine, because he says it restores his faith in himself and relieves him of a haunting fear that he was becoming a veteran:

and the entire servants' hall is moaning with envy at Saunders's blue chiffon hat with pink roses.

Was Tommy Right?

Tommy's mother had married again, and, though Tommy didn't in the least object to his new father, he was somewhat puzzled as to their relationship.

"Mamma," he said, "is this man my steppapa?"

"Yes, dear; he is your steppapa."

"Well, mamma," pursued thoughtful Thomas, "you call me your little lad, don't you?"

"Yes, dear; you're mamma's little lad."

"Then, mamma," concluded Tommy, "I suppose I must be steppapa's little stepladder?"

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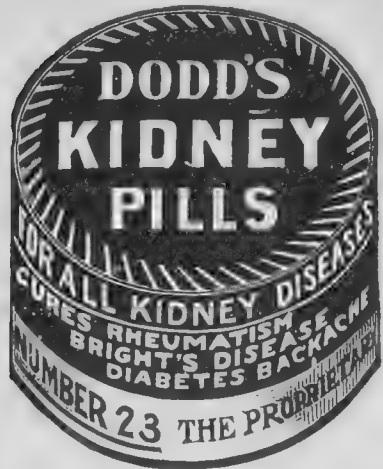
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Quaint New Year Beliefs and Charms

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Addie Farrar, 1032 Waveland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

EVEN in these days, when old observances and old customs are supposed to be relegated to the dust hole of antiquarianism, there are few who, watching the "skirts of the departing year" and the coming of the new, are so free from superstition as not to have some desire to pay tribute to the New Year, in order to propitiate the stranger and thus secure good fortune from the next twelve months.

As far back in the world's history as we can trace New Year observances we find innumerable beliefs, charms and superstitions interwoven with those universal observances. The ancient Egyptians, for instance, believed that in putting off their garments, soiled by the old year and donning fresh ones, they put away all which had soiled their lives, and purified and dedicated themselves anew to the goddess Isis. The ancient custom of opening the house door to let the New Year enter is one of the most simple and beautiful of all of the domestic superstitions. It is a custom that remains in many lands and is more richly symbolic than any other. It may be, however, as some say, a relic of Eastern idol worship, and the omission of the act may bring no ill fortune, yet, it is one of the superstitions never forgotten and is rigorously kept up by those to whom it is half superstition, half sentiment.

The drinking of one another's health on New Year is a revival of the passing around of the wassail bowl in the days of our ancestors, when the poorer classes went from door to door with a bowl, adorned with ribbons, begging for contributions and singing songs, one running as follows;

"Wassail, wassail over the town,
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree,
We be good fellows all. I drink to thee."

The old Romans believed that the fortunes of every household were fixed by the manner in which New Year came in, and they were very particular as to who first crossed their threshold on the first day of the year, and probably from them, and not from the Scotch as many think, has come the custom of "first footing." In the days of ancient Scotland the first person who crossed the threshold of a house after midnight on the old year were known as "first footers" and, as it was unlucky for the visitors to arrive empty handed, members of families would issue forth between the hours of twelve and one o'clock bearing kettles of warm spiced wine, with an infusion of spirits, or with eatables such as buns, shortbread and cheese and thus armed would visit their friends and relatives. In the year 1812, however, this good old custom received a check, for thieves taking advantage of the observance made it an opportunity for street robbery, relieving people of their watches, jewels and money.

Another "first foot" custom of more romantic character was for a youthful lover to make a call at the house of his lady love who, if she favored his suit, would be the first to meet him at the door where he might claim a kiss. In case he was not favored some elderly female of the family, or mayhap a serving maid, would be sent to meet him whom, according to custom, he was obliged to kiss, causing the sighing love-sick swain much discomfort.

So well do these ancient superstitions cling to us that there are people today who will not permit any, save a little child or a very fair person to be the first to cross their threshold on New Year's day as a dark person would bring them ill fortune. Then, too, it is better to have a man come first as that increases the luck. In olden times these harbingers of good luck were given presents, usually gifts of money. It is also most unfortunate to refuse to give a New Year's gift to a child; hence small gifts of sweets, fruits, etc., are always ready in the homes of the superstitious to give the small New Year's callers.

The belief that it is unlucky to let a fire go out on New Year's day can be easily traced to the Old Fire Worshipers and down through the New Year rekindling of the sacred fire on the altar of Vesta in ancient Rome.

One old belief is, that should the head

of the household place a silver coin on the doorstep on New Year's eve just before the clock strikes midnight and then lock the door, keeping it thus until morning he may be sure that good fortune in the form of money will lie at his door during the year then begun. On the other hand should it be taken away by some thief it is a sign that fate has doomed his home to poverty for a year.

Another sign of money is to have a bird chirp at the window on New Year's morning.

There is an old belief that work of some kind should be done on New Year's day if good luck is to fall upon the household. On the other hand there are certain kinds of work that must not be done. For instance the house must not be swept out after twelve on New Year's eve lest thereby the good luck which the New Year brings might be also swept out. Neither should one knit, fish, spin, or weave, for;

"Who knits, with sorrow sits;
Who spins, adds three to her sins;
Who weaves, the virgin grieves;
Who nets, God forgets;
Who fishes, against Heaven's wishes."

To wash on New Year's day would be to wash out the existence of a member of the family, so no matter how soiled linen is, it is better to wait until the next day to launder it.

While the custom of giving presents on New Year's day is fast becoming obsolete in England and has for some time in America, on the European continent especially in France, it is still prevalent. The custom is traced back in England to the reign of the Tudors in the fifteenth century when gifts, or rather New Year's offerings, were made to the English monarchs. At first these gifts were trifles, but in England the Tudors, especially Queen Elizabeth, required more expensive ones. This queen in return would likewise make gifts, and on New Year's day, 1577-1578, gave away 5332 ounces of plate. The first English king of the Stuart family is said to have received gifts of money at this season of the year, but during the Commonwealth period the practice was practically abandoned; however, as late as the nineteenth century a crown piece was placed under the plate of each chaplain in waiting on New Year's day.

In connection with this present giving, a good story is told of Archie Armstrong, the last of the English royal jesters. On New Year's day a friendly courtier made him a gift of several pieces of gold, but the jester not deeming the gift sufficiently large, shook his head and vowed they were too light. The courtier then asked to see the pieces again as there was one among them that he had mistakenly given, and with which he was loathe to part. The fool did as he was asked and was much chagrined to see the donor put the gold pieces into his pocket as he dryly remarked, "I once gave money into a fool's hand, who had not the sense to keep it."

Apropos of money, the Chinese begin their New Year by paying all of their debts. When this has been accomplished they sit down and feast at tables which have been spread both for themselves and those of their friends who have passed into the Land of Spirits.

In many of the Scottish regiments, even now, the New Year's observance is most picturesque. At five minutes before twelve the soldiers, headed by the oldest man in it, dressed as Father Time, turn out, and march out of the barracks headed by the band playing "Auld Lang Syne." Just at the stroke of twelve there comes a knock at the gate. The sentry calls out "Who goes there?"

"The New Year." is the answer. "Advance New Year" is called back. The gates are then thrown open and the smallest drummer boy in the regiment, dressed in Highland costume, is carried in on the shoulders of one of the men headed by the pipers and marched all around the barracks. The rest of the night is passed in feasting and merriment.

"Hogmanay" is the Scottish name for the last day of the year though just why it is so called no one seems to know. In con-

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nection with this is recalled the old custom when on New Year's day children would go in procession through the streets asking for contributions. In front of them they carried a large sheet arranged to form a receptacle for gifts of oat cake or cake which was called "Hogamany" and one of the songs they chanted as they went along was:

"Get up good wife and shake your feathers,
And dinna think that we are beggars,
For we are bairns come out to play,
Get up and give us hogamany."

The Irish people gave away food on New Year's day for good luck and the Northamptonshire people believe it is lucky to be paid money on the first day of the year. In some parts of Wales fires are burned in the house to purify it for New Years and the ashes kept in a sacred jug, are supposed to ward off disease.

Again it is supposed to bring bad luck to a house to take anything out of it on New Year's without first bringing something in, for:

"Take out then bring in,
Bad luck will bring;
Take in, then out,
Good luck comes about."

It is lucky to begin new work on New Year's day. This was a custom of ancient times. Anything left undone at the year's end should not be finished on New Year's day but left until the month was advanced, and anything not begun should be started on January 1st, and would be completed successfully. Many people even today believe in this.

A white horse is one of the finest luck signs one can wish for on New Year's day. It is a token of a faithful friend to come in the course of the ensuing twelve months. White horses are legacies when seen together on the first day of the year, but it is essential that the horses be met not followed. If they are going in the same direction and either pass one or go out of sight the good sign is diminished.

The weather on New Year's day and during the first week in January, is supposed to rule the crops and have an effect on the rest of the year, for:—
"If New Year's eve night wind blow south
It betokeneth warmth and growth,
If west, much milk and fish in the sea,
If north, much storms and cold there will be."

If the southwest, it bringeth much fruit,
If northeast flee it man and brute."

Another says that "A white Christmas and a green New Year makes a fat churchyard."

The wise old Romans, knowing January to be a turncoat, named it after the two headed god, Janus, and some one to be unkindly yet said:—

"The blackest month of all the year,
Is the month of Janiveer."

Another proverb says that
"If grass grows in Janiveer it grows worse
for all the year"

and
"March in Janiveer, Janiveer in March,
I fear,"

While yet another old saw declares
"If January Calend be summerly gay,
T'will be wintry weather till the end of
May,"

And another more short and decisive says:
"Under water, Dearth,
Under snow, Bread."

One sweet and tender belief that belongs to the New Year is anent the baby that is born on the first day of the year, who, not only brings great good luck to the house in which he is born but also he himself is born to the best of good luck, and is under the particular protection of the fairies and will be handsome in form and beautiful in feature, and wealth honor and love will bless him all of his life for—
"The babe that is born on New Year's day,
Is sure to be healthy and strong.

The brownies will guard every step of his way,
And his life will be happy and long."

What they said

An ordinary man named Smith living in an ordinary house in an ordinary town gave ten dollars to a charitable cause and his name was printed in the semi-annual report in due course. And these are the comments that his various friends and neighbours made on his action:

Said one: "Charity begins at home. His house needs a coat of paint."

Another said: "Wanted to get his name in the charity report."

There was one who said: "When a

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man is only getting twenty-five dollars a week salary and gives ten to charity he is more generous than a Carnefeller or a Rockegie."

And another said: "Only ten, and they need hundreds!"

There was one said: "So Smith gave ten dollars! I'll bet they had to hound him for it!"

And another said: "Ten dollars! I misjudged him. Always thought he was mean before."

One there was who said: "If every one would give proportionately there would be no poverty."

And one said "I wonder whether Smith intends to run for office?"

One remarked, when he heard that Smith had given ten dollars: "Well, that's his business. It's certainly none of mine."

And one said: "Gee, where'd he get it?"

Another said: "Just like Smith, only it's a wonder it leaked out."

One fellow said: "Why didn't he hire a brass band and advertise the fact? Idea of letting a picayune ten into the list of donations!"

Another said: "By George, if he

thinks he can give ten, I'll give a hundred! Why his gate is off its hinges!"

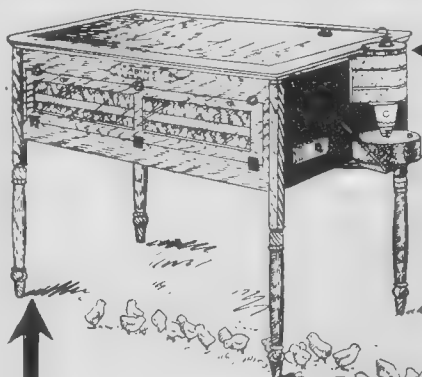
And there was one of them who said: "He makes me feel ashamed of myself. I guess I can squeeze out ten, too."

And another artist said: "Pretty generous for a business man."

And one said: "Makes me mad to see a man like Smith give as much as that. Just as if he was trying to shame a fellow into being charitable. I won't give a cent."

And a poor man said: "God bless men like him."

But Smith himself said nothing.



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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

THE HUMAN LIBRARY

EVERY one of my readers is writing the first verse of a yearly poem in her volume for the mysterious library of time.

Famous authors live in an atmosphere that is really sacred. The room where Shakespeare wrote fills us with a feeling of reverence; the places Burns pictured so poetically create in us a sense of tenderness; the poetry of Scotland's hills and lakes that Scott immortalized thrills us with a love for beauty and appreciation. Longfellow's pen that rests in its holder on an old-fashioned table in his study at Cambridge impresses us with the fact that it was the instrument used to obey one of the most gifted of minds.

This is an hour in a curious library—curious to me because I have not read through one poem you are creating, and furthermore I cannot. I may read lines here and there that are full of beauty—but some of the stanzas are not for me to read—but God reads all.

"For we are His workmanship." The word workmanship might be translated as poem. We are His poems.

Every ambitious writer is eager to acquire vocabulary, and if we but realize it we live in an environment rich in material for our life poem.

For dear young women believe that every bird that sings

And every flower that stars the elastic sod.

And every heart that loving friendship brings.

To thy pure spirit—is a word of God.

Life's vocabulary is all about us in visible characters if we have clear vision. If we cannot genuinely admire everything good about us, our eyes are defective, and our life poem will be falsely constructed. First in this construction let us realize the value of words. One writer says:

"Oh, a word is a gem, or a stone, or a song.

Or a flame, or a two-edged sword;

Or a rose in bloom, or a sweet perfume.

Or a drop of gall, is a word.

You may choose your word like a connoisseur.

And polish it up with art;

But the word that sways and stirs and stays

Is the word that comes from the heart.

For the word that comes from the brain alone.

Alone to the brain will speed;

But the word that sways and stirs and stays,

Oh, that is the word men heed!"

If two thousand years ago humanity had resolved and carried out the resolve that it would make every generation stronger than the preceding one physically, mentally and morally, the present generation would be nearly perfect. I believe it is required of the women of our great new country to begin this year by making the resolve to create stronger character for the next generation.

It is a common belief that poems are born not made, as well as poets; no doubt the germ of every true poem is spontaneous, but mark how the poet labors to find fitting words in which to clothe his inspiration. He rewrites, retouches, reads and thinks again before his verse is ready for the world. He practises the writing of sentences before he ever begins to put them into metre. He makes for himself strict rules, he arranges syllables, vowels, even letters, before his verse is musical enough for ears less keen than his own.

Very often when we are impressed by easy verse, it is just because it has been so carefully hammered into shape by its writer.

He has not lost the beauty of his first idea, but it would never have ap-

pealed to us as it does if it had not cost extreme effort.

We learn from the great poets the drudgery necessary in the position of a poem.

Milton was blind and unable to write down his own words. Long hours he spent during the night when he could

not sleep, turning over the passages he was preparing for "Paradise Lost," and was not satisfied with their sound. At last, lest he should forget by morning, he would rouse his daughter that she might dress and write from his dictation.

Tennyson's descriptions of English flowers are unsurpassed for beauty—every letter has its right place in his poems—his own arrangement for he regarded chance as a slovenly thing.

Ruskin, the prose poet, fitted all his words together like a mosaic, so that which reads so easily is the result of hard work that meant rising long before daylight. It was because he was willing to accept drudgery that he could show so much beauty to others.

He teaches us the lessons of labor in "Ethics of the Dust," which shows us that poems may come out of lovely materials.

Another poet who has told us the value of drudgery is Robert Louis Stevenson. Wherever he went he carried a note book and many accused him of wasting his time, but he was really preparing himself by writing descriptions of the humble things he saw by the wayside. In the same way, for it is merely a difference of degree, is it necessary for us to write our life poem. We are all born to accomplish something else. What is that little voice in our soul that ever whispers: "Come up higher?"



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The outline of our poem must be guided by three rules.

1. Love—love for everything that is true, good and high—which means everything that comes from God.

2. Power—which is stored up for us in the unseen world by God who is Love.

3. Work—without which no life is sane, healthy or able to prove its right to a place in a world of thought and endeavor.

"The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls toward the heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me;

That the universe rests on the shoulders of Love:

And love so limitless, deep and broad,
That men have reamed it and called it 'God.'"

Love must be the inspiration of our life poem if we would have our production a masterpiece. For love in the heart fills the life with inspiration, and one is at her best when she is alive with a heart full of love.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning saw the infinite in all things. The sacred power of a woman in social life is well expressed by Mrs. Browning in lines which might have been her own eulogy.

"She never found fault with you, never implied

Your wrong by her right, and yet men at her side

Grew nobler, girls purer.

None knelt at her feet, confessed lovers in thrall—

They knelt more to God than they used—that was all.

In the great lessons of nature the elements of harmony are marked in extreme perfection. The snow flake when under a magnifying glass presents a picture of harmony in construction. It has four perfect sides, or eight or sixteen or a multiple of sixteen.

The organs of the body work in perfect order until a foreign germ out of harmony with health creates disease. The leaf of yonder tree is in construction like every other leaf on that tree. There is a symmetrical form that each follows. Some may be blighted, they may differ



A Pastoral Scene in England

This is a day when power holds a foremost place in our thoughts, and is highly necessary in the composition of our poem.

The electric car is noisy but it is not the electricity that makes the noise—and the electricity is the power that moves the car.

It is when peace fills our soul that power floods our life and makes it a power in turn.

On the 25th of December did we say "Peace on earth, good will to men" in profanity or sincerity?

When the trolley stretches from the car it touches the source of power and the car moves. So shall we, if we place our life in the power of that Great Force which no man can explain, but whose real name is Love. One feature of this unseen power is hope.

The life of every one who is writing his life poem should be a composition of eternal hope—first to himself, and then to all the lives that he touches.

The hope that we entertain should involve that which will bring to us and our fellow men harmonious results.

in size or outside conditions may have nipped some, but they are constructed according to the laws of harmony, and would be perfect were it not for an outside blighting influence.

Likewise in the land of birds—canaries are canaries; crows are crows, and eagles are eagles. But the disposition of each may differ according to birth and environment. So it is in human nature, God meant us all to be happy in disposition, perfect in health and successful in harmonious living, but we seem to expose ourselves to poisonous elements in the social atmosphere about us. We hope for things which are not in harmony with our nature. We hope for easier tasks when we should hope for more strength to accomplish our tasks. An answer to the first hope would make us weaker. An answer to the second hope will make us stronger.

Satisfaction and success are twins that walk together. The shivering, starving disappointed life of Millet, whose hardships continued till the end of his days, was to the painter of the Angelus a greater success than would have been

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represented by the Vanderbilt millions had he been obliged to employ Vanderbilt methods to secure them. God made the seagull to fly over the waters, and the clam to bury itself in the sands. Each has its place and each in its place is fulfilling the laws of nature's harmony. Audobon, who is familiar with the birds of the forest and knew each kind by its notes of song, was a success in his calling. Edison, who has given the world more than any other man in the field of invention, is a success. Yet Edison would have been a failure in Audobon's life work.

What career shall you choose? What shall you hope for? The work which means success to you—the work that will bring the best out of you. In this choice lies your safety, since there is no real dynamic power outside of one's soul. That automobile has broken down. Another comes along and ropes are tied to it so the second automobile can pull it. Yet to you that first one is disabled because its own engine is not working. So it is with you—it is you who can carry your hopes when they are in harmony with your talents. If you want some one to push you, in the eyes of the world you are a broken machine. But your own engine, which is your soul energy, can make you successful.

"The gift is to the giver and comes back most to him; the theft is to the thief and comes back most to him; the song is to the singer and comes back most to him; the love is to the lover and comes back most to him; and no one can see or understand any goodness or any greatness except what is in himself, or the reflection of what is in himself."

Every honest effort produces abundant harvests. Let us glance at some of the harvests of the women who have exerted honest efforts. Maude Miner's harvest is the transformation of hundreds of New York's unfortunate women. Virginia Brooks has made a town clean through her efforts, fifty-five saloons and their attendant resorts were closed. Sophia Wright's harvest was an educated foreign people. Jane Addam's harvest a better Chicago, and Frances Willard a pathway towards a temperance world.

Do not punctuate your life poem with the sharp points of criticism and gossip. I like to prove that a girl is good when everybody calls her bad. Weed out gossip and criticism in Western Canada and I will show you a clean womanhood. If I were allowed the power of government for a time I would imprison every one who was caught gossiping and criti-

cising, and I venture to say that most of my prisoners would be women. There is nothing in the world that will drive young people to ruin as quickly as gossip and criticism. Ah, yes, harmonies come into your life and mine when we touch human hearts. For the loveliest gift that heaven bestows is the tender heart that can feel the smart of sorrow not its own.

In closing let me give the third rule that goes to make our life a poem—Work.

Lying about the crypts of every cathedral, there are fragments of lovely carving. They are massed in heaps that do not show their beauty, and up above on the cathedral walls are many empty niches, where once they possibly stood before a mistaken zeal threw them down. This illustrates many lives—they are full of possibilities and wasted energy. We all need to earn a living—by that I mean earning the right to live. We are not earning the right to live when we stop our ears with gold, seal our eyes with gold, and then sit idly by to nurse a heart that is contracting into a substance as cold as the metal it worships, in short, a human iceberg.

But some one whispers to me; I cannot make a poem of my life—I inherit the weakness of my fathers and mothers of the past, and my environment is bad.

"I care not who were vicious back of me. No shadow of their sins on me it shed. My will is greater than heredity, I am no worm to feed upon the dead."

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice.

May be reflections from a race that was.

But this I know, and knowing it rejoice, I am myself a part of the great cause.

I am a spirit! spirit would suffice, If rightly used, to set a chained world free.

Am I not stronger than a mortal vice That crawls the length of some ancestral tree?

Finally, in the construction of this life poem, let us learn from the vocabulary about us, all the deeds that spell love, let us write them with the pen of kindness, studying carefully the rhetoric rules of God. So shall our life poem be a volume of inspiration that will fill an important place in the mysterious library of time, for in this progressive Canadian environment we are in the heart of God's wonderful human and

natural library, and in the construction of our life-poem let us be guided by the outline of achievement in sympathetic growth, intellectual attainment, physical power, moral influence and Christly gratitude, until other nations shall exclaim in admiration—all hail! The World's Masterpiece!—The Canadian!!!

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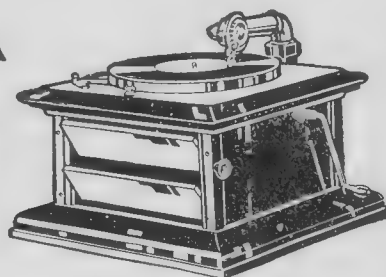
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Winnipeg, Man.

No. 67.

The Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

1912—1913

FULL knee deep lies the winter snow
And winter winds are wearily
sighing.
Toll ye the church bells sad and slow.
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying."

And before this reaches my readers 1913 will have crossed the portal, laying, in passing, a wreath of immortelles on the bier of 1912. The year 1912 marks an epoch in history on many counts. Perhaps most in the public mind at present, are the appalling number of disasters, the first and most notable being that of the loss of the Titanic. It has been an exceptionally unfortunate year at

sea, and in addition there have been bad fires and bad railway wrecks. However, the event most world-wide in importance has been the Turko-Balkan war.

This war came as a rude shock to those who have for years preached the impossibility of another European war. The terms of peace are not yet concluded as I write, but there is hope that at last the desire to possess the Balkans will cease to be a menace to the peace of Europe and indeed to the peace of the world and that the unspeakable Turk will have received such a check as to make the recurrence of such a war impossible.

This war has brought home, let us hope in a manner which they cannot fail to comprehend, to those who have been preaching the lessening of the British navy and armament, the fact that whatever the future may hold, the time for such a step is not yet. War is terrible, but Britain armed to the teeth does not bring war nearer, it only makes the possibilities of it more remote. While as Christian nations within the British Empire, we pray for peace, it is well to be fully stocked with powder and keep it dry and ready for instant use. The world has many miles to travel before it reaches a state where the appeal to arms will not be the final argument between nations. Therefore, while we pray and work for peace it is well that the nations with the best forms of government and the most advanced civilization should be in a position to maintain the balance of power, even by a resort to arms.

Why am I saying this to women who are remotely, if at all, interested in European wars? It has been on my mind a long time and has been intensified by references seen lately criticising the Boy Scout movement as tending to develop and increase the military spirit among boys. This form of criticism is to my mind as ill-advised as it is unnecessary. A boy is a fighting animal anyway; he will never get anywhere or do anything if he lacks that instinct. Life itself is one long fight. It is not wrong but right to fight, even to the shedding of blood, provided only you fight for the right things. There is absolutely nothing in the Boy Scout movement or the drill of our schools to unduly emphasize the military idea, but there is much to develop a sense of responsibility with regard to both civil and national affairs. That it tends to develop a spirit of protection for the weak was made manifest at Winnipeg last July, when the boys were in camp here and formed up to line the roadway of the exhibition grounds for the passing of the Duke of Connaught. There had been some mistake on the part of those in authority as to the actual time and the boys were turned out half an hour too soon. Some of them were very small and not at all well, having had their camp flooded during the previous night. It warmed my heart to see how the older boys tried to lessen the strain of that tedious wait for the little chaps. It was done too in a way not calculated to hurt the little fellows' pride or make them feel that they were not up to their work.

At Lethbridge during the Dry Farming Congress we had a most excellent example of how civic pride and helpfulness could be developed by this movement. No one who attended that congress and had occasion to accept the service of a Boy Scout as a guide will have any unfavorable criticism to offer on the movement for the future.

The year 1912 while it has not brought to the women of the British Isles the right to vote, as they had reason to hope it would at the beginning of the year, has brought much advancement of their cause and in other parts of the world complete success has crowned the efforts made for political freedom. I had the opportunity during the month of traveling for a day with Miss Barbara (Continued on Page 59)



Mason & Risch Pianos

"From Factory to Home"

17 Western Branch Stores

If you contemplate purchasing a Piano, remember that in piano making there are many opportunities for the substitution of inferior materials, many ways that high grade construction may be imitated at much less cost.

A close inspection of a Mason & Risch Piano will remodel your ideas of Piano perfection, for the Mason & Risch name on a Piano means a Piano as good as is humanly possible to produce. The more rigidly you compare the Mason & Risch Piano with other makes, the more convinced you will be of its prestige and dominance in the musical world.

Remember we stand between you and high prices for inferior instruments. Investigate our "Factory-to-Home" Selling Plan before buying.

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Ladies' Combing Made Up



Don't throw away your combings, as we can make them up into beautiful switches for you at a cost of only \$1.00. Surely this is worth your consideration. Catalogue of Hair Goods Free on request.

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Puddings! Cakes! Candies!

For these, yes—and for all dainties and desserts that require a flavoring use



Mapleine and Use It Right

to impart a delicious mellow flavor similar to Maple. It will not cook out or grain, and is therefore especially good for cake fillings and icings. To make home made Syrup dissolve white sugar in water and add Mapleine to taste. Grocers sell it.

CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, U.S.A.



SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

For the Sixth Successive Year

The Great-West Life stands FIRST of all the Companies for Canadian Business in 1912.

There are the best of reasons for this prominence. Many sound "reasons" are given in the new booklet, "PROFITS 1913"—a record of RESULTS TO POLICY HOLDERS.

Ask for a copy, and for personal rates.

Over \$83,000,000 of Business now in force.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office - WINNIPEG

Ask for a Great-West Calendar—free on request.

THE PHILOSOPHER

THE BANKS AND THE FARMERS

AMONG the reforms provided for in the Government measure for the amendment of the Bank Act introduced in the House at Ottawa by the Minister of Finance before the adjournment for the holidays, and which will be threshed out when the House resumes its deliberations early this month, is a provision empowering banks to lend money to the grower of any kind of grain, on the security of the threshed grain in his possession, and to the rancher on the security of his cattle. The subject is one that was discussed at length in Parliament twenty years ago, the decision then arrived at being against the empowering of banks to make such loans. The opposite decision will be arrived at this time. This is a foregone conclusion from the fact that the Government has fathered this needed reform. It is a measure of justice to producers of the wealth of the nation who have been at a disadvantage hitherto for lack of it. The placing of this enactment on the statute book of the Dominion will mark an important step forward for this country.

THE POSTAL RATES ON PARCELS

By way of contrast with the rate for the carriage of parcels by post in this country, which is 13 cents per pound, it may be mentioned that within the confines of Great Britain the postage on parcels is on a graduated scale, beginning at 6 cents for the first pound, parcels weighing eleven pounds being carried for 2 cents per pound. The parcel rate from Great Britain to Mexico, Egypt and China averages less than 8 cents per pound. From England to the remotest part of Russia the price is 7 cents per pound. It costs twice as much to send a parcel from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie as from London to Vladivostok. Beginning January 1st a parcels post service at rates graduated according to the distance of the haul, from 5 cents to 11 cents for the first pound, and from 1 cent to 10 cents for each additional pound, will be commenced. A post office map of the United States has been prepared, on which the country is divided up into squares of thirty miles to a side. Parcels to be delivered within the square in which they are posted are carried at the lowest rate, which on a ten-pound package will amount to 14 cents. The old rate of a cent an ounce, which was abolished on December 31st, in the United States, but continues in this country, would make the cost of mailing a ten-pound package \$1.60. Our rates are too high, and there is no good and sufficient reason for their continuance on their present exorbitant level. Certain it is that a reasonable postal rate on parcels would lighten in no small measure the burden of shipping charges, which, by the way, usually falls on the purchaser. If it is right and proper for the post office to handle circulars, documents and printed matter at a low rate, it cannot be wrong to include all sorts of articles, under a specified weight limit. The public demand for a revision of the present parcel rates is growing insistent, and rightly so. The cent-an-ounce rate has no right to continue in existence. It is high time that it was done away with, and the example set by the British and the United States rates followed in this country.

OUR NEW FELLOW-CANADIANS

A year ago it was intimated by the Dominion immigration officials in Great Britain that the tide of British emigration to Canada would probably show a falling off for the fiscal year 1912, owing to the liberal immigration policy adopted by Australia and the energetic efforts which were being made—and are still being made—by the Commonwealth agents to divert the emigration from the British Isles to the antipodes. But the official returns do not show that the efforts of Australia have had any appreciable effect in lessening the inflow of British immigration into this country. For British Immigration, immigration from the United States, and immigration from all other countries combined, the totals for the fiscal year 1912 are record-breakers. Here are the figures for the last five fiscal years:

Fiscal Year	British	U. S.	Other Countries	Totals
1908	120,182	58,312	83,975	262,469
1909	52,901	59,832	34,175	146,908
1910	59,790	103,798	45,206	208,794
1911	123,013	121,451	66,620	311,084
1912	138,121	133,710	82,406	354,237

Ten years ago the total annual immigration was 67,879. Since then the increase has been 425 per cent, and in the last five years it has been 35 per cent. There is no reason to expect that the number of arrivals either from the British Isles or from the United States will diminish the next few years, and it is practically certain that the number from other countries will rapidly increase. These foreign immigrants who do not speak English and have but a vague understanding of our political institutions are the arrivals who should cause the most anxiety. How best to assimilate and make good Canadian citizens of them is certainly one of our outstanding national problems.

A GOVERNMENT MATRIMONIAL AGENCY

More than one journal in Eastern Canada has taken exception to the proposal set forth by Commissioner Lamb, of the Salvation Army, who recently made this declaration publicly in London: "It is an Imperial, a moral and a business question. In the British Isles there are 1,350,000 women of adult age in excess of the male population. In the colonies we have the reverse of this situation, for between Canada and the other British possessions there is an immense excess of male population over female. Now, if the destiny of woman is maternity, these women are undoubtedly being denied the fulfilment—at least the legitimate fulfilment—of their destiny. We feel that we are doing an Imperial work in helping them to settle in Canada; that the moral effect of such a movement will be good is obvious, while from the point of view of business the effect will also be advantageous." "Evidently," comments the Hamilton Times, "the Commissioner intends to make this influx of women a matrimonial venture." But there are in Eastern Canada, the Hamilton paper goes on to say, thousands of women who find single blessedness staring them in the face, on account of the scarcity of young men. Taking it for granted that Commissioner Lamb proposes the transference of the surplus women in the British Isles to Western Canada, the question is asked, why should not Canadian girls have the first chance? Another Eastern paper makes the suggestion that the Dominion Government, or the Governments of the Prairie Provinces, should take a census of the single young men in the West and set in motion such Government machinery as might be found best to supply them with wives from Eastern Canada. It is a suggestion which can hardly be regarded as intended seriously. Under the old French regime in Quebec there was such a system in operation for sending out wives from France for the young men. But such paternal methods would not do in this age.

WOMEN DOING JURY DUTY

The proceedings of two juries composed wholly of women—one in Kansas, the other in Idaho—during the past month have been rather widely commented upon. These, by the way, are not the only two States in which women are now called to serve on juries. In the Kansas case the jury, which was the first jury of women in that State, opened its proceedings with prayer. When the jury retired to deliberate upon the verdict it should return, "it seemed as if all the twelve jurymen were talking at once," the report says, adding that "evidently they were all terribly in earnest." After deliberating three hours, the twelve jurymen, escorted by a woman bailiff, filed into the courtroom with the verdict, which awarded the plaintiff \$1,200 damages, based on the alleged misrepresentations made by the defendant in regard to a quarter-section of land. A year ago the same case was tried before a jury of men, who were unable to agree on a verdict. The presiding judge declared, after receiving the verdict of the jury of women, that a jury never showed truer appreciation of its responsibilities. In the case of the Idaho jury of women, the judge had something different to say, in regard to the jurymen's cool disregard of his refusal of their request that they be allowed to go to their homes to attend to the cooking of dinner, before preparing their verdict. It appears that in thus flying in the face of the law, they acted very calmly but very determinedly; the judge said they were not to leave the jury room, but dinner had to be cooked, so they put on their hats and went. The judge seems to have been somewhat staggered, but did nothing to punish the contempt of court. He did ask the jurymen to consider what effect their action would have in regard to the question, women take laws and courts less seriously than men. It is to be regretted that such newspaper reports of the matter as reached this part of the world neglected to state what the judge thought of the verdict, and whether or not it was invalidated by the action of the jurymen in attending to their household duties before entering upon their deliberations. But that is so often the way with the things that interest us most in the newspapers. Sometimes in an interesting piece of news the most important particular is left out; and how frequently it happens that we read of something which arouses our curiosity as to its subsequent developments, but never again see anything more in print about them?

CALGARY'S PHILOSOPHICAL EX-FIGHTER

The celebrated ex-pugilist "Tommy" Burns, now a prosperous business man in Calgary, ascribes his prime physical condition to his abstinence from harmful habits. He is a man of thirty-five, and the condition of his muscles, his health, his appearance and his general physical fitness and efficiency are such that he might easily be taken to be twelve or fifteen years younger. There are not now more than two pugilists living whom those who speak with authority on such matters regard as able to defeat Burns, if the latter were to re-enter the prize ring—which he has not the slightest intention in the world of ever doing. Burns is unlike most retired pugilists in more than his perfect physical condition; he is not in the saloon business. He owns and manages a men's furnishing business. Not only has he been a consistent abstainer from stimulants, but from profane language and other harmful habits. Profanity, says

this philosophical ex-fighter, is an evidence that a man has lost balance and self-control. This is wearing on the nerves and entails a loss of mental and physical vigor—something which a man who wants to make the most out of life will avoid. Time was when religious teachers had a virtual monopoly of teaching temperance. Now comes the ex-pugilist to reinforce the preacher; and the ex-pugilist is only saying what every athlete knows and every physical director enjoins on those whom he trains. To be able to make the best of one's powers, to do things, one must live cleanly and avoid excesses.

AN ADVANCED WOMAN

Mrs. Laura G. Fixon, who has been addressing the members of the Woman's Party in Chicago, takes the ground that she cannot accept the Bible because it makes too much of the male sex, to the consequent neglect of the female. Man, she says, has monopolized the Bible, to the exclusion of woman. She finds it specially galling that the Bible enjoins wives to obey their husbands; but she says nothing of the injunction to husbands to love and cherish their wives. Being a person of resourcefulness and energy, Mrs. Fixon proposes to revise the Bible drastically and give woman her proper place. When the books that make up the Bible were written, she declares, things were vastly different from what they are now, and the Bible, being "out of harmony with present conditions," is, Mrs. Fixon says, "largely responsible for woman's present position." True, conditions were different thousands of years ago from conditions now; but human nature then was not so very different from human nature now. But Mrs. Fixon does not appear to realize what her main difficulty is going to be. It will be easy enough for her to produce a Bible in accordance with her ideas; but how is she going to get it accepted as authoritative? How will she give it a religious sanction? Among the earliest Bibles printed in English was one in which it was stated that Adam and Eve made themselves "breeches" of fig-leaves. There was another in which, by a printer's error, the word "vineyard" appeared as "vinegar." Those two Bibles, copies of which are extremely rare and costly, are prized as curiosities. They are known as the Breeches Bible, and the Vinegar Bible, respectively. If Mrs. Fixon ever brings out the Bible she is planning, it is to be doubted if it will achieve as much fame as the Breeches and Vinegar Bibles.

ARE THE PARK BUFFALO DOOMED?

The report comes by way of Grand Forks, North Dakota, that an infectious and destructive disease, hemorrhagia septicaemia, has broken out among the buffalo in the Yellowstone National Park. This disease, which is reported to have been noted first in Egypt, and afterwards to have appeared in Germany, is fatal in about 90 per cent of cases among domestic cattle; among the Yellowstone Park, thus far, every animal attacked has succumbed. Death generally ensues within twenty-four hours of the development of the disease. A protective vaccine has been prepared, and an official veterinary inspector has vaccinated 250 buffalo in the Yellowstone Park herd. As the disease has been believed to be communicated through food, experts are puzzled regarding this outbreak of it in the interior of the extensive Park area, which may be said to be secluded in mid-continent, in the northwestern corner of Wyoming. It is to be hoped that the disease will not invade the herd in the buffalo park at Wainwright, which now numbers close upon a thousand, or the small herd at Banff. The money expended by the Dominion Government in securing and caring for these two collections of buffalo, is money well spent. Had it not been for the efforts of the Government of both this country and the United States in thus preserving the last remnants of the herds that once roamed over the plains in their millions, the buffalo would now be as extinct as the mammoth. It will be most unfortunate if disease frustrates the efforts of both countries. Will the confinement of herding even on the comparatively open prairie be as fatal to the buffalo as residence in modern houses frequently proves to the Indian? In the old days when the buffalo held the plains in fee simple, their natural enemies were, in inverse order of importance, wolves, prairie fires, bogs, Indians and the rivers. By far the worst destroyer of the buffalo in ancient days, when the primitive Indian had only bow and arrow, or lance, was the treacherous ice in the spring. Epidemic disease appears to have been unknown among them. What boy or young man is there of the present generation who does not feel regret that he was born too late to see the buffalo herds roaming over the prairies? Those herds, in their countless multitudes, have long since vanished into the irrevocable past. The extermination of the buffalo was inevitable. They ranged the plains that were needed by humanity. Producing buffalo was not the best use for those vast fertile areas. Possessed of a huge size and strength, and of an obstinate disposition and given to stampeding, to the utter destruction of all obstacles or himself, the buffalo was incompatible with any degree of possession of the prairies by white men, and with the higher productivity of the soil. He had to go. The national parks, it is to be hoped, will always have living specimens of these animals; but the buffalo of the wild plains is gone, and we who see the past in a glamor of romance, can only say: "It had to be."

A Few Specials From Our J

SPECIAL



SPECIAL

H1-343—Dish Pan, 14 qts.; pudding pan, 2 qts.; washbowl, 12½ ins.; lipped saucepan, 3 qts.; preserving kettle, 8 qts. 89c
All staple prices of good wearable quality grey enamel ware. Made of heavy sheet steel, coated with grey enamel, baked on under an intense heat, which unites the enamel to the steel body in such a way that it will not chip off with ordinary use. The enamel is durable and substantial, protects the steel from rust and is a grade sold at a much higher price. **Special price..... 89c**
These prices will only hold good from Jan. 1 to Feb. 28, 1913



All for **4.00**

H1-339—Hudson's Bay Special Set. 1 only coffee pot, 3 qts.; 1 only teapot, 2 qts.; 1 only dish pan, 14 qts.; 1 only wash bowl, 11½ ins.; 4 only pie plates, 9 ins.; 1 only tea kettle, 7 qts.; 1 only dipper, 1 qt.; 1 only ladle, 3½ ins.; 1 only lipped saucepan, 3 qts.; 2 only lipped preserving kettles, 6 qts.; 1 only pudding pan, 4 qts.; 1 only pudding pan, 2 qts.; 1 only soap dish **4.00**

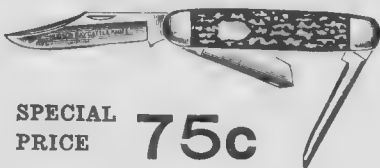


Hudson's Bay Special Safety Razor

1.50

H1-394—Morocco black leather case, complete with ½ doz. blades and blade stopper. This razor will take Gillette blades and is the best value ever offered in safety razors. Special price..... 1.50

H. B. C. Special New Design Cattle Knife and Trace Borer



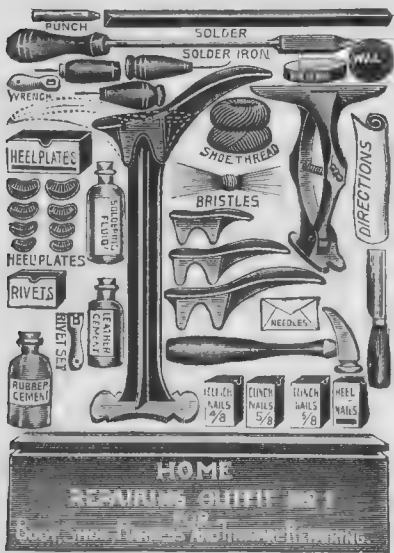
H1-386—Western Cattle Knife. Especially adapted for homesteaders' use, genuine stag handle, full brass lined, trace borer, castrating and general purpose blade, guaranteed Sheffield steel and German silver bolsters. Length of handle, 3½ in., length, with larger blade open, 6¼ in. **Price..... 75c**



The House-keeper's Friend

1.19

H1-306—The Housekeeper's Friend. 9-piece kitchen set, all rubberoid secure handles. Every set sent out complete with screw hooks and eyes, ready to hang. **Price..... 1.19**



Home Repair Outfit
1.19

H1-305—This outfit has proved a friend indeed and in need to the number who have used it. We have made a large special purchase and are enabled to reduce our already very low price, and for the term of this catalogue only we purpose giving our customers the advantage of the wonderfully low price.

CONTENTS

1 Iron Last for men's work; 1 Iron Last for boys' work; 1 Iron Last for women's work; 1 Iron Last for children's work; 1 Iron Stand for lasts; 1 Shoe-hammer; 1 Shoe Knife; 1 Peg Awl Haft; 1 Peg Awl; 1 Wrench for peg-awl haft; 1 Sewing Awl Haft; 1 Sewing Awl; 1 Stabbing Awl Haft; 1 Stabbing Awl; 1 Bottle Leather Cement; 1 Bottle Rubber Cement; 1 Bunch Bristles; 1 Ball Shoe Thread; 1 Ball Shoe Wax; 1 Pkg. Clinch Nails, 4-8 in.; 1 Pkg. Clinch Nails, 5-8 in.; 1 Pkg. Clinch Nails, 6-8 in.; 1 Pkg. Heel Nails; 4 Pairs Heel Plates, assorted sizes; 6 Harness Needles; 1 Harness and Saw Clamp; 1 Box Slotted Rivets, assorted sizes; 1 Rivet Holder or same; 1 Harness and Belt Punch; 1 Soldering Iron; 1 Bar Solder; 1 Box Resin; 1 Piece Tin; Copy Directions for Halfsoling, etc.; Copy Directions for Soldering.

Shipping weight, 15 lbs. 40 articles, packed in a neat, strong box. Every family wants one. **Price..... 1.19**

Carving Sets



H1-396—Carving Set. 3-piece set in morocco leather case, plush lined, natural stag handles, electro-plated mounts, 9-inch blade of double shear steel. **Price..... 1.50**

Price 60c.

New Perfection Heater

WITH BRASS FOUNT NEVER FAILS TO PLEASE

Lights as easily as gas and gives quick results.

Trimnings are full japanned, and the heater is of remarkably neat and handsome appearance throughout.



3.50

Cat. No.	Weight	Height	Diameter of Base	Diameter of Upper Drum	Capacity of Fount
H1-304	19 lbs.	25 ins.	17 ins.	8½ ins.	1 gallon

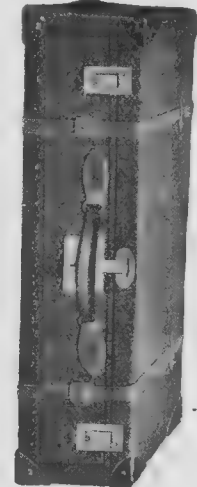
Same as above, with nickel trimmings and steel fount. **Price..... 4.25**

SPECIAL



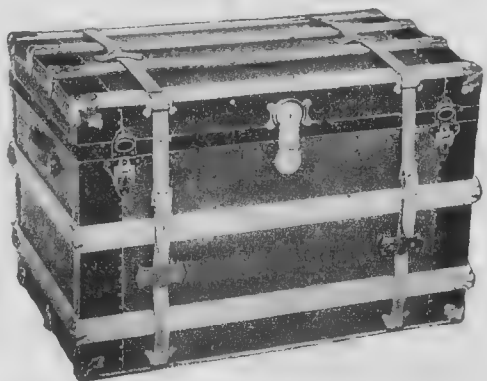
B1-250—Heavy Leather Suit Case. This suit case is made of heavy leather in colors of brown and russet, bolts and locks are polished brass and there are straps in the body and cover, lining is of fancy cotton. An excellent value.

Price, 22 in. 4.65
Price, 24 in. 4.95
Price, 26 in. 5.30



B1-249—Cowhide Suit Case. This case is made of medium weight cowhide leather, two heavy leather straps around the outside, and straps on the inside of the cover and body; brass lock and bolts, has an iron frame and valance. Colors: brown and russet. An excellent value.

Price, 22 in. 6.55
Price, 24 in. 6.85
Price, 26 in. 7.15



B1-246—Painted Duck Covered Trunk. This trunk is covered with painted duck and has hard wood slats, brass-plated trimmings, deep tray with covered hat box, and two good leather straps around it and the lock is of best quality brass.

Price, 32 in. 5.15
Price, 34 in. 5.35
Price, 36 in. 5.75

Hudson's Bay Co.

Mail Order Department

Winnipeg

Our January and February Sale

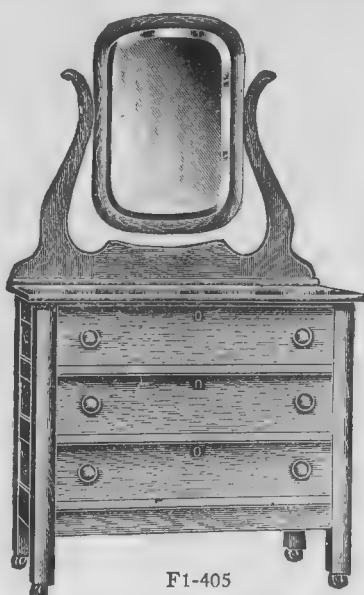
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F1-408

F1-408—Buffet. Genuine quarter cut oak, top, 23 by 18 inches; bevel plate mirror, 10 by 38 inches, splendid Colonial design, golden finish. Price.

25.35

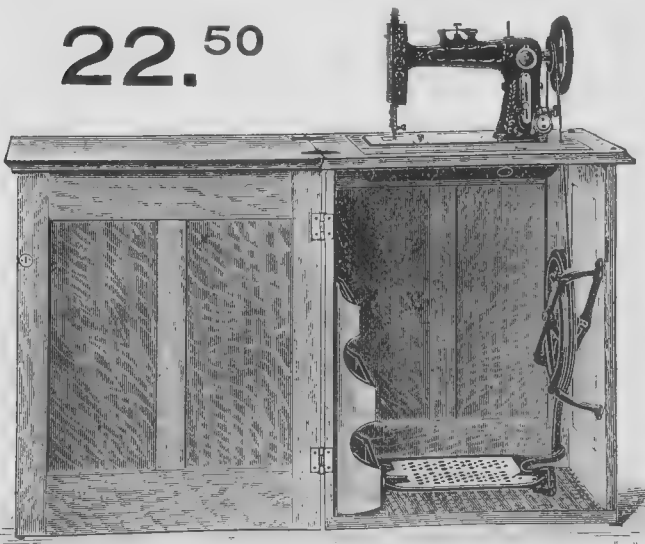


F1-405

F1-405—Dresser. Solid oak, three large drawers fitted with locks, top, 19 by 38 in., bevel plate mirror 14 by 24 in., golden finish. A special. Price

11.85

22.50



H1-366

The Automatic Cabinet in golden oak. Has three drawers inside to keep attachments, thread, etc.

Open, the lid forms sewing table. **Closed,** machine is entirely hidden, absolutely dust proof.

The Woodwork of all Victor machines is made of very fine, carefully selected quarter cut golden oak which shows the large flaky texture so much admired in this style of woodwork. It is finished with a piano polish, which gives it a mirror-like perfection.

The Head of the Victor has all the most up-to-date improvements known to the sewing machine world such as: **Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Shuttle, Automatic Thread Controller, Automatic Tension Release;** has a very **High Arm** which gives ample room for bulky work. All parts are made of the finest **hardened steel**, and adjusted as carefully as a watch by expert workmen.

The Automatic Lift. All you have to do is to lift up and turn back the leaf, the head comes up into place at once, and machine is ready to sew.

The Belt is self-adjusting and slips into place when head is raised.

Ball Bearings are placed at each speed point, making the machine very light to operate.

The Attachments. Every machine is fitted with a full set of the very finest attachments enclosed in a velvet lined metal box.

Operation and Range of Work. The Victor is simple to operate. The range of work is unlimited, while it sews the finest of silk to the heaviest of cloth equally well.

The Guarantee, for ten years, is backed up by one of the biggest and oldest machine companies in the country, insuring the user against defect in material or workmanship.

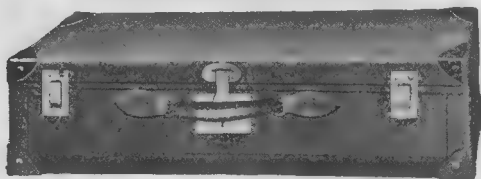
We prove our confidence in our product by agreeing to replace, without charge, any part that proved defective in material or workmanship.

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traps in the
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4.65
4.95
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box, and
best quality

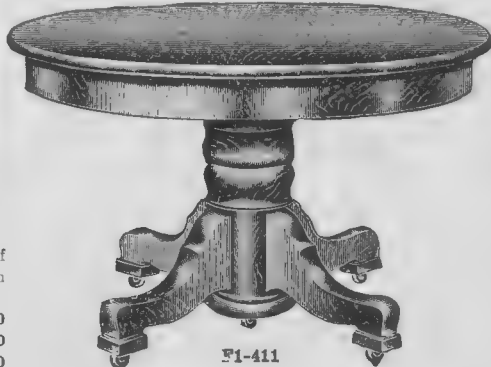
5.15
5.35
5.75



LEATHER SUIT CASE

B1-253—Leather Suit Case. This suit case is made of smooth grained cowhide leather in brown and russet, straps in the body and cover, lining of figured cotton.

Price, 23 in. 5.80
Price, 24 in. 6.10
Price, 26 in. 6.40



F1-411



Description: Nickel metal sliding top, 27 by 40; height, 70 in.; fancy glass doors, pastry and bake boards. Draining groove on back edge of metal top. Light golden satin finish. Interior of cupboard and drawers nicely finished. Full rounded corners on top and base. Metal bread and cake drawer, flour sifter. With this cabinet we furnish a complete set of kitchen utensils consisting of the following: rolling pin, potato masher, 7 glass jars with aluminum screw caps for spices, tea and coffee, glass measuring cup, alarm clock, 25-pound family scale, large size food chopper, 8-piece cutlery set, consisting of a butcher knife, bread knife, paring knife, meat fork, cleaver, saw, can opener and whetstone; also 18 pieces of high grade graniteware, in blue marbled finish, with white lining, consisting of the following pieces: 3-quart saucepan, 4-quart saucepan, 5-quart preserve kettle, 6-quart Berlin kettle, 17-quart dishpan, 2-quart seamless coffee pot, 3-pint seamless teapot, 2-quart seamless covered pail, 2-quart milk pan, 2-quart pudding pan, 3-quart mixing bowl, 12-inch deep ladle, 12-inch basting spoon, 1-quart dipper, 2 pie pans and 2 drinking cups. All equipment is of highest grade, and comes securely packed in separate crate.

Price for complete outfit 40.75
We also supply the same cabinet with cutlery set, glass jars, rolling pin and potato masher only. Price 35.00

Two Table Specials

F1-411—Extension Table. Genuine quarter cut oak, round top, 42 inches diameter, extends to six feet, early English finish, fitted with top lock, solid base. Price 15.50

F1-412—Table. Hardwood golden finish, neatly turned legs, drawer. Size, 36 by 24 inches. Price 1.85

A Bargain



Price

1.85

F1-412

Hudson's Bay Co. Mail Order Department Winnipeg

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

MANNERS

Popularity has more to do with manners than with any other phase of human personality. It depends on the impression which you are able to make at the point of personal contact. No man can be genuinely popular who has not, in his heart, a profound respect for humanity; and the ability to express this respect at the right time wins for a man the coveted crown of "popularity." "The love and admiration," says Canon Kingsley, "which that truly brave and loving man, Sir Sydney Smith, won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact, that without, perhaps, having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately—so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went."

FASCINATION OF WORK

The divinest necessity is the necessity of work, and since all true work has in it the consciousness of service, every noble form of activity involves the germ of true happiness. The most unhappy people in the world are the people who are continually occupied with themselves and when they are idle or alone their thoughts turn inward to rust, corrode, and sometimes destroy. Work is salvation. Thank God for your task—it is your life preserver. Voltaire said in his old age: "The farther I advance in life's career the more I find work to be a necessity. It becomes finally the greatest of pleasures, and takes the place of all the illusions one has lost."

THE DIFFERENCE

The difference between two persons in the last analysis, is in the quality of their thoughts. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. Two persons may have the same opportunity but the achievement is not the same because the persons are not the same—they differ in the quality of the grey matter which floats in the skull. "How do I know a good saleswoman?" said the owner of a large toy shop in New York just after the last Christmas holidays. "Do you see that little girl? I took her on as an 'extra' two months ago. She was hopelessly diffident and clumsy, so I set her to arrange a shelf of dolls which had always hitherto stood in unmeaning straight rows. When I came back, I found each doll in a characteristic attitude. One was at a mirror, another was rocking the cradle, some of them were dancing a quadrille, others at the wash-tub and cooking-stove. A crowd surrounded them. They sold rapidly. I saw that I had secured a valuable assistant. She put her brains into her work."

KEEPING A SECRET

It is marvelous how much a man is respected for the things which he does not say. People are apt to tell many things to the man who "won't tell." His choice of words, his refusal to exchange gossip, his earnest effort to protect a friend's reputation—all these things receive marked consideration, even by people, who are, themselves, careless in their use of words. So don't tell everything. Don't tell all you know. The less you "tell" the more will people believe in your knowledge and truthfulness. When Grover Cleveland had something of a confidential character committed to him he would say:—"Well, I'll put that in the back of my head where there isn't any mouth."

EDUCATION

Get an education if you can. Of course a college can do little for a man who is a fool, but I have too much respect for you to believe that you belong to that class. You can't know too much in a scientific age, so long as you turn your knowledge to a practical purpose. The world is fast becoming a field for specialists. Be a specialist. Be broad in your knowledge and definite in your purpose. All things being equal, the prize will go to the college-bred man. Unequal men can thank God that all things are not equal. Here are a few facts from American politics: A college education multiplies a man's chance for reaching Congress 35 per cent; the Senatorship, 45 per cent; the Cabinet, 60 per cent; the Presidency, 70 per cent; the Supreme Bench, 85 per cent. He multiplies his chances of general success 240 per cent.

A RESERVE FORCE

Know yourself. Know what you can do "on an average." Know what you can do in an "emergency." Know what you can do if "things go wrong." Know what you can do if "all signs fail." Know what you can do if "the dam breaks." Carry your own preserver and keep insured—and look four ways before you cross the street. Always know what you can do if every plan which you are sure will succeed results in failure. Don't be too sure of yourself. Great generals have been defeated more than once

The historian says:—"Napoleon kept the returns of his army under his pillow at night, to refer to in case he was sleepless, and would set himself problems at the opera while the overture was playing: 'I have ten thousand men at Strasbourg; fifteen thousand at Madgeburg; twenty thousand at Wurzburg. By what stages must they march so as to arrive at Ratisbon on three successive days?'"

WORK VS. WORRY

Men who work scientifically, seldom worry. Believing in cause and effect they seek to produce the cause which will guarantee the effect. They know that there is no chance for the man who refuses to "take chances" where ninety-five per cent of the chance element can be eliminated. I quote:—Sir James Herschel tells in a little story, how, after his telescope became famous, they were distributed quite widely through Europe, and when he published his great discovery, he began to receive complaints. Men said to him, in angry letters, "We do not see what you see." In his response to them he said: "Perhaps you do not take the care of your observations that I do," and he spoke of one particular thing that is carefully noted. "Do you take care," he said, "of the matter of temperature? The instrument with which I examine the stars must be of the same temperature as the stars as nearly as may be, and when I observe on a winter night I place my glass on the lawn at Greenwich, and let it stand there until the instrument comes to be of the temperature of the air. But beyond that," he said, "not only must my instrument be of the right temperature, but I must be. Oftentimes," he said, "I have been out in the winter air for two hours before I would open my glass, because I must come to be of the same temperature as my instrument itself."

PROFANITY

All profanity is not of the tongue. The profane are the irreverent. There are young men and young women who have no respect for others because they have no respect for themselves. They have no respect for noble institutions because they have small knowledge of their place in history. Being ignorant of that which is great, they wear the trade mark and social brand of a little brain and a narrow mind—irreverence. In a volume of classical illustrations I find the following: "In the house at Bonn occupied by Beethoven there still is preserved the piano upon which the great master played, and which he used in the composition of his great music. Among the recent pilgrims to his shrine was an American girl. She waltzed airily to the instrument and began playing a careless tune; and then, turning to the custodian, said, 'I suppose you have many visitors here every year?' 'A great many,' was the reply. 'Many famous people, no doubt?' said she. 'Yes, Paderewski came recently.' 'I suppose, of course, he played on the piano?' said the girl, her fingers still thrumming the keys. 'No,' said the custodian, 'he did not consider himself worthy.'

HIGH IDEALS

The high ideals of youth are God-given. They dawn upon the Soul just when the poetical instinct begins to assert itself and when beauty begins to speak to the Soul with a peculiar charm. Religion, Conscience, Music, Beauty and Love are the five angels of our early days. They will never forsake us unless we refuse their celestial society. Here is a message from one who forgot the ideals of his youth and followed the strange spirits of greed and unholy ambition:—Abe Reuf, the famous convicted grafter of San Francisco, in his recent confession and repentance, says: "With others I co-operated in selling out the city of San Francisco, and so I am in a prison cell. It has taken these stone walls, this area six by ten, where the only light or air is that which comes from a narrow wicket to bring me to the full realization of this betrayal. I started life buoyantly. When I left the university I had the usual high ideals of that period. How and why my life flew so wide of its goal I am determined to trace and to write in detail, in the hope that it may prove of public benefit and may make amends for what society has lost by my work."

BE FAIR

Be fair. Be honest. Let your motto be "a square deal" for every friend, neighbor and acquaintance. Put yourself in his place. Look at the bargain from the far side of the counter. You have sold yourself unless you turn your purchaser into a customer. The best advertiser is a buyer who is pleased. Better make less and gain a commercial friend. The man who is pleased and satisfied will come back again. The man who returns again and again to your store is making a business habit in your favor. So be fair. In Success it is related that Nathan Strauss, the great New York merchant, was once asked what contributed most to his remarkable career. His reply was: "I always looked out for the man at the other end of the bargain."

GOOD HUMOR

Good nature is the velvet of commercial intercourse. Have a smile to spare. Your last customer may have been mean, cross, cranky and unreasonable, but why should customer No. 2 suffer for the strange eccentricities of customer No. 1. It is a pleasure to do business with the man who is pleasant. Of course "a smile" will not atone for poor quality, cheap goods or light weight, but a genuine smile added to a genuine article never fails in the end to gain appreciation and to hold every reasonable purchaser. Let it be said of you as Tennyson once said about Lord Houghton, "He always puts you in good humour."

THE FAMILY NAME

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. A good name is cash and credit in one line. A good name is a holy blend of history and prophecy. A good name is the best introduction to good society. The Boston Congregationalist remarks:—President Taft, in a speech to the Commercial Club of Cincinnati at a lunch which opened the festivities of the day, declared his intention of returning to Cincinnati to practise law when he retires from the Presidency. His son Robert, he said, would be the fourth generation to live in Cincinnati and he added: "While it has been pressed on him and on me to have him go to some place where possibly his emoluments would be larger, I am determined, and he sympathizes with me, that he shall go to the home that knew his great grandfather and his grandfather and his father, and there he shall work out his life under the influences that I hope will be favorable to his success—at least in restraining him within the path and the limitations of an honorable life."

YOU CAN DO IT

Whatever you ought to do, you can do it. Whatever others can do, you can perform. Whatever is within the reach of brain and brawn is within your reach. You ought to refuse to believe that there is anything possible to the man of average talent which is not possible in your own life and experience. The author of "How To Be An Author" says:—"London the entity was at least as good as my dreams of it, but the general mass of the persons composing it, considered individually, were a sad disappointment. 'What du. rs!' I said to myself again and again. 'What duffers!' I had come prepared to sit provincially at the feet of these Londoners. I was humble enough when I arrived, but they soon cured me of that—they were so ready to be impressed. What struck me was the extraordinary rarity of the men who really could 'do their job.' And when I found them, they were invariably provincials like me who had come up with the same illusions and suffered the same enlightenment. All who were successfully performing that feat known as 'getting on' were provincials. I enrolled myself in their ranks. I said that I would 'get on.'"

VALUE OF FRIENDS

There is a certain measure of business which is built up on friendship. People go to a man in the beginning, because they like him. They wish to encourage the man who seems to wear the garland of prophecy. In fact a man's career very often depends on the way in which he treats his first batch of friends. If he can hold these, there is a new crop on the way. Make friends. Go out of your way to serve people. Some will forget you but the best class of mortals will have for you a tender regard and consideration. When Abraham Lincoln was a young man starting in life, it used to be said of him, "Lincoln has nothing, only plenty of friends."

TODAY

Read a little, today. Exercise a bit, today. Turn over a new leaf, today. Cut out an evil tendency, today. Feast your eyes on some beautiful thing, today. Add a new word to your vocabulary, today. Get hold of one additional item of information, today. Today! There is no day like today. Taine was on the right track when at twenty-one he wrote: "My only desire is to improve myself in order to be worth a little more every day."

BRAIN POWER

Your brain becomes more flexible with use. Form a thinking habit and thinking becomes a luxury. The secret of extemporaneous speaking lies in the mental ease with which you can reflect in your voice, face and eye every passing emotion of the soul. Deep and persistent thinking spiritualizes the brain, skull and body. A strong thinker when he cogitates speaks through every muscle, nerve and fibre of his body. He is generating mental and animal electricity at every pore of his physical frame. In a supreme moment of inspiration every possession of the soul leaps into life. Of Webster's "Answer to Hayne" it was said, "Everything he had seen or heard, read or thought, stood before him in perfect order."



Pre-Inventory Clean-Up Sale SHOP-WORN AND USED PIANOS

FOWLER & CO. are offering the GREATEST Piano values in their history. It has always been their aim to give the best possible values for the money, and that they have succeeded is evidenced by the long list of satisfied customers.

ABSOLUTE PROTECTION to our customers through our one year satisfaction guarantee, **PROVES** that we have every **FAITH** in our goods.

QUALITY IS OUR WATCH-WORD. Every piano we sell will be a great source of pleasure and not disappointment through lack of tone quality and faulty construction.

NEVER BEFORE have we offered such values in pianos. Pianos marked slightly shop-worn, cannot be told from new.

\$600 New York Sohmer Piano	\$420
\$550 Newcombe Piano (shop-worn)	375
\$475 Newcombe Piano (shop-worn)	335
\$450 Fowler & Co. (same as new)	275
\$400 Fowler & Co. (same as new)	256
\$550 Karn Piano (second-hand)	200
\$500 Williams Piano (used)	190
\$475 Kimball Piano (second-hand)	150

TERMS: Sold on easy monthly payments. Any piano in the above list sent subject to your approval; or send for **FREE** complete list and full information.

FOWLER & CO.
Cor. EDMONTON & PORTAGE
WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Women's Quiet Hour.

(Continued from Page 30)

Wylie, the militant English suffragette who has been touring and lecturing in Canada. As I have stated before, I refuse to condemn the militant methods in England, because I feel that here we are not in a position to judge of their needs or what it is best for them to do. Equally, however, I object to any talk of militant methods in Canada and I tried very hard to make Miss Wylie see that for us to even talk militant methods was nonsense in our country when we had never formally, and in large numbers, asked for the ballot. She was obsessed with the idea that if Canadian women approached the Dominion Parliament at the present time and asked for the amendment of the franchise act they would get it, and once obtained it would help them in England, Canada being the strongest and nearest of the colonies. It was impossible to talk to her for any length of time and not be impressed with the wholesouled manner in which she had given herself to this reform. At the same time it was pitiful to realize how embittered she had become by the treatment they had received from Premier Asquith. One thing which she said touched me very keenly. One of the traditions of my youth had been to hear my grandfather say, "It must be so: we have it on the word of a British statesman." Miss Wylie, speaking of Premier Asquith, said, "The word of a British statesman used to mean something; now it means words to disguise his intentions and is not worth the breath it takes to utter it." It is a sorrowful thing that a man in Premier Asquith's position should have stooped to such pitiful subterfuges. He has destroyed faith in the pledge of a British statesman and he has gained, what? The contempt of a very great mass of the British people in the three islands, and he has only held back the clock—he has not stopped it.

In connection with the Industrial Bureau in Winnipeg an art gallery has been opened and just now there is a splendid showing of pictures which will be followed by other schools. Any woman who has a few hours in Winnipeg should make a point of seeing this. It is right down town, central, and a nice place to rest. The pictures are a treat, for one drawback of our good great West is the absence of anything to stimulate an interest in art. By the way, speaking of art, while I was in Toronto there was quite a stir. Some individual, more nice than wise, was protesting against the undraped art in the Normal School. It is one of the few really good collections of classic art in Canada and was purchased by the great Dr. Egerton Ryerson, the founder of the public school system in Ontario. This overdeveloped sense of propriety by the Toronto man reminded me of the school board near Boston, which objected to Longfellow's "I stood on the bridge at midnight

As the clock was striking the hour" being included in the school lessons because it was calculated to make the boys want to stay out late of nights. Also of the lady who draped the legs of her square piano because she did not think they looked modest.

People of this type must have very nasty minds. Toronto has been so busy over just such fool notions for so long that it is not surprising that recently it has awakened to the fact that it is, in many sections, one of the most depraved cities in Canada.

In the West let us keep our minds broad and clean and sweet, like our own windswept prairies, and to all my readers

A Very Happy New Year.

A popular bishop, while visiting a newly-married lady, was awakened quite early in the morning by a soprano voice singing a well-known hymn. As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety of his young hostess that enabled her to begin her day's work in such a joyous frame of mind. At breakfast he spoke to her about it, and told her how pleased he was. "Oh," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by—three verses for soft and five for hard!"



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I will mount your Game Heads FREE if you can show that any person claiming above awards had, by virtue of their personal ability, any connection with obtaining above or any awards for taxidermy work.

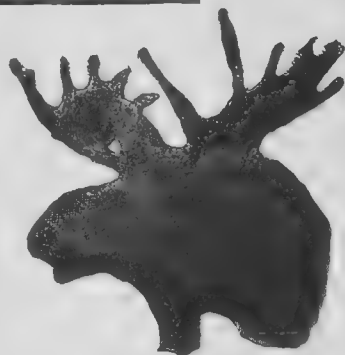
Send me your Game Heads to mount, and get the work of a Taxidermist who, with his own abilities, secured the HIGHEST AWARDS the last three years in succession, and better—has satisfied the most critical clients. 12 Silver Medals, Diplomas and First Prizes.

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The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest

ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

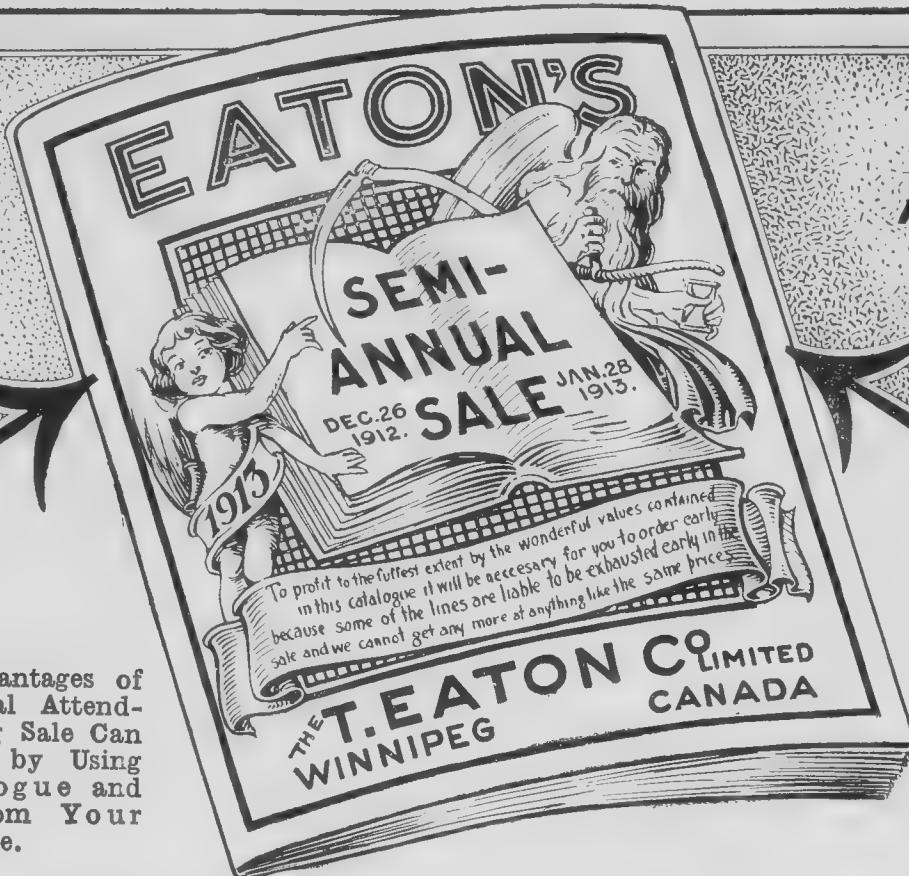
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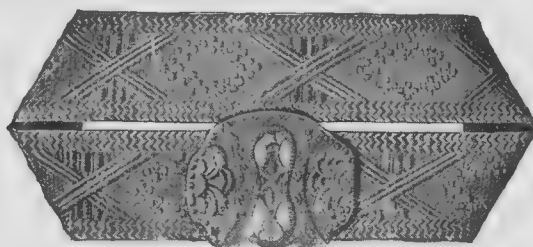
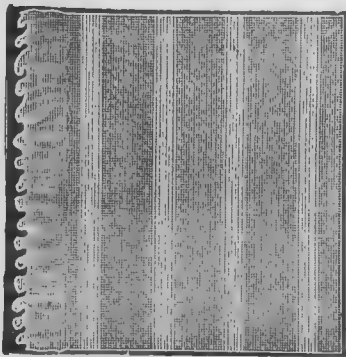
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REFUNDED
IF YOU ARE
DISSATIS-
FIED WITH
THE
GOODS.

Unparalleled Bargains Feature This Sale

Never in the history of this store have we offered finer values to our Mail Order Customers than those shown in our present Semi-Annual Sale Catalogue. Every article in this special Sale Catalogue represents a substantial saving, but to profit to the fullest extent you should order early. If you have not received a copy of our Sale Catalogue write for it at once. It is full of money-saving opportunities from cover to cover. Every page is filled with bargains—Eaton bargains such as the citizens of Winnipeg are familiar with through our weekly bargain days. We want all our customers to participate in this sale. It is to them what Friday bargain offerings are to our Winnipeg shoppers. Our prices at sale time have but a small profit added to the cost of production sufficient only to cover the cost of handling. We will refund the price in full and pay carriage both ways on any article that does not give complete satisfaction.

AN IMPORTANT POINT—ORDER EARLY. We anticipate this will be the biggest sale in our business career. Although we have made provision for a heavy demand it is possible that some of our lines will become exhausted quickly, and we cannot replenish our supply.

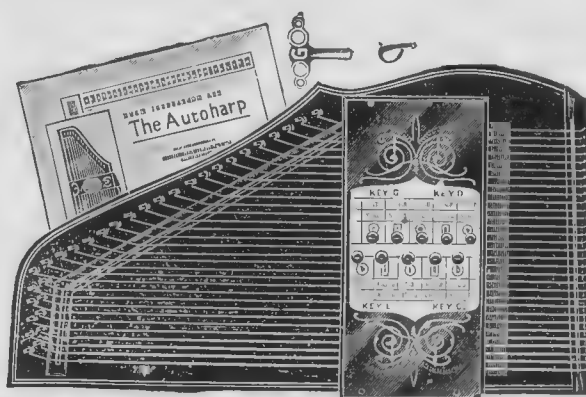
THESE ITEMS SERVE TO ILLUSTRATE OUR SALE VALUES



32R2-Black Elastic Belt. This is a very attractive belt with a pretty raised pattern. The low price illustrates the wonderful bargains to be obtained during our sale. Black color. Sale Price

.19

Have you received a copy of our Semi-Annual Sale Catalogue? If not let us know and we will send you one



The woman who desires very attractive curtains that will brighten the appearance of her home, at inexpensive prices, should look over Page 37 of our Semi-Annual Sale Catalogue. There they are, lots of them, and all illustrate the splendid bargains we are offering during this sale. Take for instance the one we show here. It has a dainty spot and stripe with a frill on both edges. It is 40 inches wide and is suitable for either bedrooms, halls or kitchens. Comes in white only.

26R-1205. Dainty Frilled Muslin Curtain. Sale Price per yard **11c**



36R8. Splendid quality Japanese Silk Drape, suitable for either mantels or pianos. The drape is 23 x 82 inches, with a fine knotted silk fringe, and richly embroidered in pretty floral design. Comes in colors, Nile, blue, crimson or gold only. Sale Price **.94**

As nearly everybody likes music we have included in our Sale Catalogue a few good bargains for music lovers. The Autoharp we show here illustrates the values we are offering. It was specially made for this sale and is of choicest hardwood with cedar top. It is a very handsome instrument and has a splendid tone. It has ten bars producing ten chords. Instruction book, shell pick and tuning key included.

48R-23. Auto-harp. Sale Price **\$3.15**

See page 17 of our Semi-Annual Sale Catalogue for bargains in Mandolins, Violins and Accordions. We want to send you a copy if you have not received one. Will you let us know?

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Some Useful Articles

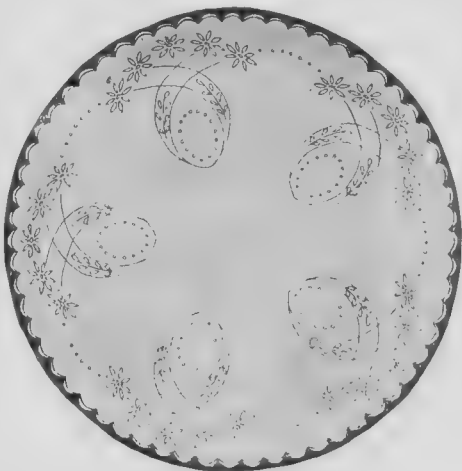


No. 5518F. Dresser Scarf, 20 x 45 in., 75 cents; 20 x 54 in., 85 cents. Lacing Pin Cushion to match, 30 cents. No. 5518. Towels, 24 x 38 in., 70 cents each; 16 x 24 in., 30 cents each.

envelope will bring full information regarding any sizes of articles completing this bedroom set which want of space will not permit us to illustrate here.

The dresser scarf has been embroidered on linen of a suitable weight, and the design shows a handsome wreath and bow knot effect. Pin cushion may be supplied to match, one of the lacing variety which is useful and easily laundered. These consist of two stamped pieces, back and front.

The towels are shown in two sizes, the 24 in. width stamped on a yard and a quarter of material, and the guest towel which is stamped on 16 in. Both these towels are stamped on pure linen huckaback, which comes in assorted patterns and the edges of these, as well as on the dresser scarf, must be carefully padded before being buttonholed, otherwise they will soon fray and become shabby.



No. 5684. Centerpiece, 12 in., 12c. each; 18 in., 25c. each; 22 in., 40c. each; 54 in., \$2; 18 x 27 in., oval, 40c. each.

A handsome centerpiece is illustrated here. The pattern is simple but effective, and shows a combination of eyeletting and solid embroidery. The sizes in which this may be had are quoted above, and an oval tray cloth may be supplied to match.

Our readers are always interested in embroidered baby clothes and one is amply repaid by the time spent in embroidering these, as they always prove such a dainty possession. The dress design illustrated may be stamped on either sheer handkerchief linen or soft lingerie material, and after being embroidered the garment may be very simply made up. The design is effective without being too elaborate, and the yoke and the bottom of the skirt are stamped, but not cut out, so that the little dress may be made up on any size pattern from one to two years old.



No. 5390. Baby's coat. One-year size, \$1; Two-year size, \$1.50, stamped on either voile or pique.

The little coat which is dainty can be either stamped on corded pique or soft woolen voile. If from the latter material, silk lining can be cut to fit and the two edges buttonholed together thus giving the little garment additional warmth suitable for the early summer days. If the coat is made from the corded pique a lining is not suitable, as the material is sufficiently heavy for summer wear.

A pretty baby's cap is illustrated here. This consists of one of the simple lacing variety which opens out flat so that this may be easily laundered. Such a cap as this is durable as it will stand repeated laundering, a point every mother will appreciate, when one remembers how perishable the ready-made varieties are with their fussy lace trimmings, etc., which when once soiled are useless. This cap may be stamped on pique to match the little coat.

We recommend lustered cotton for embroidering all the articles described on

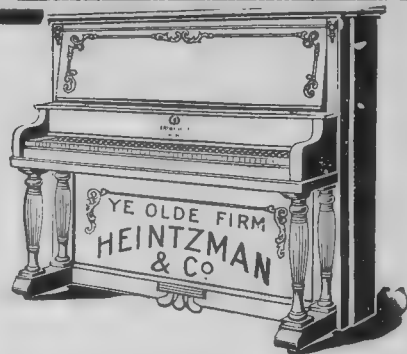


No. 5587. Baby's Dress, stamped on 2 yds. of lawn, 75 cents; stamped on 2 yds. sheer linen, \$1.25; stamped on corded pique, \$1.

SOME articles which will be of interest to our readers are illustrated in this issue. The long winter days seem to suggest that some of the enforced leisure should be spent in embroidering articles for the decoration of the home, and it is surprising how many pretty and useful articles may be embroidered during one's spare moments.

The first design illustrated shows a matched bedroom set consisting of dresser scarf and towels. The former may be had in two sizes as quoted below and, if preferred, pillow shams and pillow slips may be supplied to match. A stamped

ONE MORE YEAR OF SUPREMACY



among Pianos has been added by the close of 1912 to the record establishment in 1850 by "Ye Olde Firme Heintzman and Co." for the famous

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

as the most perfect instrument made in Canada. The wonderful refinement of its tonal beauty has never been equalled, nor the proven durability of its workmanship been rivalled.

Twenty-six Years in the Lead is the Proud Record of the HOUSE OF McLEAN

in serving the farmers of the West, and that record has been built up on reliability, integrity, and the power that comes to a big expert organization. The year 1913 will be spent in further endeavor to place the matchless **Heintzman & Co. Player Pianos** in the hands of every farmer of Western Canada at a minimum of cost and under a system which places them within the reach of all.

Write us for our beautiful Piano Catalogue and also for particulars of the many bargains we have on hand in slightly used Pianos and Organs. We are also headquarters for the West for Musical Instruments and Music of all kinds.

WINNIPEG'S
GREATEST
MUSIC
HOUSE



CORNER
PORTAGE AVE.
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J. W. KELLY, J. REDMOND & W. J. ROSS

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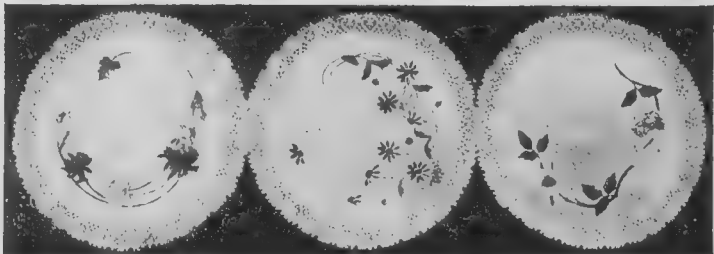
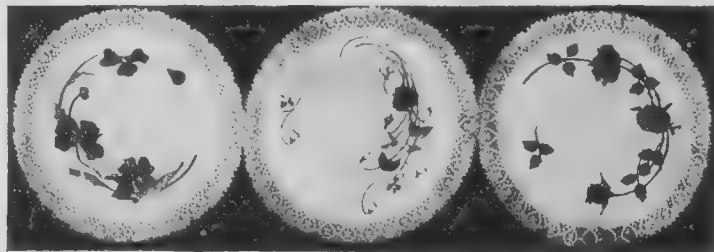
Send Us 35c.

AND WE WILL SEND YOU

A Centrepiece

with any one of the six designs shown below, beautifully tinted on cream linen and made up with lace edge as shown in photo and

4 SKEINS OF EMBROIDERY SILK



FLOWERS ARE:

CHRYSANTHEMUM DAISY WILD ROSE POPPY VIOLET ROSE

Send at once as this generous offer is made for a short period only.

Our Art Embroidery Silks are the Best on the Market

Address:

BELDING PAUL CORTICELLI LIMITED.
Dept. L. Montreal, P.Q.

Fairweather's

January Sale of Furs

Following our usual custom of disposing of all furs early in the season so that every garment in stock the next season is strictly up-to-date, we are now offering liberal discounts on all fur garments, sets and single pieces.

Ladies' Persian Lamb Coats
Reg. \$200 to \$500
For \$160 to \$400

Ladies' Long Hudson Seal Coats
Reg. \$200 to \$300
For \$160 to \$240

Ladies' Russian Marmot Coats
50 and 52 inches long
Reg. \$75 to \$150
For \$60 to \$120

Ladies' Muskrat Coats
Reg. \$90 to \$150
For \$72 to \$120

Ladies' Fur Lined Coats
Muskrat Linings and Genuine
Mink Collar and Lapels
Reg. \$100 to \$150
For \$80 to \$120

Ladies' Hampster and Chamois
Lined Coats
Russian Otter and Persian Lamb
Collars and Lapels
Reg. \$50 to \$75
For \$39.50 to \$60

Men's Hair Beaver Coats
Otter Shawl Collars
Reg. \$255
For \$204

Men's Raccoon Coats
Shawl and Notched Collars
Reg. \$65 to \$225
For \$52 to \$180

Men's Muskrat Lined Coats
Otter and Persian Lamb Collars
Reg. \$75 to \$150
For \$60 to \$120

Men's Chamois Lined Coats
Carr's Melton Shells, Tailor
Made. Otter and Persian
Lamb Collars
Reg. \$75 to \$105
For \$60 to \$84

Men's Alaska Beaver Coats
Reg. \$20
For \$16

Men's Matassana Buffalo Coats
Reg. \$30
For \$24

**Men's Caps, Collars and Gauntlets at
Special Prices**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

Fairweather & Co. Ltd.

297-299 Portage Ave.

Toronto

WINNIPEG

Montreal



No 5341 Baby's Cap. Stamped on Line.
or Pique.

this page size C is suitable for button-
holed edges. D for solid pattern em-
brodery, and E for eyeletting. These
may be supplied at 30 cents per dozen.
Padding cotton at 5 cents per ball. Silk
to embroider the coat stamped on voile
55 cents per dozen.

If the articles illustrated on this page
cannot be obtained from your dealer,
send the money direct to Belding Paul
Corticelli Limited, Montreal, and the
goods will be sent. Allow at least a
week from the time the order is received
for filling.

Home Economics

The November meeting of the Swan
Lake Home Economics was held on
Saturday, 23rd, and allowing for the un-
pleasantness of the weather, was well
attended.

As the President, Mrs. Gordon, was
absent at the S. S. Convention at Bran-
don, the chair was taken by Mrs. Down-
ey, V.P., who expressed her regret
that someone else had not been chosen,
but as the meeting progressed it was
soon evident that the President's choice
for a substitute had been a happy one.
After the usual business the Corres-
ponding Secretary read a communica-
tion from Principal Black, asking that
the Annual Meeting should be held in
sufficient time to allow of the Report
being sent in before Dec. 10th, so, after
discussion, it was decided to hold this
Meeting on Saturday, Dec. 7th, and all
members are asked to attend on that
date.

Notice was also given that all fees
for the forthcoming year must be paid
at the Annual Meeting, it being one of
the rules of the H. E. Societies that
only those who have paid their fees
shall be eligible for office or shall have
the privilege of voting.

The subject of the programme.

"Christmas Gifts," was then taken and
Miss Alice Gordon showed an inexpen-
sive and useful knife and fork case
made of felt, and which could be used
for storing away the cutlery and silver
not in everyday use; or which would
be very useful for travellers when
meals are required on boat or train.
Mrs. Thom had brought a novel hair
tidy made from a straw sleeve protec-
tor and trimmed with ribbon. Mrs.
Hartwell, a "housewife" for needles
and pins, which could be rolled up
and slipped in the pocket. Miss Gor-
don, small workbags made of silk rib-
bon and carrying needles, pins and reels
of cotton, also a hairpin holder of
ribbon and fish net. Mrs. Rice brought
a sachet case, the covering being made
in woven ribbons in two shades, and
also kindly offered to show the method
of making to any member who de-
sired further information. Mrs. Gard-
ner brought a hair tidy made of a fan-
cy handkerchief. Mrs. Herbert a linen
roll for protecting clean d'oylies and
table centres so that they will not
crush when put away in a drawer; and
Mrs. Downey a walnut pincushion, a
handkerchief case and a tie made of rib-
bon and artificial flowers.

After roll-call Mrs. Downey heart-
ily thanked all those who had contrib-
uted to the success of a very inter-
esting afternoon; the National Anthem
was then sung and lunch served.

The Garden of Sorrow

By Thomas Wood Stevens

I CANNOT bear to think on roses
now,
Nor any soft sweet thing that
seems to breathe.

The little airs that touch me on the
brow—

The clouds with all the whispering
rain beneath—

I cannot bear to think on roses now.

The twilight sounds that tremble into
rhyme,

They sting me — all the bees of
memory

That gather on the fadeless flower of
time,

And all the golden words I made for
thee—

The twilight sounds that tremble into
rhyme.

How shall I learn to face the night
again—

The empty winds that kiss my cheek
and pass,

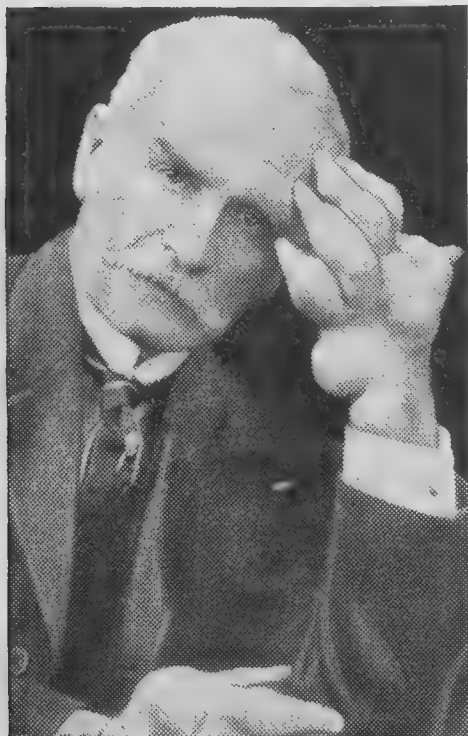
The dreary moments I forget—and then
The changeless shadow on the brittle
glass:

How shall I learn to face the night
again?

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when
treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

LET ME CURE YOU OF RHEUMATISM

FREE



This photograph truthfully shows the
terrible effects of RHEUMATISM in
my case. You, who have suffered the
tortures, can easily imagine the rack-
ing pains I endured—but today I en-
joy perfect health and devote my life
to curing others. When only a youth
rheumatism became chronic with me
and my joints were so distorted and
swollen that I was nearly helpless. I
tried medicine of every description,
even 125 bottles of one remedy—but
nothing did more than to give me a
little temporary relief. I tried doctors
and specialists by the score with no
better results.

At last, after spending \$20,000 and
suffering untold agony for thirty-six
years, I discovered a remedy which
permanently cured me, and I want to
send every rheumatism sufferer a

Free Package

Don't send any money—it's free. A
letter will bring it promptly. Then, if
I have proven that all of my claims
are truthful, tell your friends of my
great discovery.

Every day lost means one more day
of needless pain, so write now to S.
T. DELANO, 328E Delano Bldg.,
Syracuse, N.Y.



A Manly Showing of Boy Scouts, Gladstone, Man.

Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Fashionable Autumn Gowns and a Pretty Frock

NEVER has any season provided prettier models for simple afternoon occasions than this one. In addition to the regulation gown consisting of waist and skirt, the tea gown models as the one illustrated are much in demand. Materials include all the simpler silks, the many light weight wool fabrics and the novelties that

36 or 4 1/4 yards 44 inches wide with 3/8 yard 18 inches wide for the collar and chemisette.

The May Manton pattern of the gown 7634 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

The second gown shows a variation of the Robespierre collar with a most attractive blouse which is becomingly full at the front while it is plain at the back. In this instance, it is made



7634 Empire Gown.

7649 Girl's Dress.

7630 Surplice Blouse.

7372 Two-Piece Skirt with Tunic Effect..

combine silk and wool. The gowns shown are admirable and the little frock is as new as it is attractive. The tea gown 7634 gives the Empire line that is always becoming in costumes of this sort and it can be made just as illustrated or with shorter sleeves, and without the collar, the neck being cut to form a V at the back as well as at the front, and finished with lace frills. This one is made of flowered silk with trimming of filet lace but, if something simpler is wanted, a pretty challis could be used instead of the silk. with the skirt cut in round length or to clear the floor.

For the medium size, the gown will require 7 1/4 yards of material 27, 5 yards

with the long sleeves that are so much liked, but they can be cut off the three-quarter length, and be equally correct. The skirt gives a tunic effect, yet it consists of only two pieces, the front one being shaped and lapped on to a lower portion. In this case, striped silk is combined with plain.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3 1/4 yards of material 27, 2 3/8 yards 36 or 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide with 1/2 yard 21 for the collar and cuffs and 1/2 yard 18 for the chemisette. The skirt will require 3 3/4 yards 27, 2 3/4 yards 36 or 44 with 1 1/2 yards 21 inches wide for the lower portion.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7630 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches

bust measure; of the skirt 7372 from 22 to 30 inches waist measure

The little girl's dress can be made as illustrated and worn over a guimpe or with a little chemisette that is a part of it. The plaited skirt is made in two pieces, but is straight at the lower edge. The set-in sleeves are stitched to

the armholes and the dress is closed at the left of the front. For simpler occasions, the trimming portion can be omitted. Dotted challis with trimming of charmeuse satin is the material shown, and it is very attractive, but little girls are wearing simple silks as well as wool materials this season and a very charming little frock could be made from a

Two Special Coat Values for Men



THESE are not intended for Christmas or New Year Gifts but appeal to men who are desirous of purchasing a sensible coat that combines Style, Comfort and Quality at reduced prices.

Above Everything--Protect Yourself from Winter Chills!

MEN'S RACCOON COAT, made from selected skins with high storm collar, quilted lining, leather arm shields. Sizes, 38 to 46 inches chest and 52 inches long. The workmanship is of superior order throughout. REMEMBER! There is no mistake about the value—it is a genuine \$90 garment for \$59.50, and we pay the express charges.

\$59.⁵⁰

DOUBLE-BREASTED OVERCOAT, made from a 28-oz. rich black all-wool melton, with a one-pieced imitation Persian lamb collar, cut in notch style, heavy quilted lining, leather arm shields, storm wristlets in sleeves, and mohair frog fasteners. Sizes, 34 to 44 chest. Length, 50 inches.

\$11.⁸⁵

Goodwins Limited

MONTREAL, CANADA

A \$50 GOLD WATCH
CAN YOU WORK THIS PUZZLE?

G
I
V
E
N

W	O	I	A				
L	O	I	A	F	R	D	
R	O	G	I	A	G	E	

FREE
A
W
A
Y

Will be given according to conditions of Contest to somebody who succeeds in arranging the letters of the above three lines so that they will spell

THE NAMES OF THREE STATES IN THE UNITED STATES
ALSO A PRIZE OF \$10 FOR NEAREST SOLUTION
TRY IT AT ONCE. IT MAY BE YOU.

Write the names of the States on a postcard or a letter, giving your Name and Address plainly.

IMPERIAL WATCH CO., Prize Dept. [42], MONTREAL, CANADA

OR \$50 IN GOLD

CHANGE OF CLIMATE DID NOT HELP

But GIN PILLS Conquered
His Rheumatism



THE fact that men of standing and responsibility do not hesitate to come out and state frankly how much good GIN PILLS have done them, speaks volumes for this good old remedy.

Mr. W. G. Reid, of Hamilton, whose statement we publish below, with his permission, is one of the best known commercial men in Canada. His many friends throughout the country will be delighted to learn that he is quite himself again. He says:

"I have been for the last two years a cripple with Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I have tried almost everything known to medical science to relieve me of the intense pain and inflammation. I sought change of climate in Kentucky and other Southern points without relief. Your manager in this city recommended GIN PILLS and I have since taken eight boxes and am now cured. I consider GIN PILLS the conqueror of Rheumatism and Kidney Disease."

(Signed) W. G. REID.

Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica and all other troubles arising from weak, inactive or diseased kidneys, have little chance against GIN PILLS.

The curative properties in these pills go straight to the root of the trouble—the failure of the kidneys to keep the blood free from the irritating Uric Acid which is continually being

formed in the body. GIN PILLS helps the Kidneys to perform this function properly, and the train of troubles vanish.

Just try it and prove it to your own satisfaction. There is no risk—money back if GIN PILLS do not help you.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

"You can't buy a cheap Piano from a company who only sell good ones."



NEVER BEFORE

in our history has the demand for Pianos and Player Pianos been so great—and certain it is that no other single article or like expenditure could bring so much happiness, be enjoyed by so many, or so long be a source of pleasure and satisfaction, as one of the splendid instruments of our line.

Here are instruments well worthy a place in your home:

UPRIGHTS		GRANDS	
STERLING	\$250	CHICKERING	\$850, \$950
SHONDORF	265	KNABE	850, 950
HANDEL	298		
SCHUMANN	325	PLAYER PIANOS	
SHERLOCK MANNING	350	PIANISTA	\$575
BELL	375	PRIMATONE	650
HAINES	400	AUTOPIANO	750
GOURLAY	425	ANGELUS	850
CHICKERING	650	Second-hand Pianos at \$100, \$150,	
KNABE	650	\$200 up	

Easy monthly, quarterly, half yearly or yearly payments can be arranged. There is a range of prices to suit the requirements of any buyer, and our easy monthly payments of \$6, \$8 or \$10 monthly make it easy for all to gladden the home with this superb gift. Complete illustrated catalogue and prices mailed free on request.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 295 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

dotted silk with trimming of plain color.

For the 12-year size, the dress will require 4¾ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 27 for the trimming and cuffs.

The May Manton pattern of the dress 7649 is cut in sizes for girls from 10 to 14 years.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Graceful Gowns for Winter Days

The love of pretty toilettes is inherent in every feminine personality and this season there are so many opportunities offered that it is quite easy to plan the

The model shows the pannier effect at its best, for all the lines are graceful and attractive. For women who find such styles becoming, nothing better could be offered, but, if the pannier is not desired, it can be omitted and the vest cut off at the waist line, and the blouse can be worn with any single skirt. Chemisettes of net, lace, and the like, are being much worn, but so also are open necks, and this gown can be finished in either way.

For the medium size, the waist with the pannier will require 5¾ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and vest, ¾ yard 18 for the chemisette. For the skirt, will be needed 3¾ yards 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.



7651 Fancy Waist.

7304 Two-Piece Skirt.

7663 Fancy Blouse.

7645 Five-Gored Skirt.

7652 Child's Bishop Dress.

wardrobe and to obtain fascinating results without undue expenditure. Silks and velvets are favorite fabrics for gowns of the handsomer kind, and both are shown in the lightest possible weights and in a variety of weaves, while gowns designed for simpler occasions are of the plainer silks, poplin, chiffon, broadcloth and ratine in addition to all the familiar fabrics.

The pannier gown illustrated is a very novel and a very attractive one. In the illustration it is shown made of broche crepe combined with satin and embroidered net. The blouse and panier are joined by means of a belt and are arranged over a separate skirt.

The May Manton pattern of the waist 7651 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7304 in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

Velvet of the fashionable sort is so light and pliable that it can be draped with perfect success. The second costume shows that material with the fashionable trimming of fur and lace. It is exceedingly beautiful in a simple, dignified way, and the gown is one that can be made available for many uses. It can be worn within doors and upon the street under a long coat. The waist is made over a fitted lining and closed at the back. The sleeves are separate and of the "set-in" sort and can be made as

illustrated, or long to the waists. The skirt is made in five gores. Right at the back are laid three little plaits that are stitched for a portion of their length and provide pretty fullness. The fronts that lap over the narrow panel are new and distinctive.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 16, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of satin 21, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of fur banding. For the skirt will be needed $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, 4 yards 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide if the material has figure or nap, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 if it has not, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding 8 inches wide for the panel and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of fur banding.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7663 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7645 from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The little tot's frock is one of the prettiest possible. In this case, it hangs straight from the yoke and is made of flouncing, so that the labor involved is very little, but it can be treated in two or three quite different ways in spite of its simplicity. It can be shirred at the long waist line and worn with a sash, or it can be made of plain material, either hemstitched or finished in any way that may be liked. It can be made with short sleeves that are left free at the lower edge and cut from flouncing, or it can be made perfectly plain with high neck and long sleeves to become a prosaic little morning frock.

For the 2-year size, the dress will require $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of flouncing 24 inches wide with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material 36 inches wide to make as shown on the figure or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards to make with sleeves of embroidery; $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 38, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide if flouncing is not used.

The May Manton pattern of the dress 7652 is cut in sizes for children of 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

\$35 ACTUALLY BUYS THE "DAIRY QUEEN" CREAM SEPARATOR

The Highest Grade, Closest Skimming ever Manufactured

Think of it! Only \$35.00, full and complete purchase price for the big "Dairy Queen" Separator, absolutely proven by expert tests and thousands of testimonials to be the closest skimming and most durable cream separator ever put on the market. This is our wonderful brand new 1913 model, equipped with our marvelous patented tubrine Disc bowl. A regular \$70.00 big business cream separator for only \$35.00, and with a capacity of 350 pounds per hour, and absolutely guaranteed for twenty years.

YOU CAN SAVE FOUR PROFITS

That's the secret of our amazingly low prices. No big agents' commissions for you to pay; no extra dealers' profits; no so-called factory distributors' profits. You pay only the rock bottom price. We actually save you from \$40.00 to \$50.00 on any capacity machine you want.

You Can Buy on a Sixty Days' Trial

We will positively ship you THE "DAIRY QUEEN" SEPARATOR on SIXTY DAYS' TRIAL. We want you to give this separator sixty days' good hard test on your farm before you decide to keep it. Compare it with any and all of the over priced machines you can find around. Try it on warm milk, cold milk, new, mixed or old milk; it makes no difference. Then, after two whole months' trial, if you are not ABSOLUTELY CONVINCED that THE "DAIRY QUEEN" is the greatest cream separator you ever saw at any price, simply return it to us and it won't cost you a penny. We will even pay the freight charges both ways.

No. 20 "Dairy Queen" Separator capacity 350 lbs. of milk per hour, shipping weight 200 lbs. Suitable for from 2 to 10 cows. Price \$35.00

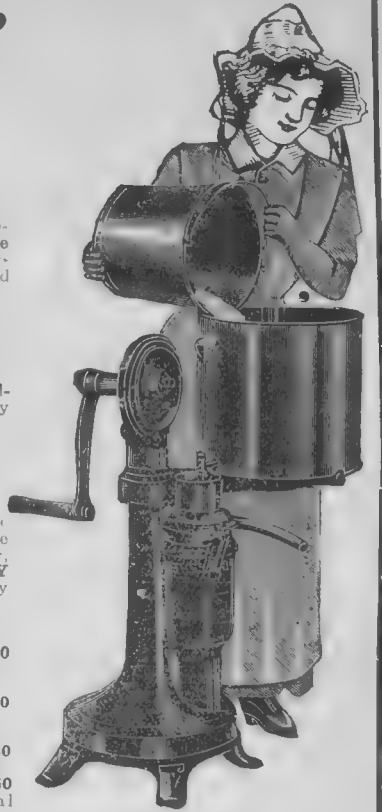
No. 30 "Dairy Queen" Cream Separator capacity 500 lbs. of milk per hour, shipping weight 250 lbs. Suitable for from 5 to 15 cows. Price \$45.00

No. 40 "Dairy Queen" Cream Separator capacity 650 lbs. per hour, shipping weight 275 lbs. Suitable for from 15 to 30 cows. Price \$50.00

Friction Power Pulley extra. Price \$4.50
Send us a postal card to-day for our FREE Cream Separator Catalog, and full particulars of our special offer.

C. S. JUDSON CO. LTD., 181 Market St. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Canada's Largest Direct Sellers of Gasoline Engines to the Farmer



FREE TO EVERY BUYER AND GIRL. We give a fine Eureka Camera and complete outfit, plates, chemicals, etc., with full instructions. Just send your name and address, we send you 24 papers Gold Eye Needles. Sell 2 papers for 10c, giving a Thimble free. When sold send us the \$1.20 and the Camera and complete outfit is yours. Address GLOBE CO., Dept. 198, Greenville, Pa.

Friendships

"Not a friend in the world" is an epitaph that sums up complete failure in life than "Not worth a penny." Financial crash may sweep away accumulated wealth. Or the faring may have been so scanty there was never a chance to put by. But to pass through the throng of fellow creatures without retaining the affection of one — what morbid aloofness from the daily food of kindness does it not argue.

There is ever a wistfulness in the human relations. They are so imperfect. Barriers here; misunderstandings here. The girl whose new mourning and pale face gives me a lump in the throat thinks me cold because the words I long to utter die strangled. A glib condolence, a ready embrace, such as one is chary of giving to even our nearest and dearest, would have won her.

A genius for friendship exists. Those born with it instinctively grasp that if hearts are to be filled they must have friends of many kinds. General friendship founded on comradeship and goodwill. Particular ones that are intimate.

"Obstinate, wrong-headed, and a jolly good sort" is the unspoken verdict of friends on friends half the world over. We get huffy because they will not

change their views and respect them because they don't.

This love, with its allowances and reservations, is of tougher sort than the pliantly amiable through-and-through. Women and men both are magnetised by mystery as well as by sympathy. Something untold attracts. A feeling withheld readily gains credit as being too deep for words. The silences of friendship are precious; not only the spoken confidences.

Men excel in the silent comradeship. Carlyle and Froude had "a brow night" just puffing at their pipes and saying nothing. But women are apt to find material silence long sustained uncanny. They prefer to exchange a few surface remarks, even when hearts beat a deep undercurrent of mutual sympathy with things left unsaid.

And what a tonic against "blues" splendid friendships are! When the barometer is low, and temperature perhaps below normal, with the pulse temporarily weak and slow, how the thought of them sets us up in our own good graces. It keeps us in the world's good books, too.

So do not let us wait for that paragon. Let us, remembering our natures are many sided, make many friends. Only never forget that the confidence of each should be inviolate.

Progressive Farmers and Dairymen, Everywhere

are using

SHARPLES

Tubular

CREAM SEPARATORS

Many of them who formerly shipped their milk are now selling the cream and feeding the skimmed milk to the calves, pigs and chickens.

The high price of veal, pork and poultry pays them well to do this—and they're making more money than ever before.

They are successful, progressive men.

Here's a Letter from Maine:

Danforth, Me., March 12, 1912.
Am using No. 3 Sharples Separator. In 1910 milked eight cows and sold \$450 worth of sweet cream; and raised \$200 worth of calves and pigs on the skim milk. Haven't figured up for 1911, but returns were nearly as good.
C. R. FOSTER.

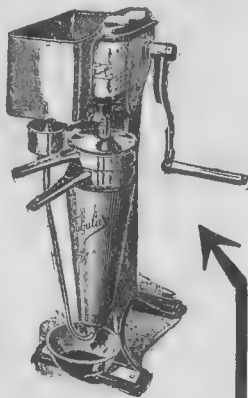
Sharples Tubular Cream Separators make money and save time for you because they get all the cream, are easy to run, and can be cleaned THOROUGHLY in a few minutes.

One of our customers wrote us the other day that his No. 4 Tubular in twelve years had cost him 20 cents for repairs. Some record, that—and worth remembering when you buy a Cream Separator.

It isn't the price you pay for a separator that counts, but how much EXTRA profit it will make for you.

Sharples Tubulars make extra profits. We offer you a Free Trial—and then guarantee the Separator not only for one year, or two years, or five, but FOREVER.

Write for our interesting Tubular A Catalog No 248 today. It suggests ways to make more money from your cows.



The SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.

Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.

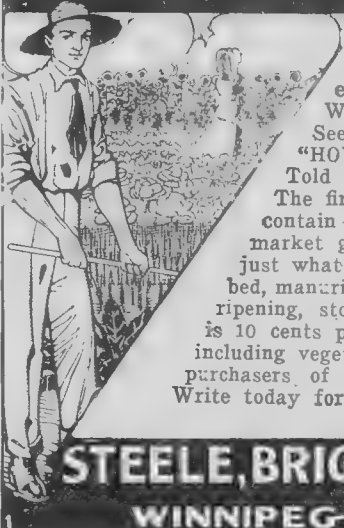
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W. Wallace Nutting, M. D., 360 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass., Aug. 12, 1912, writes: "I bought a horse in Bradford, Pa., after they had exhausted all the skill in that country on him, shipped him here, used one bottle of Save-the-Horse (he had a spavin) he went sound and was used and raced on our speedway. I am not in the horse business, but when I see a good one going wrong I buy and use it in my practice, and usually cure it. Have used Save-The-Horse for eight years, and have bought many bottles."

Mount Hope, P.E.I., Canada, Oct. 3, 1912. Troy Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.—"I bought a bottle of Save-the-Horse six weeks ago for a spavin. I used it according to directions and lameness is completely gone. There have been different parties looking at it and they all say your remedy is certainly wonderful. Angus McDonald.

King Apple in West Canada

How Scientific Fruit Culture is Making a New Inland Empire of Luxury and Progress in British Columbia

By Bruce Campbell.

IN these days of specialization in every line of business, coupled with agricultural education and scientific management of our farms, the attention of the public is being more than ever attracted to the "back to the land" movement. Newspaper and magazine advertisements tend to educate those entertaining the simple life idea. Attention has been called to the wonderland of the sunny south, mixed farms in the central West states, the great plains of Western Canada, and fruit ranches in the West and Pacific coast country. This article deals with the fruit country and, with the photographs reproduced, should prove of interest to those who love nature and "God's out-of-doors." An immense amount of British capital has developed the British Columbia country in a wonderful manner in the past five years. In fact, fruits from this province are fast replacing all others for old country export and consumption abroad. This particular dis-

it is true, it had more than a local fame for fine qualities and varieties of fruits, but did not head the commercial list. British capital has made many changes in the years just past, and the years to come are bright with promise.

It is a recognized fact that the southwestern valleys of British Columbia form what is undoubtedly the finest belt of fruit growing country on the globe. Living conditions are ideal, and the climate is mild and healthful. The range in temperature allows the husbandry of many varieties of fruit, including the small fruits, and all varieties of vegetables.

The Southwest Valleys

One of the best known sections of the province is that traversed by the South and North Thompson rivers. These rivers join forces at Kamloops, continuing westward to Puget Sound and the Pacific Ocean. A picturesque mountain valley is formed at the junction of these rivers,



A street in Kamloops, B.C., showing apple trees in blossom in the dooryards

trict, therefore, is naturally one of especial interest to all well-wishing Canadians.

Trip to British Columbia

The average person will revel in the beauties encountered in a trip west from Winnipeg through the Rocky Mountains into the great fruit country. Those who have toured Europe and other portions of this continent find new wonder places in passing the Canadian Rockies. Then, too, there is that ever fascinating atmosphere of a great country in the making. But a few years ago this West was an unknown region, subject of many misconceptions. Today, it is one of the most talked of and interesting portions of the Dominion.

A glance at any map will give the average reader a conception of the future industrial and commercial greatness of this country lying west of the mountains. Students of political economy wax eloquent over the prospect for great cities on or near the Pacific coast. The Panama canal will play an important part in the development and transportation problems of the immediate future. But to turn from theory and futures to present day facts—and fruit.

Horticulture and the Present

Fruit growing is one of the most pleasant vocations known to man and dates back to the Garden of Eden. Not that we would represent this British Columbia district as a modern land of Adam and Eve, but that it is and will continue to be a country of truly great opportunities—opportunities for the average man as well as for the privileged barons of wealth!

It is only in the last five years that British Columbia has become known as a fruit exporting country. Previous to this,

and the fertile bottom lands are producing fruit that is making this district famous. This valley is protected by the Coast and Gold Range mountains, and is in the heart of the fruit area.

Nature has been kindly disposed toward these valleys and has richly endowed them for horticultural purposes. Soil and climate are ideal, but the third necessary element—moisture—is lacking. Man has stepped in, profited by the natural advantages, and by means of irrigation has made this one of the garden spots of the world. The British Columbia Fruitlands Corporation have installed here one of the model irrigation systems of the world, according to the unanimous opinion of experts in this scheme.

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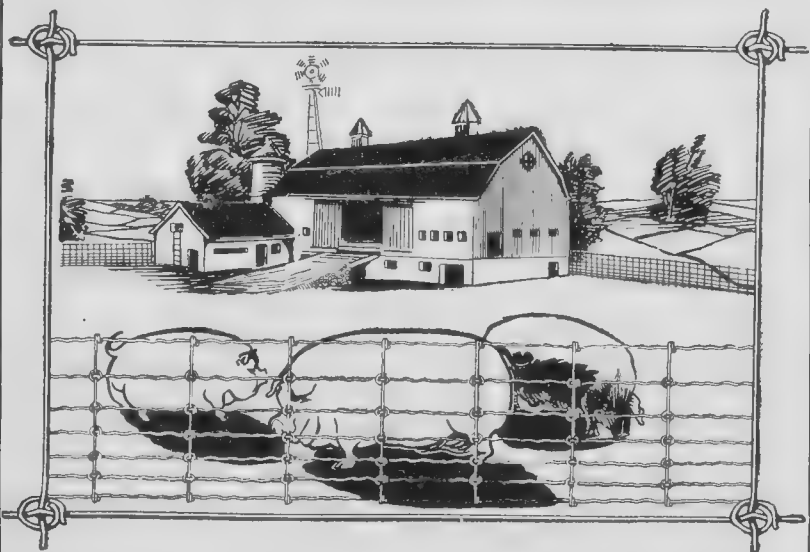
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On the North Thompson, above Kamloops—Waist deep in third crop Alfalfa

East Kootenay District

East Kootenay is bounded on the west by Arrow Lakes, on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and runs north and south between the main line of the G. T. P. and the international boundary. This section is rich in minerals, timber, agricultural and water power opportunities.

The coal fields have an unlimited future, the Fernie mines at present producing 1,000,000 tons per year. Fruit and agricultural lands are estimated as being well over one million acres in extent. The merchantable logs will last another 50 years, say those who know. Water power of unlimited volume is found in the numerous mountain torrents watering the fertile valley, and are regarded as East Kootenay's most valuable possession.

East Kootenay is so near the great markets for fruit—prairie towns and cities—that that district is rapidly assuming a prominent place as a fruit producing district. The industrial expansion in such lines as lumbering, mining and manufacturing at present has developed almost as large a local demand as visible supply. Elko is one of the future cities of this district, has three railroads, and nestles at the foothills of the Rockies, giving it attraction as a place of scenic interest.

Famous Fruit Farms

Lord Aberdeen, when Governor-General of Canada, visited the famed Okanagan valley, and was so impressed with the bright prospects of that district that he purchased a large tract. This was known as the Coldstream estate, and to-day is a most eloquent monument to its founder. The Coldstream property is a model of scientific efficiency, and the records made there in the way of fruit and vegetable production brought the attention of the civilized world upon this, "the modern Garden of Eden."

This happened years ago, but today the same estate is making world records in the high production of its lands.

Last August, the Fruit Growers of North-western America held their annual convention at Kelowna. A number of the foremost authorities on horticulture, irrigation and dry farming of this continent attended, and visited the Coldstream and Fruitland fruit ranches. In this visit many who did not have any definite plan in the way of purchasing land, got enthusiastic over the opportunities offered there, and eventually many of them bought small tracts.

Value of Irrigated Lands

Irrigated lands are, ordinarily speaking, an expensive investment. On the other hand a crop is assured, and in many districts the increased yield year after year more than makes up the original difference in cost and maintenance of an irrigation project as compared with the "wild" land. Many people who are experienced in fruit prefer a small, properly irrigated tract to a much larger section of the so-called "wild-cat" speculation. The conservative investor will be much ahead in the long run by buying first-class irrigated and improved lands.

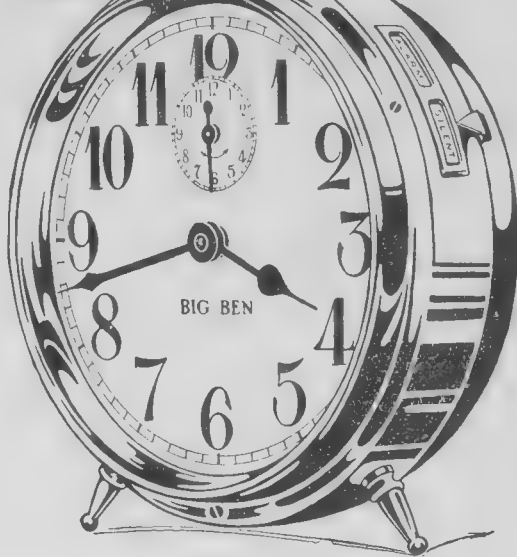
Some unscrupulous dealers are floating fruit lands on the market that are practically worthless at the present time and will be for years to come. Some of these lands are so situated among the mountains that it is practically impossible to reach them, without taking into consideration transportation of the products that would be produced under favorable conditions. Many investors take the precaution of visiting the fruit country before making investments.

Perhaps the two best known tracts in all of British Columbia are the Coldstream estate on Lake Okanagan and the



Vegetables growing between tree rows, on a ten-acre farm in "Fruitlands" Estate

Big Ben



Big Ben ends the over-sleeping of Farm Hands

Will you spend Two-Fifty to insure yourself for years against that everlasting bother—getting the farm hands in the fields on time? Will you spend it to insure a full days work from each man six days out of every seven.

Then, spend it for Big Ben. He's doing it on thousands of farms every day right now. More than a million people have spent it for Big Ben to help them get to work on time. Don't you want to join the Big Ben Army. Don't you want your farm lands to be members?

Alarms are sold at \$1.00 and \$1.50 less than Big Ben costs but such alarms are merely things to wake up by, not to wake on time with. They enable you to make a guess at the right time, that's all.

Big Ben enables you to know the right time. When he wakes you he

does it at the time you want, the right time.

Then, cheap alarms may last a year but Big Ben actually lasts for years and years. He's built of steel. He's a handsome clock plus a punctual alarm. You can use him all day long in any room for he fits bed room, parlor, dining room or hall.

The city man can get the right time of his neighbor or by picking up a telephone but that's not so convenient for you. You need a reliable time-keeper always in the house. That's why you need Big Ben more than you need a plain "alarm."

Big Ben rings just when you want and either way you want five straight minutes or every half minute during ten minutes unless you flag him off. His big keys make winding easy and his g face and large hands tell the time plainly and largest rooms.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere.—If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to his designers, Watchdog, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you duty charges paid. Put him right now on your Xmas list.

Big Ben Alarm Clocks

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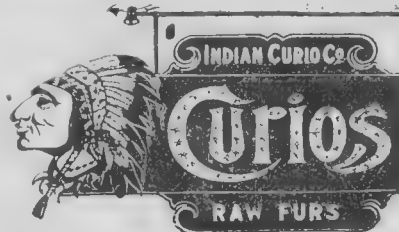
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A "Fruitlands" home at Kamloops, overlooking the Thompson River

Fruitlands estate situated at Kamloops. The latter property is west and north of the two branches of the Thompson River, extending five miles in the first and eighteen miles in the other direction. There are 7,000 acres of irrigated land, an experimental station, and a model irrigation system on this immense tract. Future settlers are enabled to see the farms in the varying stages of progress, and have the privilege of consulting experts employed by the Fruitlands company as well as profiting by the work done on the experimental farm. By co-operating with the settlers a very satisfactory relation is the result and in practically all cases the farms prove very successful.

Model Irrigation System

Eighteen miles above Kamloops, on the North Thompson River, Jamieson Creek, a typical mountain torrent, has been converted into a canal. This canal follows the lower slopes of the foothills surrounding the valley, and every acre of land between it and the two rivers is properly irrigated, to be exact, 7,200 acres. If this tract were in the form of a square it would reach nearly 12 miles in each direction.

The average yearly flow from Jamieson Creek is more than sufficient for the needs of this immense tract, being estimated at 30,000 acre feet. In other words, it would be possible to cover every acre of irrigable land of the entire valley under five feet of water once during each year. Scientific

formulae show that for successful crops only two acre feet of water per annum is necessary. Making liberal allowances for "leaks" in the system, it will be seen that the supply of water is more than ample for all practical purposes.

The water used for irrigation is pure and soft and is preferable for plant food to the artesian product. There is an excess of water during the spring months, and the first problem was to conserve this to help the natural flow meet requirements during the dry months of August and September. Dams have been constructed across the outlets of two natural lakes high in the mountains, named Wentworth and Howe, to solve this problem. The amount of water thus held in reserve amounts to approximately 2,000 acre feet.

A further precaution has been provided in the installation of a large pumping plant near the mouth of the North Thompson River, which alone is capable of supplying an abundance of water for the lower 3,000 acres under development there. Water is needed along about the middle of April, and as this is before the snows on the mountains have melted sufficiently to provide a natural flow, the problem has been satisfactorily solved.

Canal 17 Miles Long

About two miles above the mouth of Jamieson Creek a dam has been constructed that turns its waters into the gates of the

Fruitlands canal. The water flows through a smooth, open, cement ditch for a distance of 17 miles to the south end of the estate. An interesting engineering economy has been effected over a low valley in the form of a siphon pipe line 48 inches in diameter, that takes the stream over the depression.

Distributing pipe lines are constructed of cement and are air and water tight. They radiate in all directions from the main canal, and supply abundant water for all blocks in the estate. The pipe lines are all underground, offering no obstruction to cultivation operations.

Eminent Men in Charge

One of the most eminent agriculturists in Canada is in charge of the Fruitlands experimental farm, in the person of R. M. Palmer, formerly Deputy Minister of Agriculture for British Columbia. C. C. Clark, B.S., one of the foremost horticultural experts of the northwest, is in actual charge of the planting of trees and maintenance of orchards now growing. Mr. Clark has vast experience, gained through work with the state of Oregon, and British Columbia Government experimental farms.

The irrigation system has been designed from plans by Prof. E. A. Etcheverry, chief of the department of irrigation, University of California, and admittedly the leading authority on this subject in America. Prof. Etcheverry was formerly assistant chief of the Irrigation Investigation Bureau of the United States Reclamation Service. The actual construction of this system was under the supervision of E. A. Meigham, C.E., who is the resident engineer of the Fruitlands estate.

Past, Present and Future

Of the many thriving towns and cities on the mainland of the Province of British Columbia, Vancouver and Westminster lead. Then there are Fort George, Prince Rupert, Vernon and Nelson. Newport is a natural shipping outlet, and has an unusually promising future. Other points of interest to the one who would investigate thoroughly are Creston, Cranbrook, Grand Forks and Kamloops. This takes us from the coast eastward to the Okanagan, through the valleys and into Crow's Nest Pass country.

Perhaps the most interesting city is Kamloops, which was started 100 years ago as a fur trading post. The town was incorporated in 1893. The derivation of the word Kamloops is from the Indian language, meaning "meeting of the waters." This city was nicely chosen as a location, being the centre of a number of fertile valleys, branching out in various directions of the compass, and steamboats navigating east, west and north. Kamloops is recognized as the commercial centre of southern British Columbia. The new C.P.R. Edmonton to Vancouver railroad runs through the city, and the new C.N.R. Kamloops townsite is directly opposite that of the present town.

Attacked by Asthma.—The first fearful sensation is of suffocation, which hour by hour becomes more desperate and hopeless. To such a case the relief afforded by Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems nothing less than miraculous. Its help is quickly apparent and soon the dreadful attack is mastered. The asthmatic who has found out the dependability of this sterling remedy will never be without it. It is sold everywhere.

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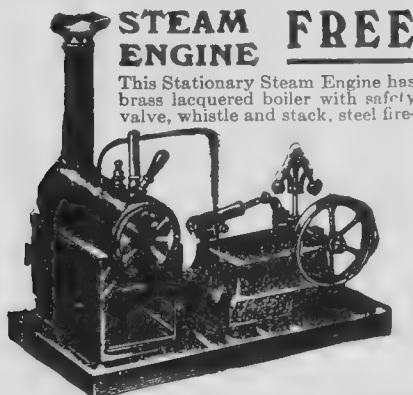
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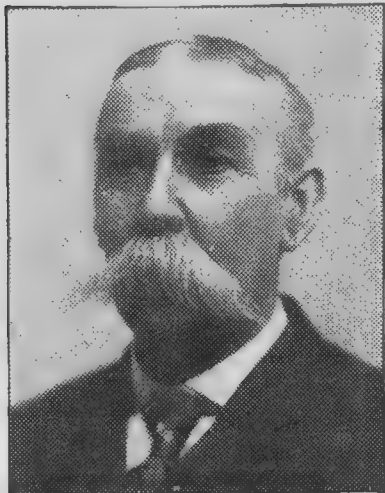
To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them

has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness, to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

Don't wear a Truss!

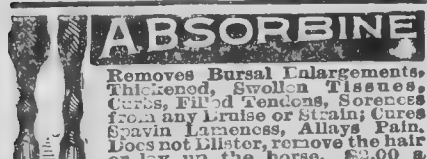
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Woman and the Home

Our All in All

We are often weak and weary,
We are often faint and frail,
The eyes are blurred with weeping,
And the lips are wan and pale;
But Christ is our strength and gladness,
His love sustains the soul;
In the day of our utmost dearth and loss,
His love can make us whole.

We can never perish, holding
Fast to His tender hand;
His care will lead us safely
Through all the desert land;
The blessed love of Jesus,
And the look in His gentle face,
Are power to the fainting,
Are full of light and grace.

O Love divine, be ours,
In the night-time, and the day,
For ever with us, Jesus,
Remain our hope and stay;
Thine be the love that keeps us,
Ours be the love that clings,
Till we rest beneath Thy banner,
O gracious King of kings.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"A City Having Foundations"

Mr. Alexander recently told the following story of the origin of a beautiful hymn:

I always like to know how hymns came to be written, and so I asked the man who wrote this hymn how he came to do so. He told me that a friend of his went from New York City to the country. He was far gone in consumption, but in the deceptive nature of the disease thought that he was growing better day by day, till one morning he said he was so much improved in health that he was returning to the city the next day.

The writer of the hymn went to see him in the afternoon, and found him in bed again. "Why," he said, "I thought you were going to the city tomorrow." The sick man's face lighted up, and he answered, "I'm going to a city, but it is a city where the living never die, and where no sickness and no sorrow can come." He did go to that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." After his death his friend, remembering his words, wrote this hymn the chorus runs:

"I am going to a city
Where the living never die,
Where no sickness and no sorrow can molest;
From this body to release me,
He is speeding from on high;
He will greet me and escort me to my rest."

When Faith Came Back

The corn waved and the tall wheat began to turn from green to gold. The farmers gathered in the horse-sheds before the Sunday morning service and talked hopefully of the crop. Then they went inside and listened to the sermon, and returned home with feelings of comfort and of satisfaction. In that quiet, prosperous and upright farming community, with harvests hopeful, it was easy to believe God good.

The heat grew. The day became sultry and the night was hot. The next day thick clouds shut in the hot air, and reflected it back and forth from earth to sky, and as the day wore on the breathless calm grew oppressive.

An hour before the sun went down there came a sudden darkness, and out of the west stalked a great, whirling funnel, reaching from sky to earth. In its track were desolation and terror. Night fell an hour before its time, and a fearful night it was. The blackness seemed unnatural in its intensity, and the absence of familiar objects sent men groping, bewildered, through the wreckage of their own farms.

Soon lanterns flickered, and little parties of men gathered to give assistance where it was needed. The rain beat

upon them, and the lightning that now and then rent the darkness gave them momentary visions that struck terror to their hearts. Fences were gone, trees were uprooted or twisted off, crops were completely ruined, buildings were demolished or unroofed. By noon the next day eight bodies had been recovered, and most of the houses that were left standing were hospitals.

When the farmers went forth after that awful night, and looked again on an earth so changed, a sudden and overpowering atheism came over their minds. Where was God? How could such things happen if God really lived and loved? During the next days this undefined and unuttered feeling swept through the whole community. It rose all unbidden and unexpected like the tornado itself and, like that desolating cloud, it swept over men's souls.

The minister, who had been with the searchers all night after the storm, and since then had gone from home to home, stood, within the space of two days, beside eight new graves, and heard women wailing and saw men sitting stolid and fearless. How could he make them believe that God was good?

The words he sought to utter would not come at his bidding. He read the promises of God, and poured out his heart in prayer. But his listeners sat stolid and fearless, or wept with a grief uncontrolled and uncontrolled.

But one great and pressing need was upon them all, and all who were alive and able gave themselves to meet it. There were wounded to be nursed and homeless to be sheltered and houses to be made habitable, and so the living members of the community joined in a new and closer brotherhood for service. Nor were they alone in this. From distant farms and from other communities came offers of help, and help without offers. Help came, more than could be used, food and raiment and labor.

In the track of the storm sprang up and bloomed the seeds of unexpected kindness. A week before, every man had wrought for his own household and farm. Now there was labor and love for all.

It was this that brought the reaction. The whole community felt it, and responded to it. The minister felt it, and it opened his lips with a new message. Another Sunday came, and they gathered again in the little church. Some of the windows were broken, and familiar faces were absent. But when the minister thanked God for human kindness that helped men to believe in the love of God, there was an outburst of grateful tears. The people had found again their faith in God.

Motherless

He was so small, so very small,
That since she ceased to care,
'Twas easy just to pass him by,
Forgetting he was there;
But though too slight a thing he seemed
Of interest to be—
One heart had loved him with a love
As boundless as the sea.

He was so poor, so very poor,
That now, since she had died,
He seemed a tiny threadbare coat
With nothing much inside;
But, ah! a treasure he concealed,
And asked of none relief;
His shabby little bosom hid
A mighty, grown-up grief.

—Florence Earle Coates.

Nothing Secular Save Sin

A saving sense of humor is an inestimable gift to a clergyman. Men with no sense of humor misunderstand others, get furious about trifles and, in the language of the late Dean Liddell, of Christ Church, Oxford, "bring out the garden roller to kill a whit." "Soon after my ordination to a curacy in Oxford," says the Rev. C. H. Grundy, "I made a very mild comparison in a ser-

Why Do I Do It?

Why Should I, a Stranger Miles
Away, Care Anything About
You? Why Should I
Want to Help You?

Because I want to see the world grow better—and it is growing better. Please don't ever lose sight of that fact. It's because I want to see sunshine and happiness where now is darkness—fear—despair.

Because I want mankind to have the benefit of what I have learned and know—the help of all my life-work. It's because I want to send hope and rest and peace and comfort to every sufferer in the world that I can reach—because I want to see them well and strong again.

I will do this for you—yes, for all, gladly, willingly, freely, if you will only let me. No money is asked or expected. I am financially able to make and fulfill this offer to the sick. It is my way—the way I have chosen to send help. For your own sake won't you let me help you—or some suffering, needy friend?



The Man Who Makes This Offer

Listen—In my lifelong experience with medicine—with sickness—I have learned that Heart Disease destroys more human beings than any other things on earth!

That it is a stealthy, deceptive, deadly monster. That six people in every ten have Heart trouble. And you know as well as I that in lots of cases it creeps upon its poor victim unawares and strikes out their life almost without warning—often without their even suspecting that the Heart was weak or wrong at all. I have learned, too, that one of the worst things about Heart trouble is that most people don't know what the symptoms are—don't know what they mean when they have them. Another thing—a great many people are misled and deceived into thinking their trouble is something else and doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Nerves or Sexual Organs for some supposed trouble, when all the time it's the Heart that's causing it all. They are really treating the symptoms and not the disease itself.

And a great many people who do know that they have Heart Trouble think it can't be cured. Now Heart Trouble is just as curable as any other trouble. I have proved this fully, by successfully treating hundreds of cases. Many of these were the chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone. But this treatment acted quickly and permanently. In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and one reason why this treatment cures is because it sets the Stomach right, removes Constipation, steadies and revitalizes the Nerves and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening, controlling and curing the Heart. I believe I can cure YOU! Anyhow, it's plainly your duty to let me try. And so I will gladly send you by mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions and without any cost, a complete test treatment for your case, and a letter of clear medical advice. Also an illustrated book, that with plain words and pictures explains your trouble clearly, and so that you will understand it.

Remember, it is all FREE—the Book—the Letter of Advice—the Full Course of Treatment. There are no "strings" to this offer. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind. I ask for no money—I send you no medicine, expecting you to pay later. You bind yourself in no way. It is nothing but a genuine, generous, honest, free offer to the sick. I'm making this same offer in some of the best papers in America, besides The Western Home Monthly, because it seems to me to be the best way to quickly get advice and help—this certain effective treatment into the hands of every sufferer—everywhere.

If you have one of these symptoms—Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching or Nightmares, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Short Breath, Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade—your Heart and Nerves are surely wrong! Don't wait, for even now you may be facing sudden death. Please give your age and how long you have had the symptoms. Address: Directing Specialist Clearwater, Pres. Heart Cure Co., 640 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

Better Than Spanking.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers Box W. 86 Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

mon between the Christian life and the Oxford boat race. Dr. Sewell, of New College, who was in church in St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford, that morning, was greatly scandalized, and spoke of the

reference as quite out of place in a sacred building; while on another occasion my vicar wrote me a long letter of expostulation for quoting Byron in the pulpit,

fearing lest it might lead some of the young people to read his works.

"Archbishop Benson, a saintly memory, struck the true note of life when he

said: 'There is nothing secular except sin'; nor am I aware of any act allowable in a Christian layman forbidden to a minister in the New Testament."

MEN! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU

I Want to Give My Reasons For the Popularity of My DR. McLAUGHLIN'S BELT



This is the electrical age. We are passing through a period which is prolific of invention upon the lines of electricity, and it is fitting that great improvements should be made in the adaptation of electricity for the cure of disease and many weaknesses from which men suffer. No branch of electrical research has offered so great inducements, such marvellous possibilities for the betterment of mankind, as the improvement of the methods of applying electricity to the human body for the restoration of its vitality. Experience, coupled with faithful and constant study, observation of the needs of the sick

and weak, combined with the ardent ambition to produce the means which would most effectively battle with the elements which create distress of mind and body, have enabled me to produce a most wonderful method of applying electricity to the human system, and I am gratified with my success. not only having perfected an appliance which overcomes all objections to the use of electricity, and which absolutely cures, but by plain and honest statements of facts, by appealing to the judgment of suffering people, I have built up the largest business of the kind in the world. I take every case that comes to me individually, and arrange my Belt to suit the demands of that particular case.

You may say, as many others have said: "Doctor, your arguments sound good, but show me evidence of cures to back up your statements." That is my strongest argument. Every man or woman who comes into my office gets a practical illustration of my methods of treatment. After seeing original letters from prominent people (letters which I am permitted to exhibit), their doubts are dispelled, they are convinced that the claims I have made are true. You can see these patients and secure from them verification of my statements. Hundreds of my best testimonials cannot be published, as the patients, though recommending my treatment privately, object to publicity.

Take time to read this letter from John Becker, Innisfail, Alta. :

Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir,—I am more than pleased with the results of your Belt. My general health is greatly improved. I feel like a new-made man. My digestion is perfect; my bowels move more regularly every day: the piles are almost gone, and the catarrh is getting better. To be free from such a disagreeable, loathsome disease as catarrh I consider is worth the price of the Belt itself, and to be cured of torturing piles, I cannot tell what a relief that is to me. All scrofulous affection of the skin has disappeared. I will recommend your Belt to anyone that is in bad health, as I consider you worthy of it, because you tell the truth in your advertisements as well as in your letters. So many nowadays can give one a whole lot of smooth talk, but in the end they do not live up to it. In conclusion, I thank you ever so much for being the means of bringing a cure about in my case. I consider your Belt is the greatest invention of this age. May success attend your endeavors to cure suffering humanity, is the wish of your friend.

I don't ask you to take my unsupported word. Read what Wm. F. Klippert has experienced. These are his own words.

"I have been cured of all the distressing symptoms of the disease or complication of diseases from which I was suffering. My bowels have been natural from the first day after wearing the Belt until now. I began using it on May 9th of this year, and have not had any pain in my back nor dull, heavy feeling in my head since. I feel much improved in mind and in memory. I have gained in weight, and have been working hard and continuously. I would not do without the Belt for a good deal. I wore it regularly for two months, and, owing to absence from home, have worn it occasionally since. I have postponed sending a final report to see if the effect is going to be a lasting one, and I feel that it will. Mrs. Klippert has also worn the Belt, and has derived great benefit from it. With gratitude to you for your kindly interest and advice, I subscribe myself.

W. F. KLIPPERT, Aetna, Alta.

Indigestion, Piles, Catarrh, Scrofulous Affections of the skin, are all cured by my remedy. As a case in point, read John Becker's letter, Innisfail, Alta., who says:

"Dear Sir,—I am more than pleased with the results of your Belt. My general health is greatly improved. I feel like a new-made man. My digestion is perfect; my bowels move regularly every day; the piles are almost gone, and the catarrh is getting better. To be free from such a disagreeable, loathsome disease as catarrh I consider is worth the price of the Belt itself, and to be cured of torturing piles, I cannot tell what a relief that is to me. All scrofulous affection of the skin has disappeared. I will recommend your Belt to anyone that is in bad health, as I consider you worthy of it, because you tell the truth in your advertisements as well as in your letters. So many nowadays can give one a whole lot of smooth talk, but in the end they do not live up to it. In conclusion, I thank you ever so much for being the means of bringing a cure about in my case. I consider your Belt is the greatest invention of this age. May success attend your endeavors to cure suffering humanity, is the wish of your friend."

Decay in old men is similar to general debility in young men. Years have nothing to do with it. In each it is the failure of the stomach to generate sufficient energy to supply the demands made by the vital organs.

Send for This Book Today

Do you want to feel big, husky and powerful, with your veins full of youthful fire, your eye clear and your muscles strong and active? If you do, fill out this coupon and send it to me and I will send you a book which will inspire you with the courage to help yourself. It is full of the things that make people feel like being strong and healthy, and tells of others like yourself who were just as weak once, but are now among nature's best specimens of strong and healthy human beings. Cut out the coupon and send it in today and get this book free, sealed, by return mail. Call for free consultation. Office hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday, till 9 p.m.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN

237 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

Please send me your book for men, sealed, free.

NAME

ADDRESS

Cut This Out

Send It Today

Little Echoes

The little girl had been repeatedly warned that if she pulled at her beads the string would surely break; so when the catastrophe occurred in a crowded thoroughfare, she looked up at her mother with quick, in-drawn breath, mentally poised between sobs and laughter. During an instant of strained silence the two regarded each other, then said the mother, "What a joke!" and the little echo in quick response giggled, "What a joke!"

A child takes his cue promptly from the grown-up with whom he is associated; the little girl holds up her tiny ruffle of a skirt at the muddy crossing, spansks or argues gravely with her doll according to the favor in which corporal punishment is held at her home, and unconsciously reflects every passing mood of her character.

Because a child is so quick to imitate, the surest way to make him brave and

kind is to get always before him a copy of uncomplaining courage and patient love.

A Spirit of Courtesy

A nursery governess tells of two small children, of whom she had the care, who never forgot to be polite.

One of them, Bessie, showed the instinctive courtesy of a kind nature. I had impressed on her the propriety of thanking every one who did her a kindness, and she tried always to comply. We had also talked of the various farm animals, and of how much we owed to them. One day at dinner she looked at her egg for some moments without eating, and then slipped quietly from her chair.

"Where are you going?" her mother asked.

"I am doing to thank Mr. Wooster for laying me dis nice egg," was the answer



A Mountain Showman in Macedonia

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York

Apropos of the Balkan-Turkish War, much has been written and much has been read about the Macedonians. The idea that the inhabitants of the ancient empire of Macedonia, which is now, as it has been for centuries, a province of Turkey, are a warlike race is erroneous, although at the present writing they are demonstrating their warring ability against the Turks, in life and death struggle for existence in Europe of the Ottoman.

The Sultan and his satellites have seen to it, from the time Turkey acquired the Macedonian country, to strictly taboo education and modernization; therefore, it surprises us very little to see the master of this little household astride the ancient ass, while his helpmate patiently plods along the mountain side pleased to see the bread winner of the family comfortably settled.

Here you have a case of Mohammed (though like most Macedonians this one is a Christian) going to the mountain, when the mountain would not come to Mohammed, and because his audience will not come to Mohammed,

and because his audience will not come to him, he goes to his audience, carrying his menagerie of ONE—a black bear that is a whole show in itself.

The show-man himself is an actor of many parts, combining in his make-up, acrobat, tumbler, mimic, juggler, animal trainer, and equestrian, as well as manager, ticket seller, and ticket collector. His audience is composed of mountain inhabitants, and numbers anywhere from 1 to 300. It's a one-ring circus act out in the open, free as the air one breathes, and the actor-manager is dependent upon the good will of the audience who usually makes it worth his while to give his performance.

Early in his life, the show-man's young son and heir is beginning to follow in the footsteps of his father, for already has he trained the young dog, which his father is holding, to do some clever tricks, and boy and dog delight the wayside audience with their clever antics.

Because shoe leather cannot resist the friction of the mountain roads like the skin of her bare feet, the show-man's wife has discarded shoes and stockings while her master who is riding is well taken care of in this respect. Even here on the Macedonian mountain side much domestic economy is displayed.

Parowax

Makes linen spotlessly white without any hard, wearing rubbing.

Parowax is easy to use and inexpensive. One pound is enough for 16 boilers of wash. Full directions with every package.

Parowax is also invaluable for sealing jellies and preserves, forming an air-tight, mold-proof seal.

Dealers everywhere sell Parowax. Get a package today and try it.



THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

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ACETYLENE

Is Daylight On Tap

An analysis of Acetylene shows it to be almost identically the same as daylight—a pure white light.

Oil lamps, ordinary gas jets and electric lamps give light that has too many red and yellow rays. Gas mantles give light that is too blue.

For this reason an Acetylene light of 24 candle power is easier to read or work by than is an equally brilliant light of any other kind. Colors and shades seen by Acetylene light look the same as they do by daylight, everything is more distinct, and the eyes do not feel the same strain that is caused by other artificial lights.

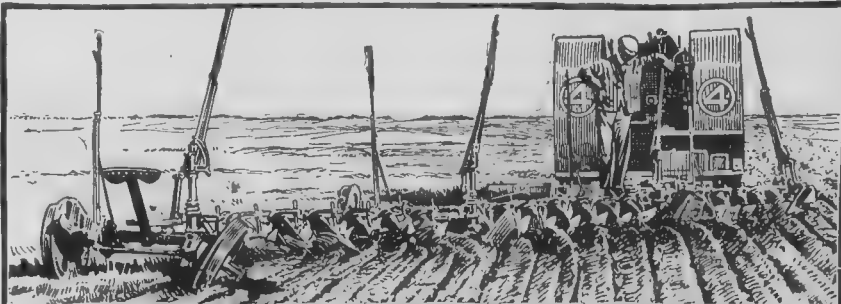
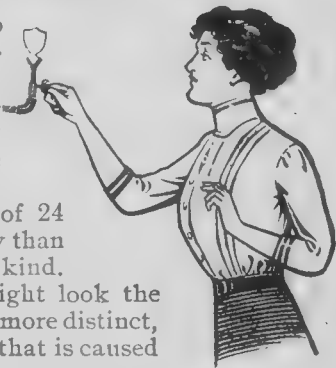
When you add to this the greater convenience and lower cost of Acetylene, there seems little reason for sticking to the old oil lamps.

Write us for full information about Acetylene lighting. We'll gladly give it, without any obligation on your part.

ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED

604 POWER BLDG., MONTREAL.

Full Stocks of Calcium Carbide carried at Cor. McTavish and 6th Sts., Brandon, Man. — 422 Richards St., Vancouver.



Sold On Approval

When the manufacturer can afford to sell a farm tractor on approval, there's one thing certain—that he comes pretty near knowing that it will give satisfaction. He could give no more positive proof of his confidence. THE BIG FOUR "30" is the only tractor ever sold on approval. You give it a thorough trial in your own field and do not pay a cent for it until you have satisfied yourself that it will do all that is claimed for it. That's a pretty good way to buy a tractor.

WRITE NOW for our book "Some 1911 Records,"—tells you all about what other farmers have done with THE BIG FOUR "30."

EMERSON-BRANTINGHAM IMPLEMENT COMPANY
The Largest and Most Complete Line of Farm Machinery in the World
172 Princess Street, WINNIPEG, MAN.

School of Gas Tractioning in connection at Minneapolis, Minn.
Write Big Four Tractor Works, Minneapolis, Minn. for particulars.

SHE FAINTED WITH THE AGONY

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Her Kidneys



MISS MAGGIE JANNACK

MOUNTAIN, ONT., DEC. 14th. 1910

"I desire to let the world know the great debt I owe 'Fruit-a-tives' which saved my life when I had given up hope of ever being well again.

For six years, I suffered from dreadful Kidney Disease. My legs and lower part of my body were fearfully swollen. The pain in my side and legs would be so bad that I would faint with the agony. Five different doctors attended me and all said it was Kidney Disease and gave me no hope of getting well.

A kind neighbor visited me and mentioned the case of Mrs. Fenwick who had been cured of a sickness like mine. I took 'Fruit-a-tives' and in a short time, I began to feel better—the swelling went down—the pains were easier—and soon I was well.

I have gained over 30 pounds since taking 'Fruit-a-tives'—and my friends look upon my recovery as a miracle."

(Miss) MAGGIE JANNACK.

'Fruit-a-tives' are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.—or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Drugs Can't Cure Constipation

If you wanted to clean an engine you would not force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts—yet this is the process you employ when you drug your system to rid it of waste. Drugs force nature instead of assisting her. Drugs have to be taken in constantly increasing doses to be at all efficient and soon we find ourselves slaves to this drug habit.

This is an unnatural and positively harmful method of treatment. Two of the most prominent physicians on the Continent state as follows:

Professor Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, states: "All of our curative agents are poison and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality." Professor Joseph M. Smith, of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do poisons that produce disease."

Now there is a natural and simple and much more efficient way of keeping our system clean and pure and wholesome. This is by the internal bath as applied by Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell's J. B. L. Cascade. This is now being enthusiastically used by thousands and is prescribed by the most enlightened physicians everywhere.

A most interesting book has been published on this system by Dr. Tyrrell, which will be sent you free upon request if you will write Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 774, 280 College St., Toronto.

POULTRY BOOKS EACH 25c

Postpaid

Big profits in poultry are assured by following the simple instructions of those who have made it a life-time study. Valuable advice given in these books which are true guides to success: Poultry Manual, More Egg Money; Poultry Houses; Chick Hatching and Rearing; Simple Poultry Remedies, Turkeys, Ducks and Geese, 50c., all six for \$1.60, no duty. Total 750 pages. Order now. Postal brings valuable free guide describing our improved metal covered Alberta Incubator, Brooders, 40 Varieties Poultry and Supplies.

ALBERTA INCUBATOR CO.
Box 886 Mankato, Minn

To Bed at Nine

"I always work until I drop," the writer has heard a girl say with pride. Now, to work until one drops is a thing to be ashamed of, to blush for not a praiseworthy thing by any means. A much better rule is to stop before you are ready to drop. In the end, the person who works steadily and well, but who does not work beyond her strength, is the one whose work stands the test of time, and proves acceptable in the market.

The moment you feel that you are going to pieces, that you want to fly, or to fidget, or scream, or do something besides sit still, and, as the photographer bids you, look pleasant, you are probably suffering from overwork. What is the remedy? Is there one? To be sure there is. Get more sleep.

"But I can't go to bed at eight o'clock," pleads a girl who knows that at eight her head feels heavy, and her back aches. Well, eight may be too early, but what is there to be said against nine? Three hours of sleep before midnight would make many a tired girl feel better, keep her skin fresh, and her color bright, and immensely add to her good looks.

Not in his Dotage

Dr. Sinclair, after many years' service in the Scotch Presbyterian ministry, was compelled to resign, much against his will. Soon after his retirement, an aged friend tried to comfort him.

"You ought to take a reasonable view of the matter, doctor," he said. "There's no use in flying in the face of Providence."

"Providence!" echoed the doctor. "Hoot, mon! Providence had naething ava to do wi't. 'Twas the MacCurdys, the Archibalds, and the de'il."

Some months later the doughty old preacher unexpectedly called upon a family, the head of which had been instrumental in removing him from his charge. As was natural, the father did not feel easy about meeting the minister and, being hastily driven to cover, he took refuge in a closet adjoining the sitting-room, hoping that the shrewd old Scotch eyes had not caught him.

According to custom, Dr. Sinclair conducted family worship before leaving; and, after praying for the members present, he added in a clear, loud voice: "And bless the pair body in the closet, an' mak' him bold to face the world."

Old People

I want to say a word to the old people. I see you wherever I go. I see you on the street cars. The conductor gives the car an extra rest when you get on or off, out of courtesy to your slow steps. I see you at church. You nod sometimes, but the sermon is not complete without your smile of approval. I see you in the warmest corner of the hearth reading the paper.

You have one great temptation—it is to think that your days of usefulness are over. You are only in the way, so you feel, and you'd better be out of the world.

It is a great mistake. If the Lord thought that old people were useless. He would have devised some way suddenly to get rid of them.

What makes a person useful? Not ability to work. A baby cannot earn a penny, cannot do a stroke of work, yet it is often the most important factor in the household. Baby's coming often makes father "straighten up"; often unites the estranged hearts of husband and wife; often brings sobriety and industry into the home life.

An old man sitting in an armchair, feeble and helpless, may be the most useful member of the household. Let me say three things to you:

1. Old people are a blessing because of their accumulated wisdom. You have made the journey of life. You have the rich experience. That boy is a bright boy who forms the acquaintance of some aged person.

2. Old people supply a necessary conservative force. You make society more stable. You bring reverence to it. The

age that is wise rises before the hoary head.

3. Old people link us to heaven. You remind us of the future life. "My old mother knows how to pray," said a merchant recently to me. You bind us to the throne of God.

The earth would be positively poor without you. I am not sure but that you are the most useful members of society.—Advance.

How to Press a Costume

Pressing is a very important part of dressmaking, and unless it is done carefully the finished garment will never look well.

If you are making a skirt, or coat and skirt, you should always work with a hot iron by your side, and press each seam and piece of stiffening as you put it on. Tailors always do this, with the result that their seams look beautifully "blocked"—quite straight and clean-cut. A single seam on the wrong side of the material—the seams of a skirt, for instance—should be opened, creased back with the fingers, and then pressed, the iron being stamped heavily up the seam to make it flat without stretching it at all. A seam which has puckered up a little in the machine, as sewing on thin material will often do, should be pegged down at one end with a pin to the table; then the loose end should be pulled in the fingers, and the material pushed up with the iron towards the hand, so that the seam is stretched out. You can generally increase the length of it by a full inch if you treat it in this way.

Tucks and plaits should be tacked down flat before they are pressed. It is no good folding them and then trying to iron them into the folds, for unless you are very skilful you are sure to let your iron wobble a little, and the result will be a wavering line. So tack the plaits down firmly and leave nothing at all to chance.

Silk should always be ironed through a piece of thin muslin, for if you put the iron straight on the material it will make the surface glazed and hard. Damp the muslin and stretch it over the silk. Then use a moderately warm iron till the muslin gets quite dry and you will find that your silk looks perfectly smooth and fresh.

Embroidery of any kind should always be pressed on the wrong side, in order to throw up the pattern. Lay it on a thick, soft ironing-blanket, face downwards, and stamp it all over with the iron. You will find that the pattern is thrown up in strong relief, so that the very best is made of it.

Velvet must not be pressed flat on the table, for this would crush down the pile, and make it look no better than roughened silk. Get someone to hold the iron upside down in the air; then stretch the velvet between your hands, and pass the wrong side of it lightly to and fro over the hot surface. This will do quite as much smoothing as you require, and will make the pile stand up nicely.

Chiffon or any other very thin fabric, such as nylon, net, or gauze, should be pressed with an iron which is only moderately warm, for these thin stuffs are so fragile that they scorch very quickly. Pass the iron quickly over the material in long, straight strokes, and be careful that you do your pressing on a perfectly flat surface, for if there is a little rumple in the ironing-sheet this will be transferred to the chiffon, and you will afterwards find it difficult to take the mark out again.

After using petrol to clean a garment, be careful that you do not attempt pressing till the fabric is thoroughly dry and all the smell has passed away. Petrol is so very ready to take fire that even a suspicion of it, clinging to the surface of a material, would be enough to cause that surface to scorch a deep brown, and even, perhaps, burn into holes. The same caution applies to benzoline, and all cleaning preparations which have a smell similar to that of gasoline.

Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying the best of remedies—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

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with your name and address plainly written

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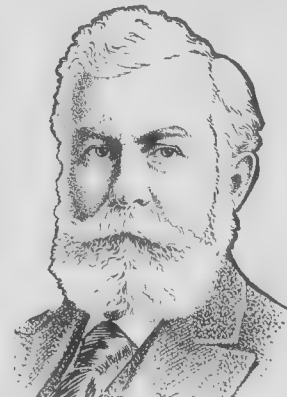
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To every one suffering with

RHEUMATISM

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About the Farm

Work and Play for the Child on the Farm.

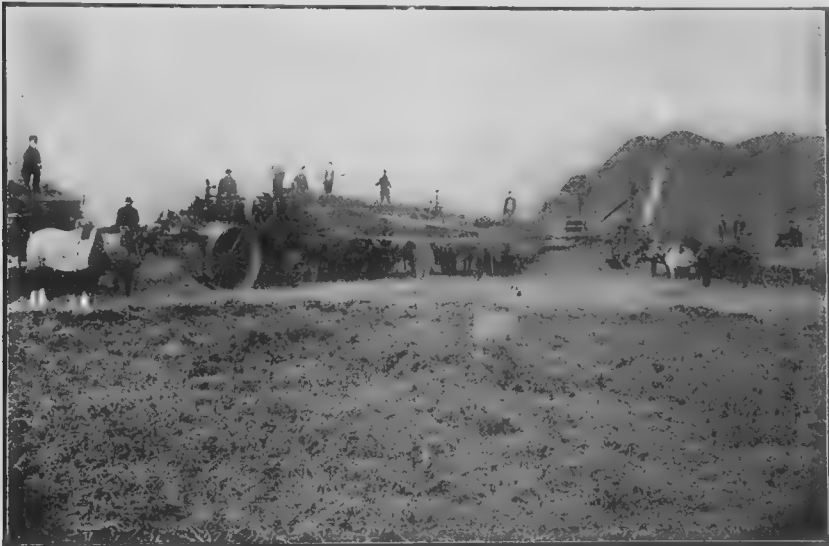
FORTUNATE is the child whose home is in the country. Contrast his life, as he lives in the heart of Nature, with that of the city child, cramped by brick walls and narrow streets. And yet with all the wonderful advantages for the children, the country seems unable to hold her sons and daughters as she should. It cannot be altogether due to the lure of the many and varied openings of the commercial life of the city; it is rather that a real love of working and living with the growing things of plant and animal life has not been fostered.

The little toddler of less than three delights to do what mother or father is doing, and is keenly interested in everything that is happening—delights to wipe the spoons when the dishes are being washed, to sweep or dust, to feed the chickens and help when the cattle are led to water; and then when a little older to hunt for eggs, shell peas, or do any of the hundred and one little things within the power of a child. At times, life on the farm may seem almost too busy for the "grown-ups" to include the children in their work, for it does take longer; but who knows what opportunities are lost when the instinct to help is thrust aside? Later the children are needed, but then they do not respon-

recreation. This has also been given as another reason for the swing of population from the country to the urban centers. Yet the rural districts have so many possibilities for recreation, with their open spaces and the treasures of Nature not yet even explored. Always, boys and girls have enjoyed making collections of things—birds' nests and eggs, insects, flowers and minerals, and all curios, such as Indian relics. I can still see the excited face of one little lad when he saw a toad for the first time. We all thrill in discovering new things.

Then, too, such fascinating things can be made from Nature's materials. Dolls from poppy heads, dressed in tissue paper gowns, are as carefully nursed as the most elaborate ones from the shops, perhaps more so; baskets made with burs, chains made from leaves or dandelion stems, pumpkin seeds or corn kernels, will fill many a happy hour; furniture constructed with horse-chestnuts and the ends of used matches is splendid for the doll house under the old apple tree and gives endless pleasure. All about are things to use, and suggestions from mother and father as to what they did when they were small will always be stimulating.

Then there is the sand-pile—an unfailing source of joy to a child from babyhood until at least the age of ten or eleven years. Sometimes there is



Threshing Operations near Gladstone

with the same willingness: the spontaneity has gone, and what might have had all the elements of play has been turned into work and drudgery. All these little things will foster or dull that inborn love of the country which can grow so strong that the boys and girls will not want to leave for the city.

Again, it is only in accord with human nature that the child will take more thought and care for something for which he himself is responsible—his pet lamb or calf, or his own little garden bed of radishes or onions. At first there will be need for many a reminder, for it requires some time for experience to make plain to the children that the laws of Nature are inexorable; that to forget to water the garden or pull the weeds will bring its own dire results. At every turn there is need for patience and sympathetic interest, but the child is gaining insight in the way to care for this or that, and he will take more interest in all the life of the farm and in seeking out the best method of doing things. As one specialist in stock-raising remarked, "There is no surer way to establish a good stock-raising section of the country than to work to have the boys love the stock and to take special pride in it."

The Surprises That Nature Offers

Valuable though all this is, and permitting of much freedom and happiness, there is still need for the fun of recreation. In America, people do not so truly live as in some other lands, because they fail to balance their days with sufficient

a sand-pit in the orchard, but if not a load or two of clean sand can be drawn close to the house and inclosed within four boards or logs to keep it from spreading. With the aid of old spoons, cans and sticks, hour after hour will be spent there by the children. Mothers who have provided sand-piles say that they would never be without them, for they always know where the children are and that they are contented, making cakes, pies, mountains, lakes and tunnels. No city or park playground is ever fully equipped without one.

One has but to remember the dash that is made for the swings and seesaws at the picnic grounds to realize how they appeal to the child heart. They are so easily and so cheaply constructed that there seems little reason for any country home to be without them. At the same time a jumping-standard and climbing-bar could be made for the growing youth. It has been proved by statistics that busy and active as the country boy and girl are, they are deficient when tested in running, jumping and other muscular feats. That they are eager for it and only await the opportunity to train and prove themselves has been shown in some localities where an interest has been taken in such things. We want them to have finely trained, alert bodies. They will work the better for it. Again and again has it been noticed that the child who enters spiritedly into his play enters his activities in the same way.

Teaching Children About Money

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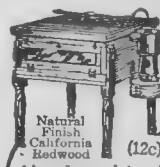
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DEPT. 15

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Without it costing you a cent, you can have the benefit of my twenty-five years of successful experience—my wide knowledge of Catarrh, its causes and its cure.

Don't neglect Catarrh! Don't let it make you into a worn-out, run-down Catarrhal wreck.

Remember, Catarrh is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting trouble. It's a dangerous one. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing, and often opens the way to Consumption. Be warned in time. If you have Catarrh, start to cure it NOW!

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Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless patent medicines.

Catarrh can be cured, if you take it in hand the right way. Write to me to-day and I'll give you valuable medical advice free on just what to do for it.



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Tell me about your trouble. After careful study I'll send you, without any charge whatever, a complete diagnosis of your case which will explain clearly how to get rid of Catarrh. Simply for the asking you'll receive excellent counsel that will point out how Catarrh can be cured, not just for a week, or a month, or a year—but PERMANENTLY.

Don't let this offer pass—accept my assistance today. This treacherous disease has been my life study—I know it in every form and stage. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh.

You can be also if you will.

Read my list of questions carefully, answer them yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines and mail the Free Advice Coupon to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will obtain for you the very help you need. I am a graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service. Address

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Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME
ADDRESS

the child not only by teaching him how to play and to find pleasure in the things of the country, but by making him feel that he is really needed and that he has a share in the work of the farm and is entitled to a share in its profits. Many wise parents of today are in this way training their children in business efficiency and right ideals of life. The boy who works hard all day for a dollar knows what life values in the way of work that dollar represents. The one who gets his dollar given to him as the result of some one else's labor never realizes this and so is deprived of knowledge that every one should get while young. Hence one of the best means of teaching children about money is to let them earn it. Most of the child's service in the home should be given freely, without thought of pay, as his contribution to the general welfare; yet it is advisable, as a beginning in his financial education, to arrange some way for him to earn—to give definite service for a definite sum. Then he is ready to be taught a properly balanced system of spending, saving and investing.

"My little girl," said a young farmer's wife, "used to want everything she saw, without any regard to its cost or how it was paid for. She had no conception of the value of money. Being our only child, she was growing up self-centered and thoughtless of others. So one day when she was in the city with me and had as usual wanted ice cream and candy, oranges, dolls and ribbons, I said to her: 'Now, Alice, if you want so many things you must earn the money to pay for them yourself.'"

"She looked at me wonderingly. 'How can I earn money, mother?' she asked.

"You can pick elderberries and harvest apples, and if you help me with the chickens and the garden I will give you a share of them.

"She took up my suggestion eagerly, and I am surprised at the way it is developing her. She works with zest, is delighted with her earnings, and is learning, by what they cost in effort, to be very careful of them. The demands for ice cream are not nearly so frequent, and somewhat to my surprise and greatly to my pleasure she wants to share her good things with others. Her own little experience is teaching her that it is really 'more blessed to give than to receive'—something her father and I were very unsuccessful in teaching her when we gave her everything. I let her buy her own ribbons now and help me choose her dresses, and she is already, though only ten, developing good judgment as to what is both useful and beautiful. My object in adopting this plan was to teach her the value of money, business methods and self-reliance, and I am well pleased, so far, with results."

A girl of fifteen left school to help her mother in a farm home. Instead of wages or an allowance she was given what she could make in income from the eggs of the flock of hens. In return for supplying the household with eggs, she was given the small wheat and cleanings from other grains as food for the flock, while all the returns from the fowls sold went into the common purse. As it was to her interest, therefore, to keep only the best layers, no hens over two years old were retained. Her average profit was a dollar a hen. In this way she was paid for her work and, to some extent, made a partner in the business, while at the same time she was acquiring skill and experience in the management of poultry, a knowledge of the outlay, the income and the marketing, as well as ability to manage her own money.

"I'm not going to give any church collection for a month; I can't afford to—I gave that beggar man ten cents of my savings money," announced a girl one day.

"Yes, and he went straight to the tavern and spent it there," jeered her brother.

"Well, I don't care; I gave it, anyway, and I can't afford any more."

Their mother, overhearing, decided that the time was ripe for training in systematic giving.

"Wouldn't it be a good plan to set aside a certain amount—say, a tenth—of your income as you get it and then give regularly and systematically?" she suggested.

"How, mother?" they asked.

"Well, we wouldn't like to live in a land without churches, for instance. Suppose you give one cent each Sunday as your share in this work. Then think carefully what you can do with anything that is left of your tenth to do the most good. Have a separate bag for every tenth penny and spend that as carefully as your own part."

This sounded interesting and the children immediately adopted the suggestion and began a plan which helped character development by inducing order and regularity in spending, steadying the girl's tendency to thoughtless and impulsive giving, and helping the boy to overcome a growing reluctance to giving at all.

A Curb on the Get-Rich-Quick Tendency

Interested in the growth of his savings was bringing to the surface some get-rich-quick tendencies in the boy, however; tendencies which are more or less latent in us all.

"My, here's a great offer!" he broke out one night, looking up from paper. "And all for fifty cents. I'm going to send for that."

It was an alluring offer of sundry wonderful articles with an extra of "Fifteen Sure Ways to Make Your Fortune" if sent for within a week.

"Wouldn't it be just as well to invest in something you know about—a hen for instance, or a setting of eggs?" advised his father. "You don't know what that will be."

"Oh, yes, I do. Why, the paper tells positively. You'll let me, won't you, father?"

"Oh, yes, if you want to. You must learn to use your own judgment." And as the boy started off in haste the man commented to his wife: "I guess it's about as cheap a way as he can take to get his eyes opened."

The boy watched the post-office daily for news of his package. He had the democrat wagon in readiness to bring it home. Finally he was observed sidling round the back way in the dusk one night with a fat yellow envelope sticking out of his pocket. He made no mention of the contents, however, for a long time after; but one day his mother came across a printed slip of "Fifteen Sure Ways to Make a Fortune," one of which was by chicken-raising and another by making soft soap!

"That was the best value you ever got in an investment," said the father, years later, as they were together looking over a particularly good real estate investment recently made by the son.

"You're right there, father," he returned, laughing as he recalled his boyish chagrin. "That fifty cents taught me that distant fields look green, but that I'm likely to be a better judge of those close at hand."

As time passed, these children were taken more and more into participation in the business as well as into the work of the farm. School learning was given a practical turn by its application to the making up of accounts, drawing notes, giving and getting receipts and writing business letters, as well as buying, selling and investing. Success and contentment on both sides were the result of a little judicious attention given from early childhood to the management of money and the resultant building up of character and financial prosperity.

Wasting Feed and Pork

N. P. Hull, Michigan

When working on the road one of my farmer friends and I got in a controversy about knowing the things which could be produced at a profit, so we might get away from the things which are unprofitable. The next spring that man called out to me:

"Here, Hull, I want to show you something. You told me how to keep track of what it cost to grow hogs. I have kept track this winter. I bought so many hogs last fall and I have fed them so many bushels of corn and so many bushels of turnips."

"Where are your hogs?" I said. "We went out and he called them up. I stood and looked at them a while. You know when your neighbor asks



or in the barn, "eating their heads off". One means profit—the other means loss. When a horse goes lame—develops a Spavin Curb, Splint, Ringbone—don't risk losing him through neglect—don't run just as great a risk by experimenting with unknown "cures". Get the old reliable standby—

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Mr. F. Winters, Fort William, Ont., writes—"I have cured one spavin with your Spavin Cure, and am now trying it on another with good results". Be ready for emergencies, keep a bottle of Kendall's in the barn. Then, if a horse goes lame, you have the remedy on hand to cure the trouble quickly. \$1. a bottle—6 for \$5. at druggists. Ask yours for free copy of book—"Treatise On The Horse" or write us direct.

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you to come and see something, you like to look at it a few minutes and say, "Well, that is pretty good stuff, neighbor." It is a great deal pleasanter to talk that way than any other way, but once in a while when the thing looks too "rocky," it is a pretty hard thing to know what you ought to say.

Finally, I blurted out, "What was there about those hogs you wanted me to look at?"

"Well," he said, "I just wanted to tell you how cheaply I have got them through the winter. So many bushels of corn and so many bushels of turnips."

"How much heavier are they than they were last fall?" I asked.

"They are not as heavy as they were last fall," he answered, "but I have only fed them so many bushels of corn and so many bushels of turnips."

"My friend," said I, "what has become of your corn and your turnips? You haven't as much of either, and you haven't as much pork as you had last fall."

That man had been pursuing a system of wasting corn, wasting turnips, wasting pork, and, if you please, wasting opportunity, for never again could he put flesh upon those hogs as cheaply as he could that fall when he commenced his systematic process of wasting. You will laugh at that man, but he could move into a good many agricultural counties without feeling so almighty lonesome as you think.

A Child's Financial Rights

Mrs. Fred Nisewanger

We, who are not overburdened with it, may sometimes speak scornfully of money and of the evil, greed, and wastefulness of those who have it in abundance; but this same "filthy lucre" is a factor that must be reckoned with in our scheme of life and, from both a moral and an educational standpoint, it is the right of every child to have a certain amount of it—however small that amount may need to be—for his very own.

In most cases, it is our experience that we must learn; no amount of talking can take the place of actual doing and knowing, however unfortunate that frequently seems to be; so I consider that learning the value of dimes and quarters and dollars is one of the most important items in the practical education of a boy or girl. We do not want them to be either spendthrifts or misers, but we do want them to have a well-balanced conception of the purchasing power and limitations of the result of a day's or week's work.

There should either be a regular weekly allowance coming to the children in return for the assistance they cheerfully give in the tasks about the farm and home that are suitable to their age, or a certain definite part of the proceeds of some of the live stock or crops should belong to the boy, or of the poultry yard or dairy to the girl. Let their individual efforts and interest have an influence, some way, in determining results.

Young people will enjoy their work more if they know that it will receive substantial appreciation, there will be a dignity about it then that lifts it above mere duty or common drudgery. They will feel that they are young partners in this home business instead of dependents upon the bounty of parents because they furnish them bread and butter and clothing. It isn't a bad idea to occasionally remember that the children didn't request this privilege of sharing even our bread and butter.

There is a boy over here who was given a cow and calf a few years ago. Under the supervision of his father, he now has a nice little bunch of stock and a growing bank account. And a girl who started out with a pen of pure-bred poultry three years ago—interest, care and judicious advertisement did the rest. She is one of the most wholesome, most sweetly independent and generous girls it is my pleasure to know. The parents of such young people, by the way, are not lying awake nights trying to solve the problem of how to keep the boys and girls on the farm.

I also have in mind a family of

children, each of whom has a regular weekly allowance of 10 cents to do with pretty much as they please and a group of school girls, not yet in their teens, who receive 50 cents a week each. Saturdays they are helpful in various ways and during the week they expect to wash the breakfast and supper dishes, gather eggs, feed chickens, etc. From this allowance they are supposed to keep themselves supplied with hair ribbons, handkerchiefs and stockings, and the tablets and pencils needed for their school work. They were not told that they must not spend the remaining \$20 or so a year for candy and gum; but each was told that as often as \$5 was saved to put in the bank, another \$5 would be added to it. They are early beginning to learn wisdom in buying and wisdom in saving, and their womanly heritage will include something of practical knowledge in this homely problem of how to make both ends meet.

A Good Investment

The brood sow is a gilt-edge investment, if she is properly taken care of. She should farrow as early as possible. If good, dry, warm quantities can be provided, the latter part of March or April will do. The breeder of pure-bred breeding stock is especially interested in having early litters. This insures a good growth in the boar pigs by breeding time. The gilts also make a good growth before farrowing time. If the sow has to make her nest around an old straw pile or cold damp house, the latter part of April up to May 16 is soon enough. The later farrowed

pigs will make more rapid gains and the loss at farrowing time will be lessened.

The feeding of the sow, while she is carrying the litter, has much to do with the vigor and thriftiness of the pigs. She should not be brought to farrowing time on a purely corn ration. After she has farrowed do not begin high feeding too rapidly. Give a small feed of bran or shorts mash, warm and pretty sloppy. Avoid cow's milk and other rich feeds for a time. When the pigs get well started increase the sow's ration. She should be fed heavily, as the gains on young pigs are made at a low cost for feed consumed. The feeder can draw on all feeds at hand. Wheat middlings, ground oats and corn meal are particularly good. Give the sow plenty of runway and pasture where possible. Supplement the pasturage by clover and alfalfa hay.

To get the best growth of bone and muscle on the pigs, feed feeds high in protein. Such feeds as wheat, bran and middlings, ground peas, skim milk, buttermilk, tankage and dried blood. The latter should be fed as a small portion of the ration, not over 10 per cent of the ration.

When the Sow Should Farrow

A. L. Swaggert

In raising cheap pork, the grower must first be fit for the business. Good fences for the farrowing pens for the sows are necessary. March is a good time for the sows to farrow. At three weeks

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hook, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

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and Almanac for 1913 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. E. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 968 Freeport, Ill.

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How to Conquer Rheumatism at Your Own Home

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, backache, muscular pains; stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent neuralgic pains, I invite you to send for a generous **Free Trial Treatment** of my well-known, reliable **Chronicure**, with references and full particulars by mail. (This is no C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. **Chronicure** succeeds where all else fails. **Chronicure** cleanses the Blood and removes the cause. Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find **Chronicure** a most satisfactory general tonic that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and send today for large free package, to **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box E. 86—Windsor, Ont.**

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In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered, as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.
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Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

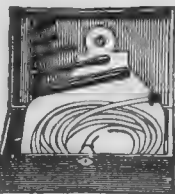
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old the pigs will begin to eat some grain. Feed them where the sow cannot get to their feed. Rolled wheat and barley makes an excellent grain ration. Eight weeks is the time for weaning the little fellows. Remove the mother and turn the pigs on the alfalfa or barley pasture, with about half a pound of rolled wheat per head. They will do well on that until the wheat is harvested. Then turn them in on the stubble.

Three acres will feed a pig for three months. When the pigs are eight months old feed all the rolled wheat the hogs can eat, and at the end of 30 days they will weigh something like 200 pounds. The sow is bred again and will farrow September 6, and you have another bunch of pigs weaned and ready to go to feeding for the June market.

Food Value of Eggs

Practically all food stuffs are now unusually high in price; especially is this so with meats. Round steak, which commonly sells for 12 cents per pound, now costs 20 cents, and the common pork chop sells for 18-20 cents, while rib roasts and sirloin and porterhouse steaks cost from 25 to 30 cents per pound.

A study of 376 American dietaries shows that meats and fish formed 17.8 per cent by weight of the total food material; eggs 2.1 per cent; dairy products 18.4 per cent; and all animal foods combined 38.5 per cent of all foods consumed. Thus over one-third of the food eaten come from animal sources; the remainder from the plant kingdom.

Meats furnish nutrients at a higher cost than that of the same nutrients when obtained from vegetables; but, owing to their pleasing flavor, meats

fourth more food nutrients in the form of eggs than in round steak.

Eggs are more economical than meat in another way. While a pound of meat is sufficient for three or possibly four people for a meal, the same number of people would not eat more than eight eggs, possibly not more than four, costing less than half what the meat costs. While the eggs would furnish less food material, that is no objection, because it is a well-known fact that the average person is over-fed rather than under-fed.

Eggs are very thoroughly digested; in fact, practically all the nutrients they contain are utilized by the body. The same thing can be said of meat.

Raw or soft-boiled eggs are more easily digested than such as are hard-boiled; but, with a healthy person, eggs are thoroughly digested, regardless of method of cooking.

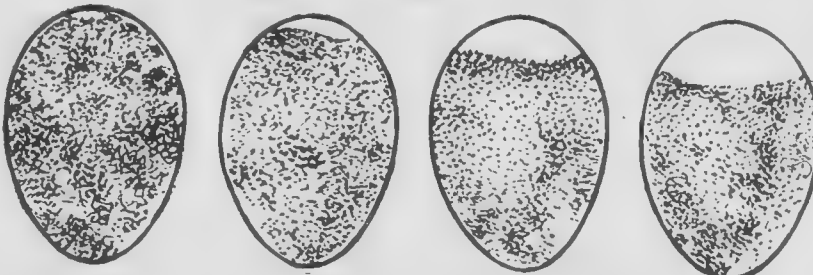
The substitution of eggs for meat is an effective way to reduce the cost of living.—Ralph Hoagland, in "Minnesota University Farm Press News."

He Smelled Like the Barn

"He smelled like the barn,"
But his heart was all right,
And though his coat was all ragged and torn
And his hat he had worn ever since he was born,
He had a good smile that beamed from his face
Whenever a neighbor was seen on his place.

"He smelled like the barn,"
And his clothes were not new,
But when he came leisurely home from the town
His boys were not met with a kick and a frown,

Telling Age of Eggs by Candling



Fresh Eggs 1 Week Old 2 Weeks Old 3 Weeks Old
The Air Space in an Egg Denotes its Age

will probably remain an important part of the American dietary, at least until their cost becomes prohibitive except to the wealthy. Meats are no more indispensable in the diet than is coffee.

Eggs can probably be substituted for meat with less objection, on the part of the consumer, than in case of other foods, such as beans, macaroni, peas, etc. At present market prices—round steak at 20 cents, and eggs at 16 cents—a given sum of money will buy more food nutrients in the form of eggs than in round steak.

Eggs do not differ greatly in composition from meat. The average egg, as purchased, consists of about 11 per cent waste material or shell. The edible portion consists of about 74 per cent water, 13 per cent protein or muscle building material, 10.5 per cent fat, and 1 per cent mineral matter.

For comparison, medium fat round steak, as purchased, consists of about 7 per cent waste material, bone, fat, etc. The edible portion consists of 66 per cent water, 20 per cent protein, 14 per cent fat, and 1 per cent mineral matter. Round steak contains slightly less refuse and water than eggs, but rather more protein and fat. Round steak contains approximately one-third more food nutrients than an equal weight of eggs.

Eggs vary greatly in size and weight, but the average egg weighs about 2 ounces, or eight eggs weigh a pound.

Twenty cents will buy one pound of round steak; and, with eggs at 16 cents, will buy 1 1-3 dozen, or 15 eggs weighing 30 ounces.

And often we heard that his pockets bulged wide,
And that candy and nuts were reposing inside.

And often his boys
When he'd been away
Used to run and meet dad half a mile down the road,
And when they came laughing on top of the load
I thought of those people who turned up their nose,
And I thought of the heart underneath those old clothes.

"He smelled like the barn,"
And he smoked an old pipe,
But when the fourth of July came around
His children and he were the first on the ground.

And there was not a boy or a girl far or near
Who did not like dad and enjoy his good cheer.

"He smelled like the barn,"
But his girls and his boys
Went away to the schools and they've all had a show.
And they've learned to know things that their dad doesn't know,
And they've pleasures galore and all of the frills,
But dad is the one who is footing the bills.

"He smelled like the barn,"
Don't say it again.
For when the great day of reckoning comes,
And they count up the virtues and add up the sums,
I'm afraid that our lists won't appear very long
When placed with the list of this man of our song.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE SUFFER UNTOLD AGONY FROM Dyspepsia.

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this. Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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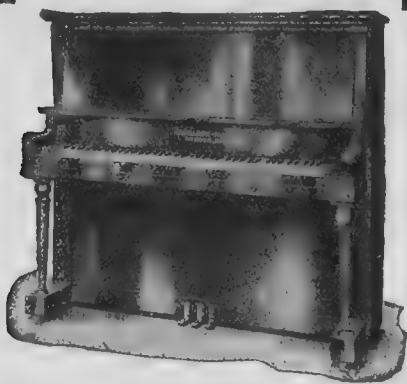
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Remedies For Colic

Emergency Treatment that Seldom Fails
By T. B. Rogers, D.V.M.

When we consider that the horse possesses but half a stomach, the anterior half being only a continuation of the gullet, and that his intestines are long, have much freedom of motion, and are not protected by a fatty cushion, as in some other animals, we must realize that his anatomical construction predisposes him to digestive trouble. Add to this the facts that he is often compelled to exert himself to the limit of his capacity immediately after a meal, instead of digesting it at leisure; that he is allowed to fill himself with water when it should be withheld, or deprived of it when every fiber of his body cries for it; that he is also too frequently underfed or overfed; that he is allowed to go from morning till night without food and then fed to repletion—a most common cause of colic in truck horses—we cannot wonder that colic is at the head of all other diseases of the horse.

The cause of colic may be divided into the following classes: First, failure to digest properly food that is good in quality, fed at the proper time. Second, the feeding of a ration that is of inferior quality—for example, moldy hay or grain or roughage poor in nutritive matter and rich in indigestible constituents—or the feeding of an ill-balanced ration; letting a horse go without hay for some days, while receiving his full allowance of grain. Third, feeding substances good in themselves but not well calculated for equine digestion—new wheat, sweet potatoes, white potatoes, field peas, pea vines, beans, barley and crimson clover. Though it is possible to accustom a horse to some, they are deviations from the normal and must be used with great care.

A Usual Symptom

Fourth, improper watering, giving water too soon after a meal, giving it in excessive quantity or, conversely, deprivation of the normal quantity of water, or giving it when the animal is overheated. Fifth, the action of poisons, either mineral or vegetable. Sixth, the presence of worms in the trunk of the arteries supplying the small or large intestines with blood. Their mechanical irritation may cause formation of blood clot, portions of it being carried to smaller vessels may block them, and thus deprive a number of feet of the intestines of its blood supply. The French term these cases congestive colic. Seventh, mechanical causes: twists of the gut, the slipping of one piece of gut into the canal through which the testicle descends in the stallion—colic in the stallion must always excite suspicion of this accident—the presence of calculi (intestinal concretions), impaction of food, the swallowing of foreign bodies, nails, and so forth. Sharp, long or irregular teeth may also cause colic. Eighth, conditions due to the animal's environment, extremes of temperature, long exposure to rain or snow when exhausted, exposure to drafts when heated and so on.

From whatsoever cause an attack of colic arises, one symptom is always present—abdominal pain, varying from slight uneasiness to violent torment. Unfortunately the degree of pain does not allow us to form an opinion as to the mildness or severity of the attack. A horse may show but little when the skilled observer knows that he is in grave danger, and, on the other hand, may throw himself round in agony and be well and eating his food in half an hour. Bloating, through the presence of gases arising from fermenting food, is also often present. If it is confined to the stomach the horse usually belches up the gas at intervals; if in the intestines, the outward manifestation may vary from a hardly noticeable swelling to a degree threatening suffocation or rupture of the gut. The gas presses the diaphragm forward, and thus, decreasing the lung space, causes difficulty in breathing; the membranes of the nose are dusky, and if reabsorption of the gases takes place the poisoning of the blood-stream further complicates the trouble. Occasionally vomiting is observed. It has been stated that there are only two conditions that cause vomiting in the horse—aconite poisoning and ruptured stomach. A moment's consideration will show, how-

ever, that vomiting cannot take place after rupture occurs. Substitute "retching" for "vomiting" and the experienced veterinarian will tell you that it is very characteristic of rupture of the stomach.

It must be apparent to the stock-owner that to attempt to cure colic—except to administer emergency treatment—during the absence or pending the arrival of the veterinarian, is most unwise. Arising from many widely divergent causes, and exhibiting a multiplicity of symptoms, each case should be skillfully treated on its merits. There are no cure-alls for colic. On the other hand something must be done in the emergency, and the treatment should be addressed to the relief of pain, stoppage of the fermentation of food, which gives rise to the bloating—if this symptom be present—and the removal of the cause, if this be apparent. For the relief of pain, hydrate of chloral is a safe and good remedy. From one to one and a half ounces, according to the size of the horse, may be given in a pint of lukewarm water. As it is somewhat irritating to the mouth and throat, it is well to give the horse two or three ounces of linseed oil as a protective just before the administration of the chloral.

Since chloral stops fermentation it is especially indicated where swelling is present. Most cases are benefited by rectal injections of warm soapy water, the best instrument for the purpose being three or four feet of garden hose and a funnel. The hose is much safer than a syringe, cheaper and almost indestructible. Empty the rectum with the hand, then introduce the tube, previously greased, passing it gently forward as far as possible. A pail of water may be safely and expeditiously given in this way. If, when you are drenching a horse, he persistently holds the liquid in his mouth, a little lukewarm water—about a tablespoonful—poured into the nostril will compel him to swallow.

The Relief of Bloat

Whisky, in four to six ounce doses, alone or combined with spirits of camphor, essence of peppermint or spirits of turpentine, furnishes a domestic remedy usually accessible. The drugs named may safely be given in one-ounce doses. For swelling, bicarbonate of soda, sulphite of soda or aromatic spirits of ammonia, given in one ounce doses, diluted with a pint of lukewarm water, are useful remedies. Their administration should be preceded by a little linseed oil, to protect the mouth and throat. A purgative dose of aloes, from one to one and a half ounces, is to be recommended unless great prostration and diarrhea complicate the case. If the swelling reaches such a point as to endanger life, tap the distended gut through the right flank with a trocar and cannula.

In practice, if the point of the trocar be placed over the most prominent part of the swelling, at an equal distance from the point of the haunch, the backbone and the last rib, and the instrument be given a sharp blow with the palm of the hand, it will safely enter the gut. The trocar is then withdrawn and the cannula left in until the gas has ceased to pass out. It is then to be withdrawn with a gentle upward twisting movement and the little wound is to be disinfected. An instrument for this purpose should be kept ready for use.

The Healthy Pig

Abundant hair, on swine, lively and somewhat fine and soft, growing out of a pliable skin, which is neither thick nor papery and free from mangy conditions, tells the story of robust health, vigor, thrift, and active circulation. The ideal pig should not be sleepy and sluggish, nor, on the other hand, restless and uneasy. Free action and a bright, sprightly manner are signs of good digestion and good health. If he is a comfortable, good-natured, friendly creature, wide-awake, disposed to visit with his owner instead of running away from him, and has the other points of excellence mentioned, he can scarcely fail to be a joy to his possessor and approximate, in the eyes of many, a thing of beauty.—From Coburn's "Swine in America."

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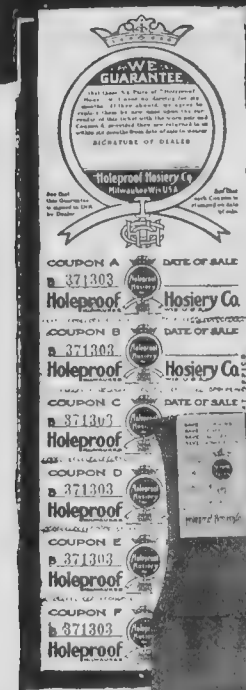
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We make them in silk for men and women; three pairs for men, guaranteed three months, \$2; three pairs for women, guaranteed three months, \$3.

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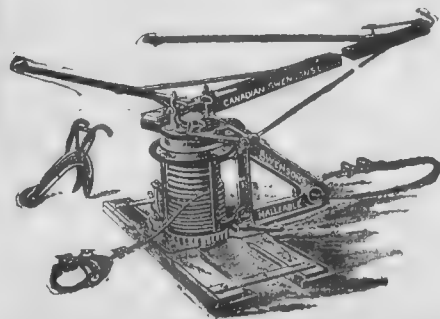
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Alberta Wool Clip

Southern Alberta's 1912 wool clip was considerably larger than the average for the past few years, according to reliable figures furnished from Lethbridge. Close to 160,000 pounds more was taken from the backs of sheep in Southern Alberta this year than was clipped last year, these figures show. The value of the crop was \$10,000 more than it was in 1911. It is expected that the 1913 crop will go over the million pound mark, judging from the tendency to get into the wool growing in this section. Several large flocks have come in since 1912 shearing season, and many more are coming. The following table gives the wool clips and their value in Southern Alberta for five years:—

	No. of pounds.	Price per pounds	Valuation
1908	411,500	11 cts.	\$45,265.00
1909	416,565	13 1/4 cts.	55,179.86
1910	449,920	14 1/2 cts.	65,238.40
1911	420,983	14 cts.	58,937.62
1912	604,053	13 1/2 cts.	81,547.15

Problems of Farm Wives

My husband thinks a woman's place is in her home, in the back kitchen, at that. He says that his mother knew her place, and kept it. When I first asked him where that was, he replied: "In the kitchen, where she belonged."

That peace may reign, I spend most of my spare time in summer in my gardens, raising vegetables and flowers. My husband does not object to raising garden stuff, as it will sell; flower growing is, he says, a waste of time. You see there is nothing in it for him. I milk, do chores, hoe, pick up potatoes; in fact, do everything but plow. I get my board, and perhaps \$25 worth of clothes per year, with no vacations.—[Mrs. A. G. R.]

My husband thinks I should always stay at home. He is afraid the house may take fire if no one is there to look after it, or he may need someone to tie up a finger, or get him a lunch between meals, or help him find his tools or mittens. He can go where and when he pleases without telling me, but I must be ready "all attention" when he returns, and ask no questions. I was told that "woman was made for man, not man for woman," so I suppose she should put in her time catering to his fancies. I do not receive, as a rule, any cash, having to be content with my board.

The most discouraging thing is having to work so hard with no time to sit in the open air or smell the flowers. That is my experience with two babies and eight hired men to cook and make beds for. It is like a view of the promised land with no chance to get there.—[Mrs. B. D.]

If I have a minute to sit down I must sew or mend. With 25 pounds of butter to make every other day, cows to milk, chickens and pigs to care for, besides my garden, and various other little cares, and with two children, there is no time for pleasure. I have no drain so have to carry all slop water away from the house to avoid disease, and there is a great deal of slop where milk is handled. The more a woman does the more she may do, and get no thanks. If a man would say "thank you" once in a while, it would help. I would enjoy going to town once in a while and spending some money to suit myself. My husband does not think it necessary for me to go. He buys the children's and my clothes and we wear what he gets. He is not the only man of this kind in our neighborhood. The men in general seem to think that women ought never to go away from home. I have been to town three times in 10 years and have had four new best dresses and two hats and one coat. You see I am the stay-at-home kind and go without kind too. I am not slow in my duties either, as I am small in build, weighing 90 pounds and am young, not 30 years old yet.—[Mrs. C. F.]

We have culled these extracts from the large mass of correspondence that has come to the office from time to time. While we know that these do not repre-

sent the conditions in regard to the majority of farm women, still the fact does remain that there are many, far too many, whose lives these letters portray pretty accurately. Each one asks what she can do to help her condition and that of her children. For an outsider to advise in family affairs is generally presumption, but there is the other side that sometimes an outsider can see all around the subject.

Every selfish and thoughtless husband had a mother who, in nine cases out of ten, was to blame for the type of husband that he is now. As long as mothers do not train their boys to be thoughtful, considerate and chivalrous to women, just so long will there be the kind of husbands whose wives have written in for advice.

Criticism of the mothers won't aid the present cases of overworked and unappreciated wives. Oftentimes the man does not realize how hard the wife's work is, for in these cases the women seldom or never leaves the home for over a day.

An excellent remedy where these conditions prevail, often is found in the wife insisting on going away for a visit. Not only will she have a change and rest, but the husband, by doing the housework himself, will discover just how many things the wife's day is filled with. To be sure, the house will be in dirt and disorder on the return, and the chickens may not be doing as well, but that is a small matter if the husband has been made to miss the home comforts he has accepted hitherto without thought and appreciates just how much work they entail. Oftentimes absence is all that is necessary.

There are a few men or women whom it isn't possible to mold over, if thought is put on it and diplomacy used to effect the end. In many cases, the woman's value of herself is the cause of the man's attitude. A firm, dignified stand as to the wife's rights in the partnership, with no weeping, would help all these cases. Fear of the man's anger, if she rebel, nearly all of these women state to have been one of the reasons that they have submitted to this subjugation, but many times this anticipated anger is overestimated. In any case, the wife would have her own self-respect, for having taken her proper stand and would gain courage to insist in the future on her own and her children's rights. Little is gained by allowing one's self to be walked over. As Dorothy Dix says: "Dem dat makes door mats of deyselves is got to expect to be stepped on. You don't see nobody tromplin' on de pianner."

As Mother Used to Do

He criticized her puddings, and found fault with her cake.

He wished she'd make such biscuits as his mother used to make,

She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew,

Nor even mend his stockings as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done,

His wife was always drudging, and yet had only one;

His mother always was well dressed; his wife could be so, too,

If she would only manage, as his mother used to do.

Ah, well, she wasn't perfect, but she tried to do her best,

Until at length she thought her time had come to take a rest,

And so one day when he the same harangue went through,

She turned and boxed his ears just as his mother used to do.

Mother: "Johnnie, why are you beating little sister? Surely she has not been unkind to you?"

Johnnie: "No, Mamma, but she is so fearfully good I simply can't stand her."

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, abating the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many who are subject to these distressing disturbances and to these there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief.

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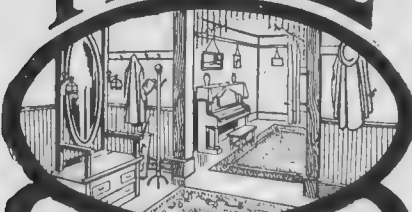
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Temperance Talk

Why Men Drink

By John Landgraf

THAT liquor drinking has its advantages is not denied but it is doubted whether it furnishes more cheer to the drinker than the excuses the average drinkers make affords amusement to those who do not drink. To say that beer is a food is more amusing to the man who does not drink it than the drinking of it is to the man who goes hungry after having spent enough money on beer to have appeased the most ravenous appetite if it had been invested in any other kind of food. The man who makes that kind of an excuse is not looking for food for he never complains of being hungry when working someone for drinks.

Some will make the excuse that they are thirsty; but their injured feelings, when we offer them something that would quench thirst, excites our suspicion, and their inconsistency becomes apparent when we note that, no matter how copiously they are imbibed, none ever intimate that their thirst is quenched.

We hear of men drinking to cool off but we never hear of any one refusing a drink on the grounds of being too cool.

Some take liquor as a medicine, but the average health of these people does

enough to give a man a headache, which he does not need; and if the \$100,000, which was formerly spent for drink, was spent for necessities of life, which people could not buy heretofore, it would employ all the men, to purchase these necessities, that were thrown out of employment by the abolition of the liquor traffic.

But there is a class of people who do not drink because of any food value in beer, and they never expect to be cured by "Duffey's Pure Malt Whisky." These people would see their fellowman hitting back doors for handouts before they would contribute a nickel towards a business that would enable him to get a job in a brewery. And as for stimulants, they admit the sting of a bee beats the best Kentucky "moonshine" that ever raised snakes in the boots. They unhesitatingly admit that they drink because in their estimation they derive from it certain indefinable values which they prize above anything else the same amount of money will buy.

These men give the real reason for drinking. Their consistency is commendable; but their conception of values is lamentable. On the one hand we have plenty and happiness; on the other we have poverty and sorrow—with the wherewithal to drown that sorrow as a redeeming feature. People who prize



Gladstone and Portage la Prairie Football Teams

not strike us as a very powerful argument in favor of drinking.

Some take it as a stimulant, but it is not generally conceded that those who thus stimulate themselves are in greater demand for their efficiency than others.

Some will make the excuse that the liquor traffic gives employment to many people who would otherwise be without employment. This excuse carries weight in so far as people lack knowledge of political economy. For the benefit of those who patronize the traffic through fear of dire calamity resulting from their withdrawing their patronage we will illustrate by taking a single community as an example. Let us suppose they have a liquor traffic which distributes \$100,000 a year among the people—in prices to farmers for grains used; in wages to brewery workers; in profits to saloonkeepers; in license fees for the support of jails and poor-houses, and in extra police hire consequent to the traffic. Now, does anyone suppose that if the traffic were abolished the community would be \$100,000 a year poorer? To be sure no more grain would need to be raised for brewing; no labor would be required to make beer, and no extra police would be needed to take care of drunkards. But before we go into hysterics about the man thrown out of employment let us see what becomes of the \$100,000 formerly spent for drink. Isn't it generally conceded that many of these "business boosters" have let their families starve while they were contributing to a traffic which enabled another man to make a living? To make a pair of shoes, which the family needs, will give as much employment to somebody as it will make beer

these values above anything else they can get for the money that it costs to acquire the sorrow and then drown it, lose by the abolition of the liquor traffic.

No doubt, these people are happier spending their money on "the cup that cheers" than they would be providing themselves and families with necessities of life, but their consistency loses its charm when after having spent all their money on these "values," from the hilarity that precedes a headache, down to the blissful oblivion of drowned sorrow, they will appeal to us, who have denied ourselves these pleasures, that we keep them in their declining years and furnish a potter's field for their bones when they shuffle off this mortal coil.

The arguments of the liquor interests are as consistent as the excuses of their customers. Breweries are not established for the purpose of giving employment to the poor as they are insinuating in some of their advertisements, but for the money which is more easily extracted from the people this way than any other, and there is no one employed in the liquor industry but some one is deprived of employment at something more useful.

Just One Case

The following item clipped from the Guelph Mercury, refers to a case which is only one of a vast number. The record is a sad one, and the worst feature of it is the legalizing of the system out of which such wretchedness grows:—

"She walked into the License Inspector's office this morning, a woman wan and gray. She had done everything



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This waste they know,
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Send Name and Address Today—
You Can Have it Free and Be
Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this but I send it entirely free.

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AT ONCE, families, sons and daughters to color pictures in the home, for the trade, by a NEW COLORING PROCESS. We furnish everything, you do the work. We send plain, outline pictures which you color and return to us. No experience required. Work is easy and fascinating. Good wages. Work all year round, for whole or spare time. No canvassing, our travellers sell the goods. Write to-day for instructions and contract (free) and start work at once.

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COULD NOT LET ANYONE TALK TO HER

SHE WAS SO NERVOUS.

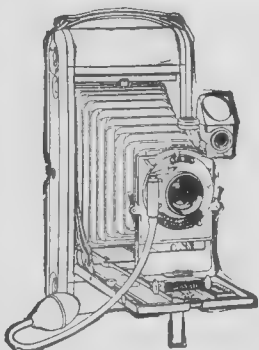
Diseases of the nervous system are very common. All the organs of the body may be sound while the nervous system is all upset, on account of the troubles and worry which fall to the lot of one who has to look after the troubles incident to housekeeping, and when the nerves become unstrung the heart is also effected.

In Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is combined a treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorder as well as act on the heart itself, and for this reason we would highly recommend them to all run down women.

Mrs. Wm. Smith, Terra Nova, Ont., writes:—"I wish to tell you that I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was so nervous I could hardly let anyone talk to me until a neighbour told me to try your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I got three boxes, and did not have to get any more as they completely cured my nervous system."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are for sale at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25.

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within her power to help her husband, who was addicted to the liquor habit, but was unable to leave the stuff alone. He had been listed before, and had tried hard to cut the drinking out, but had failed to make good. As long as he had money there was always someone to buy the liquor for which he craved.

"When his time ran out this wife decided that it would do no good to put him on the list again, and allowed the papers to lapse. When off the list he drank harder than ever, came home at all hours of the day and night, and made life a veritable hades for his family.

"She finally decided that it was better to have him on the prohibited list, even though he could at times secure the liquor with which to satisfy his abnormal craving, and his name has once more been placed on the list, and all the hotelkeepers in the city have been notified that he must not be served with intoxicating liquors."

The Vote that Counted

By Mrs. R. E. Babler in "The Union Signal"

"I feel no doubt about the victory being ours," Mrs. B. assured me as we parted at my gate on the evening before the Local Option election. "But, say," and she came a step nearer, "yonder is one vote that certainly should be ours, for that old man calls himself a Christian."

I turned and saw Colonel Stone sitting on his porch.

"Just think of all those men in his factory whose votes he might influence. I wish I dared broach the subject to him," I said, whereupon she shrugged her shoulders and went her way.

As I joined my mother on the lawn I told her of the hopeful outlook we had, as we were sure of every ward save one—the business ward—voting dry by a large majority.

While we were talking the telephone rang, and, imagine my surprise when I was informed that sixty negro voters had been registered in our ward within the last hour.

"But the time of registration is passed," I objected.

"Legally, it has," came the voice from the other end of the line. "But I begin to think there will be little observance of the law in this election."

With a heavy heart I sat at the window watching my boy of three summers as he frolicked with his little fox terrier on the grass. How I prayed God to take away the temptation of the saloon ere my darling should reach the age when he might become its prey! The child of my heart had inherited the taste for drink, and I knew it. Though his father was a total abstainer, as far back as I could trace in the family the cup had been indulged in, though usually with moderation.

"Have I done my full duty?" I asked myself, and then I thought of Colonel Stone right next door, whose vote I had

not even tried to win. He had come out on the lawn and was sitting beneath a large maple tree, where, summoning all my courage, I joined him. Upon seeing me, he arose, greeted me courteously, as was always his custom, and motioned me to a seat on the bench besides him.

"I've just been watching little Pete," he said, referring to my boy. "He is a manly looking little fellow. Guess he will make his mark some day."

"Thank you, I hope so," was my reply, and then, almost before I knew what I was going to say, I added, "I have come to ask a favor of you for my little man."

He evidently divined my meaning, and the deprecatory look he gave me brought to my mind his decided views in regard to women bothering with politics.

"What is it?" he asked, and there was something in his tone that for a moment made me wish I had stayed at home; but I had gone too far to make a retreat.

"I want you to vote dry for him tomorrow. Will you do it?" I asked, looking him squarely in the face.

"No ma'am," he replied, very emphatically, drawing his lips tightly together. Then, seeming to realize how sharply he had spoken, and no doubt seeing that I felt wounded, he added: "I love that boy of yours, and I love his mother. Many a time have I held you on my knee when you were no older than he, and you would have to go no farther than right here for any favor desired for you or him; but for me to vote dry would be conferring no kindness upon either of you, and would be acting positively against my convictions. Do you think for a moment that the closing of the saloon would keep whisky out of the town?"

My breath came so fast that I could scarcely speak, but I decided to hold up my end of the argument to the best of my ability.

"No, I don't really think it would," I replied.

"Well, then, what do you wish to do? Increase the number of law-breakers? Bring blind tigers among us?" he asked impatiently.

"Now, listen to me Colonel," I interrupted. "If you had had my experience since I have been associated with public charities in our town you would see matters in a different light. There are some who will always have whisky as long as it is manufactured. There are others who have to beg the nickels that buy the drinks. Could they afford to pay the cost of having it shipped to them? As for the blind tigers, you men should select for policemen only such

Which kind of a culvert does your waggon cross?

DOES the road you use pass over rickety, dangerous wooden culverts, that are constantly in need of repairs and often washed away entirely? Or is it carried safely across the low places by modern, everlasting culverts? Build your

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which not only cannot be washed away, but actually grow stronger with age and use.

Every farmer owes it to himself to insist that the money he pays for road-taxes be spent to the best advantage. As a ratepayer, he is entitled to the best roads that can be made with that money. When culverts are washed out, and the road rendered impassable, he not only suffers inconvenience but may also be caused financial loss by inability to get necessary supplies in time for spring planting. And at best, with wooden culverts, part of the money that should be used to make better roads must be spent every year for repairs.

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IF you want to know more about Concrete Culverts, write our Information Department

WOODEN culverts are unsightly, dangerous, expensive, short-lived.

CONCRETE culverts are neat, safe, need no repairs, and are ever-lasting.

Suffered With A Lame Back COULD NOT STRAIGHTEN UP.

Many people fail to understand the significance of a lame, weak, sore or aching back.

When the back aches or becomes weak it is a warning that the kidneys are affected in some way.

Heed the warning, cure the back and dispose of any chances of serious kidney trouble following.

Mr. C. Grace, Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"I was suffering with a lame back, and for two weeks was not able to straighten up to walk, and hardly able to sit down for the pains in my back, hips, and legs. I had used different kinds of pills, plasters, liniments and medicines, without any relief. One day I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and decided to try them. Before I had half a box used I felt a great deal better, and by the time I had used two boxes, I was cured. I have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."

men as will attend to them. Why, the wife of one of your employees told me the other day that if her husband returned home from his work through a certain saloonless street he would bring his week's earnings to her and the children; whereas if he passed the saloon he would go in, spend his money, and come home crazy with drink to ill-treat them cruelly. And, another thing, do you think my boy, or any other mother's boy, would be as likely to take his first drink if he had to send to some other city for it, as he would be if he were forced to pass the saloon day after day?" I was beginning to get warmed up to my subject now, and the old gentleman was listening attentively.

"It is up to you and the rest of the mothers to look after your boys," he said, and then, after a moment, in a tone and with a look that somewhat betrayed him, he added: "Doubtless you have not stopped to consider the revenue we would lose by the abolition of the whisky trade from our town; of the inevitable increase in taxes, etc."

Ah, I knew then his true motive for advocating the saloons, for he was an immense property owner. I looked at the long white beard; in memory I saw him as he was thirty years ago, which was about my earliest recollection of him; surely time had laid his hand heavily upon him.

"Colonel," I began, "you are now living on borrowed time, for your three-score years and ten have passed. There could scarcely be such an increase in taxes as would impoverish you in the years you have left. And what are dollars when placed in the balance with human souls? Now, just suppose the town should go wet by a majority of just one vote. Such a thing is not impossible, you know—and then if my boy should, through the open saloon, be tempted and fall, and like many others never be redeemed, don't you think that it would be hard for me to believe that his blood was not on your hands?"

I noticed that the hand resting on his crutch trembled, but when, after a long silence, he lifted his head the fear that I had angered him was dispelled, for his expression softened, and he said: "Well, I'll not vote at all, then."

My heart leaped for joy, for I knew that I was gaining ground. Just then someone called me, and as I rose to go I spoke earnestly.

"But you must vote, Colonel," I said. "Suppose on the eve of one of our great battles, perhaps the one which cost you your limb, you had said to your commander, 'General, I'm not sure our cause is right, so I just won't fight at all.' What do you suppose he would have said?"

He looked me full in the face. There were tears in his eyes, but he spoke not a word.

"And yet you stand here and tell your Saviour that very thing," I laid my hand gently on his shoulder. "Be true to Him and to His cause tomorrow won't you?" I pleaded.

It seemed an age before he spoke, but finally he extended his hand and, with an expression on his face that I can never forget, he answered:

"By the grace of God, for the sake of you and your boy, and for the sake of right against wrong, I'll vote dry tomorrow."

I clasped his withered old hand in both of mine, and giving it a warm pressure, ran home with a happy heart.

The next morning I was surprised to see him out so early, and still greater was my surprise when I learned that he was going from precinct to precinct, doing all he could for the sake of our homes and children, regardless of the cost.

There was not a more influential man in the town, and his act caused a great deal of surprise and comment, but on he went, doing his duty like the brave old soldier that he was.

At sunset the polls were closed, and with almost unbearable anxiety we awaited the outcome, for the battle had been a close one. But when the joyful news came that the victory was ours by the small majority of eleven votes, every true woman's heart in the town echoed the prayer:

"God bless Colonel Stone."



How to Train Scary, Vicious, Balky, Tricky Horses and QUICKLY DOUBLE THEIR VALUE!

Write for Prof. Jesse Beery's FREE "HORSE-TRAINER'S PROSPECTUS"

If you are the owner of a vicious, tricky, kicking, balky, dangerous and unsaleable horse or colt, don't get rid of the horse—get rid of its bad habits.

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Prof. Jesse Beery won world-wide fame and was tremendously successful giving exhibitions of his marvelous skill in mastering man-killing stallions, training wild horses to drive without bridle or reins. The whole country was thrilled by his daring deeds.

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You can do it by the Beery System. There is lots of money in breaking colts. The field is unlimited.



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Prof. Jesse Beery

What His Graduates Have Done

Prof. Beery's Correspondence Course in Horse-Training and Colt-Breaking is the only instruction of the kind in the world. Thousands of his graduates are reaping the profits and benefits of his wonderful course. For example, take the case of Emmett White, Kalona, Iowa, now a prosperous professional horse-trainer. Mr. White says: "I wouldn't take \$500 for what you have taught me. You may judge of my success when I tell you that I have been able to buy a home and an automobile solely through earnings from training horses as taught by your excellent methods."

Buys "Man-Killers" Cheap, Trains and Re-Sells at Big Profit

A. L. Dickinson, Friendship, N. Y., writes: "I am working a pair of horses that cleaned out several different men. I got them for \$110, gave them a few lessons and have been offered \$400 for the pair."

S. M. Ryder, Mercersburg, Pa., writes: "I am making money buying 3-year-old kickers cheap, handling them for a few days and selling them, perfectly broken, at a large profit."

So it goes. Everywhere, Beery's graduates are making money as trainers and "traders," giving exhibitions. Write and we will tell you about more of them. It's intensely interesting.

Retires from the Arena—Now Teaching Horse-Training by Mail

Prof. Beery has retired from the arena, after a career of unparalleled success, and is devoting his time to teaching his methods to a limited number of selected pupils—both men and women—by correspondence.

Graduates Making \$1,200 to \$3,000 a Year at Home or Traveling

The wonderful success of Prof. Beery's graduates—taught by mail at home during spare time—proves beyond question the value of his instruction. People gladly pay his graduates \$15 to \$25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of bad habits, and colts broken to harness.

A Penny Postal May Make Your Fortune

No matter who you are or where you live, if you love horses and are ambitious to earn more money in a profession you will be proud of, write for the wonderful Free "Horse-Trainer's Prospectus" today, without fail. Tell me all about your horse.

FUNSTEN WANTS \$10,000,000 WORTH OF FURS

Biggest Prices! Best Grading! Cash-Quick

Those are the advantages you have in sending your furs to Funsten. We are the largest in the world in our line. The biggest American, Canadian and European buyers are represented at our regular sales. Competition for Funsten Furs is greatest. As we sell furs in larger quantities and get more spot cash, we can pay you more cash for your furs than you can get anywhere.

We count on large volume of business and small margin of profit. No traveling buyers—do all our business direct with you. We want ten million dollars' worth of furs. We want your shipments—anything—from one skin up.

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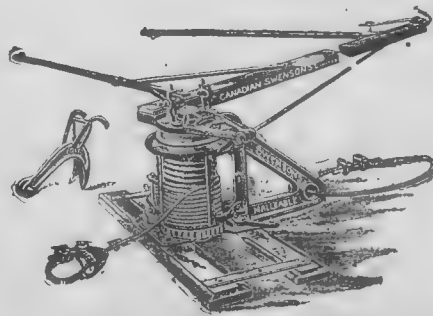
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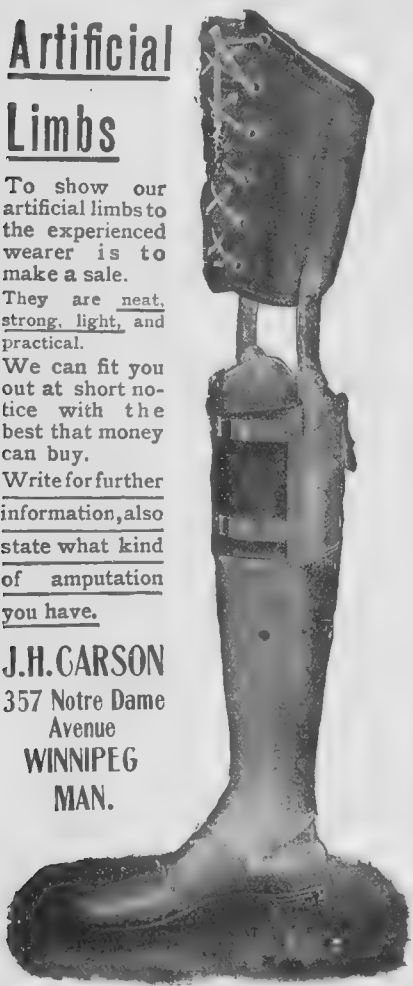
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Give Me Back My Husband

From "Sparks from the Anvil," by Elihu Burritt

Not many years since, a young married couple from the far away Old Country sought American shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when, in an evil hour the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it "when it gives its color in the cup." The charmer fastened around his victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell, and at every step from his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heartstring broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the Bacchanalian crowd who were revelling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "Give me back my husband!"

"There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed towards the prostrate wretch. "That my husband! What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? That my husband! What have you done to that once noble brow, which he wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the God-head? That my husband! What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to 'look erect on heaven,' and see in his mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the ambling fountains of the heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me by the altar!"

The ears of the rum-seller, ever since the first demijohn of that burning liquid was opened upon our shores, had been saluted, at every stage of the traffic, with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows and mothers, such fatherless children, as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem, or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, night, and evening, "Give me back my husband! Give me back my boy! Give me back my brother!"

But has the rum-seller been confounded or speechless at these appeals? No! not he. He could show his credentials at a moment's notice, with proud defiance. He always carried in his hands a written absolution for all he had done and could do in his work of destruction. He had bought a letter of indulgence. I mean a licence! a precious instrument, signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the Pope's. He confounded! Why, the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in his defence and support. Thus shielded by the Aegis of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of Caesar on his credentials, and unto Caesar he appealed, and unto Caesar, too, his victims appealed, and appealed in vain.

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"Oi agree," returned the willing patient. "Sure, th' felly must be worth seein.' Bring in the doctor with two heads!"

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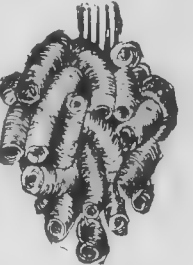
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Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

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Mrs. Wm. Martin, Lower Ship Harbor East, N.S., writes:—"I am sending you a testimonial of my cure by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Last May I took a cold, and it settled on my lungs. I got so bad I could not rest at night. I had two doctors to treat me but got no relief.

"All of my people thought I had Consumption. I had fallen away to a shadow. I had given up all hopes of ever getting better again until my daughter went to a store one day and bought me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. After taking half of it I felt better, so I got two more, and thanks to them I am well to-day, and able to do my house work. I cannot say too much in its praise, and I shall always keep it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the lung healing virtues of the famous Norway Pine tree which makes it the very best preparation for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

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Correspondence

WE invite our readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mental development, and readers of The Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

A Lover of Nature

Saskatchewan, November, 1912.

Dear Editor: Having just read through the Correspondence column in your precious paper I was struck by the beauty of the letters written by the corresponding club. It certainly is a good plan for exchanging ideas and in this manner even strangers can be of great help to one another. May this club live and prosper for ever. I am deeply interested in The Western Home Monthly, and the pages have, I must say, afforded me many moments of real pleasure as well as interesting instruction. I am a solitary child of the bluff country, having landed here in the sunny month of June. This is my first experience in Canada, and I can say I like it fine. This country here appeals to me from the standpoint of beauty. Its rustic beauty is certainly without comparison. The little bluffs are adorned by the beautiful curves and the graceful windings of the Carrot River, and, dear reader, what can be more ideal than a mossy seat under the birch trees which lean gracefully over the roiling banks with the murmuring water below and the singing birds above. This is nature's sweet lullaby. It is surely the place for the poet and nature lover. Stockraising is the chief industry in this locality, second comes farming on a small scale. The soil and climate are certainly suited for wheat raising, and I expect in the near future this will be one of the famous wheat-raising districts in Saskatchewan, but at present the country is so newly settled and as it takes a considerable amount of time, labor and money to clear away the bush, the patient homesteader earns his bread by selling butter and eggs. I am an interested reader of your excellent paper, and if, dear Editor, you could find a space for my letter in your columns I would be delighted. Also I should like to correspond with any of the boys and girls of this club, especially our own "Critic" and "Yankee Stenographer" as I am a Yankee girl myself about the age of 18. I will close wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I am,
Uncle Sam's Lassie.

Who Will Guess?

Manitoba, November, 1912.

Dear Editor: Have you room for two poor, destitute, forlorn, forsaken maids? We, having heard and read so much about the Correspondence column of the W.H.M. have at last screwed up our courage to the sticking point, and, although neither of us is an artist in the epistolary art we have decided to try our luck and fervently hope our letter will escape an ignominious ending in the waste paper basket. The subject of dancing must be worn almost threadbare as nearly all the correspondents have something to say about it. Ontario Girl's letter in the November issue refers the subject of dancing to the Bible. The Bible was written many centuries ago and conditions have changed. Doubtless the dances mentioned in the bible are not the modern dances. Here's our dancing creed. We believe dancing lies with one's conscience. If a person honestly thinks there is no harm in

dancing then it is not wrong to do it. Any form of amusement carried to excess is injurious to morals, and dancing if not carried to excess is a good form of recreation. How do some of our readers account for dancing being taught in some of the best schools? Surely if the effects of dancing were so demoralizing modern educators would not approve of it. How old do you suppose we are? Won't some one take a guess at it? By our profound discussion of the terpsichorean art some of our readers might be led to think we were nearing the century mark. Yet, we are not too old to enjoy good sport of any kind. We believe everybody should try and have the best kind of time and be as happy as possible. What poet says "The world is so full of a number of things we should all be as happy as kings." Isn't it true? We think so. Among our accomplishments are music, skating, dancing, cooking, fancy work, and others too numerous to mention. Jeff is short like the original and Mutt is tall. I guess that is because Mutt has a couple of years' start of Jeff. Both have black hair and blue eyes. Neither have been kidnapped yet, but we don't expect to remain long in this condition after becoming acquainted with some of the W.H.M. correspondents through the medium of the pen. We always read the W.H.M. and think it a most interesting and valuable paper. Don't know how large this letter will look in print, but it looks awfully long in writing. Wishing the W.H.M. and our patient Editor every success, we sign ourselves,
Mutt and Jeff.

Two Jolly Bachelors

Burdette, Alta., November, 1912.

Dear Sir: Would you please let a couple of jolly bachelors join your merry circle, and express their views on the amusement question. We think the outdoor sports very beneficial to health, and as to dancing, we just love a long dreamy waltz. We quite agree with "Constance" of the September issue, that a few simple recipes for cooking would not come amiss. Something we bachelor boys are pretty apt to have that does not start with six eggs or seven lemons. Send something easy like velvet hot cakes are. We can do the spuds and flapjack stunt, but when it comes to pie we have to go to the neighbors and praise up the baby. As to our dispositions they are fine when our previous named velvet cakes do not burn. We wish the W.H.M. every success, and would like to hear from the fair sex.
Jolly Joe and Funny Bill.

From One who is Interested

Rainy River District, November, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have just been reading a copy of your magazine which was sent as a specimen. I think it is a very interesting paper so will enclose an order for a year's subscription, and as you invite correspondents I would like to say a few words re the letters in the Correspondence column. I admire Ontario Girl's subject, also the one of the Hired Help. I have had considerable experience of the same myself; being a hired man I have often been subjected to abuse, especially from the farmer's wife. Some think that the hired man should do their house work as well as the outside work. Now I would like to say a few words about myself. I am a young man of English descent, inclined to be musical. My age is 26. I expect to homestead in the West next year. I do not use tobacco or intoxicating liquors. I enjoy all kinds of amusement, but do not profess to be a dancer. I would like to hear from Ontario Girl and others, my address being with the Editor. I will sign myself.
The Traveller.

From Beautiful Ontario.

Hornings Mills, Ont., December, 1912.

Dear Editor: Since I have had your magazine sent to me I have been greatly interested in the Correspondence column, and thought I would write a letter as I have not seen any from this part of the country. I like to read the letters that come from different parts of the world,

Exhausted Nerves Sleepless Nights

Continually Grew Worse Until Dr.
Chase's Nerve Food Restored
Vigor and Strength.



Mrs. Campbell.

What misery to lie awake nights and think of all sorts of things without being able to get the rest and sleep which is necessary to restore the nervous energy wasted in the tasks of the day.

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Mrs. Sarah Campbell, 108 Alma street, St. Thomas, Ont., writes: "For months I was so bothered with nervousness that I could not sleep nights. There were other symptoms of exhausted nerves, but none caused so much misery, and I found myself continually getting worse.

"I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it was not long before I noticed great improvement in my health. It built up the nervous system wonderfully, strengthened the nerves and enabled me to rest and sleep well."

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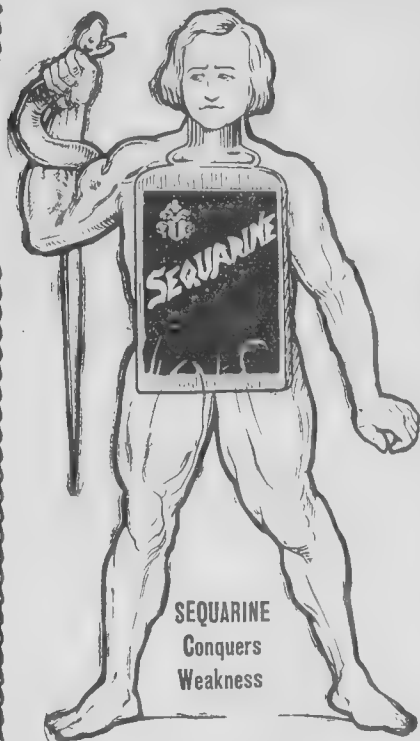
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and I think one reason why the Western Home Monthly is so popular is because it is for both men and women, boys and girls. I live in a pretty little village which has a beautiful lake and several ponds which are fed by bubbling springs, and out of which beautiful trout are caught, but as these bodies of water are owned by companies and private parties only certain people are allowed the privilege of fishing. Then, too, we have beautiful trees of most every kind growing in large numbers, such as maple, beech, birch, elm and cedar, also we have great quantities of fruit. These are a few things that the Eastern people can boast of, and that the Western people are in great need of, especially in some parts. We have an electric power plant near our village which supplies light to us and to several other towns some distance away. There are a number of questions under discussion in this column—one "Country Life v. City Life." I have lived in both the country and the city, and I think it is just a matter of choice, as there are advantages and disadvantages in both city and country. Of course it is more healthy in the country. Then as to the question of amusements. I think each person should have a mind of his own, and be ruled by one's own conscience in doing what one thinks is right or wrong. I agree with Onlooker in giving our Correspondence a different name, and would suggest—Friendship. Wishing the W.H.M. continued success. A Canadian.

Good Wishes for the Bachelors

Alberta, November, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have been a silent reader of your very welcome paper the W.H.M. and enjoy it very much. I only wish it would be published at least twice a month. I am fond of reading and especially now when I am unable for much else, having had an operation a short time ago. There has been quite a lot of chitter chatter on dancing and card playing. I will not say much this time, but will say this: much praise for Josephus' letter and very much for Ontario Girl's. I enjoyed them both so much. Christmas will soon be here again. How quickly and quietly another year has slipped by. What great New Year resolutions we make and how many of them are upset. This year seems to me to have been but a few months. I have been ill so much, and the days came and went so quickly and I was unable to enjoy things as I usually do. We have a good church not far away from our place, and we generally have a Christmas entertainment—the wee folk seem to enjoy it so much and especially when Santa comes around. What an old man Santa must be. You poor bachelors far away, I hope Santa will not forget to call on every one of you. I see Mr. Editor is beginning to look around for that awful w.p.b. but I am going to close now, with hearty good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year to all. My address is with the Editor, and anyone wishing to correspond will have their letters promptly answered. I will sign myself just Half Past Sixteen.

Working on a Farm

Virden, Man., November, 1912.

Dear Editor: Being a subscriber of your magazine for several years past, and finding it a most wonderful paper, I think there is not one that can get up to it. I am at present working on a farm, but am thinking of going to the city of Winnipeg in a while. I can say I like the country life fine. I also like going to a good party and home dances as I don't see any harm in them. This being my first letter I will close. I would like to correspond with Motor Girl if she will write me—my address is with the Editor. —Curly Alick.

A New Name

Montreal, December, 1912.

Dear Editor: I was looking over a couple of the back numbers of the W.H.M. Of course the Correspondence column caught my eye, and as it is cold and stormy out, and a feeling of sadness steals o'er me that my soul cannot resist, I suppose I have a fellow feeling for some of our Western friends who cannot call up their friends for a chat over the phone whenever they are feeling blue,

I thought I would write a few lines, and if any one cares to correspond I will be delighted as I love getting letters. I think Constance is right in urging the correspondents to elevate the tone of the letters, some of which are most interesting. They could be made to take us away from our every day cares and worries and give us mental stimulus instead of expatiating on the merits and demerits of the Western bachelors and whether the girls should do chores or not. Each person's actions should be regulated by their circumstances, and as circumstances alter cases, no one should make any hard and fast rule for themselves or others. Now I know pretty much what there is to do on a farm, having lived all my life on one with the exception of a couple of years, and although I love the country I think that country people, as a rule, do not cultivate their literary talents enough and are apt to get into a rut, but I also think that nowhere can one find more kind hearted people. Some one suggests a name for the club. Bravo! How would Maverick's club do, for surely there are strays all over the world belonging to it. A Reader writes in a rather sad key, let me remind him of Browning's beautiful lines.

The best is yet to be
The last of life for which the first was made

Our times are in His hand
Who said, a whole I planned,
Grow old, see all, be not afraid.

Wishing the W.H.M. continued success, and all its readers a Happy New Year, I will sign myself, Sunshine.

A Difficult Problem.

Nova Scotia, Nov. 25th, 1912.

Dear Editor: I am a reader of the W.H.M. and wish to join the Correspondence column if I may. I think one can make many good friends in this way. What do our readers think, in regard to the much discussed question as to whether young people should marry while possessing nothing, or wait until the home is all ready. Many young couples begin with practically nothing so far as worldly possessions go, but they have affection and confidence in each other. In five or ten years they still have nothing but the same wealth of affection and three or four bonny lads and lasses, and they are content and happy. Other couples might begin with a nice home and everything needed, but in five or ten years there is poverty of affection and discontent. Then, of course, there are the young people who begin together to make a home, and in course of time they become prosperous, and if they have worked together in harmony, aiming each to please the other, happy are they indeed. Now my opinion is, that much depends upon the individual disposition. Those who can be happy with one they love in any circumstances could marry any time. Those who could not be happy unless in easy circumstances, should not marry until they could afford to. So I think it hard to apply any general rule. But it is only fair to my sex to say that the majority of women will marry the man they love (if he wants her to) be he rich or poor, and will try to build up the true home. I'll welcome correspondents of either sex, and will answer every letter received. Lonesome.

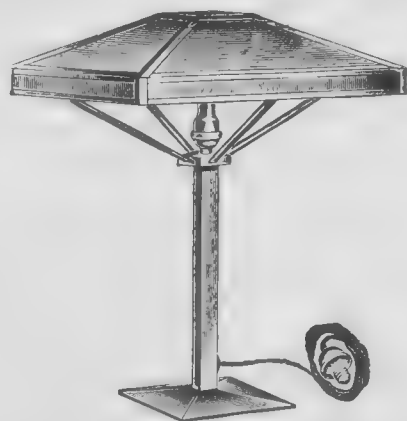
Setting a Good Example

Manitoba, November 14th, 1912.

Dear Editor: I am not a subscriber as yet, but I am willing to be one just the same, so here goes, enclosed is my subscription, and I will commence right in with the December number. I have been here all the harvest, and the people I am working for are subscribers to your valuable paper, and I, of course, have read it, and find now I cannot do without it. As I am moving farther up West I must have one of my own. I should like to make a little comment on some of the letters written by other readers. In the first place I notice in the November issue that Ontario Girl abuses the greatest of amusements—dancing. Now I would like to say that it is the best exercise for the body and limbs in general, and I myself have done quite a lot of it, both in England, the States and Canada, and I find all are different, but the healthy exercise is

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Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

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there just the same. I can safely say I have taught scores of boys and girls at dancing classes the great art, and have been thanked over and over again for it. I am also a good hand at cards, and can play most games, but skating is another great hobby of mine, and the more the merrier I say. I am looking forward to it already. Well, I would like to see this in print so I will not take up any more of your valuable space. Will you please forward the W.H.M. to me at Medicine Hat. Hoping you will oblige, yours truly, Dido.

Only Once in a Lifetime

Ontario, West, Nov. 18th, 1912.

Dear Editor: As this is my first letter to your Correspondence column I will be pleased to see it in print. My father has taken The Western Home Monthly for a long time, and we are always anxious to get it. I play the organ, and can bake good bread, cakes and cookies. I will close with a short poem: "Only Once in a Lifetime."

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim.
I waited for the railway train, the light was low and dim.
It came at last, and from the car there stepped a dainty dame,
And looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came.
"Oh, Jack," she cried, "oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake;
Then looked again, and frightened cried, "Oh! what a bad mistake!"
I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair, for I am not your Jack,
And as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back."
And since that night I've often stood upon that platform dim,
But only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.

Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I will sign myself,

A Farmer's Daughter.

Please send address. Ed.

A Little Particular

Manitoba, December, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have often read your charming magazine, and wish some of those dear girls who write would send me a line. My girl must be tall and fair complexion. I enjoy a good dance particularly if my partner is a nice girl. I smoke and chew gum—not tobacco, and enjoy town life better than country. I am five feet ten inches tall, blue eyes and fair hair. I must close now as this is my first letter, and hoping to get some correspondence I will leave my address with the Editor.

Lickly Geordie.

One Who Works Hard

Agassiz, B.C., November, 1912.

Dear Editor: I would like to come into your cheerful circle, and have a little to say about the latest topic. I am very fond of dancing, and think it is very healthful with the right people, but when you come to think how many dollars are thrown away on it by bachelors—I say bachelors because married men with children have more use for the mighty dollar—it is too bad. I know there are lots of people in need of necessities alone, and what a lot of pleasure that money would bring them. My husband is a good workman but we have a hard time to make ends meet with five bright children. One man was heard to relate "Oh, there are no poor people here because they never pay their debts." It is a shame too, because this is a beautiful country where we live. I am afraid it will be a poor Christmas for us, and children look to it as their brightest time, but it brings heartaches and disappointments to some as well as joy and happiness to others.

I remain,
Rule Britannia.

Likes the Prairie Life

Manitoba, Nov. 25th, 1912.

Dear Editor: Can you spare a wee space in your journal for this my first letter to the Correspondence column. I have been in this country for two years, and have read the W.H.M. from cover to cover each month. It does not seem necessary to be a subscriber in order to

For The Nervous Woman,

Or the woman who experiences hot flashes nothing is so good to soothe, quiet and calm the nervous system as a pure glyceric extract of native medical plants, and made without alcohol, which has been sold by druggists for the past forty years, and most favorably known as Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In younger years some women suffer from dizziness, or fainting spells, hysteria, headache, bearing-down feelings and pain. All these symptoms of irregularity and female disturbance are relieved by the use of this famous "Prescription" of Doctor Pierce.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system, and in particular to the organs distinctly feminine. For over-worked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is an excellent appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.



Mrs. McDonald.

"My disease was called retroversion," writes Mrs. LYDIA McDONALD, of Mecosta, Mich., Route 1. "I had nervous chills and numb spells and they would leave me very weak. Then I had inflammation and the doctor said I had a floating kidney. I doctored seven months with our family physician. He said I would have to have an operation. Then I stopped taking his medicine. After taking three bottles of Dr. Pierce's medicines I have not had any nervous chills or weak spells. I am better than for years."

"My daughter is now taking the 'Prescription' and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, also the 'Pellets' for nervousness and weak, tired feeling. These remedies have helped her ever so much in a short time. We have great faith in your medicines for female troubles."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement.

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SANDEN.

The only legitimate way to restore lost strength is to send a genuine supply of nerve-force or vitality into the weakened system. Therefore, if I can show any debilitated man how he may easily supply his weakened nerves, his depleted organism, with this marvellous power, I can then put him in the way of restoring his youth and of keeping him feeling young and capable to a ripe old age. A thoroughly strong, healthy, magnetic man is the greatest inspiration in the world and his fascinating influence is felt alike by all men and all women who are near him. Nothing but death itself can conquer the giant of strength and vigor.

I cannot here give space to thoroughly describe the method which I recommend in the treatment of lost strength, but will merely say the power which your system absorbs is generated by a vitalizing appliance which I make and distribute. This appliance I call a HEALTH BELT because it is made to wear around the

waist. It produces a great volume of a force that I term Vitality, and it sends this force into your nerves and blood hour after hour all night while you sleep. There is no shock, but merely a pleasant, warm, soothing sensation which induces a sound refreshing sleep. Weak back often disappears at once, and a better feeling is immediately experienced. Two or three months' wear is usually sufficient to restore lost strength. The cost is nominal. With special attachments, my HEALTH BELT is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc.

My 86-page illustrated book for men, aside from its general advice, fully explains the new, drugless method for restoring strength which is referred to above. Write for free copy to-day. Please use coupon below. If living near by call in person and have a free demonstration of the treatment.

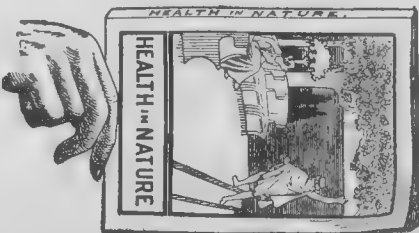
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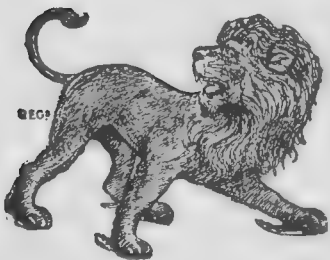
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No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

Giving Out of the Vital Forces long before the average period. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience. It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage. Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

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enjoy the privilege of reading it as everywhere I go I see it. The Correspondence column seems such great fun that I could not keep away any longer, so I took my courage in one hand, and my pen in the other, and after making a mess of about a dozen sheets of paper I have eventually "got going." I put in some months as a clerk in a store out here, but found that farming was more attractive for a fellow. I lived in London, England, for sixteen years, and when I first landed in this locality I noticed the houses were not quite so close to other as in London, and thought consequently I was in for a very lonely time, but was agreeably surprised to find that there is plenty of life out on the prairie. I am on a "bachelor ranch" and like Little Chickabiddy I can cook, wash, bake, sweep, sew and most everything that you would never expect that I could do. The last thing I baked was a pair of socks which I put in the oven to dry, and they were pretty well done when I discovered them. I would be awfully glad if any of your fair readers would write to me, and I'll promise to answer every letter. Wishing the W.H.M. long life and a big circulation. I remain, yours truly, Paddy.

A City Girl

New York City, Nov. 26th, 1912.

Dear Editor and Neighbors: I wonder if some of you would not enjoy hearing from a city girl for a change. It seems

is in most of the marriages contracted here. Is it reasonable to suppose that these bachelors living in their isolated shacks until they are in a position to build houses and marry, looking around in a dispassionate matter of fact way for a wife, or, if the real truth be spoken, an unpaid housekeeper; besetting each new spinster that appears within hailing distance, conveying her hither and thither to such slight entertainment as may occur during the winter, proposing to her with much show of affection and many promises for the future, and upon being rejected immediately hailing the next victim with the same ardor until some credulous female succeeds in persuading herself that this honest guileless son of the soil could not deceive, decides that she has met her fate, which truly she has, as the sequel of the story usually goes to show. Is it reasonable to suppose, I say, that these bachelors really love or that marriage based on such principles can be happy for both? True, many of these married housekeepers are contented. But is contentment enough? Contentment is passive, happiness is active and marriage, if it is the result of a mutual love, not affection and esteem, will bring happiness, not merely contentment. It is time, I think, that some of the many who amuse themselves at the expense of those enterprising bachelors spoke a word of warning for the benefit of such unmarried women as may venture into this land of women hunters. I am not warning the girls against our Western bachelors.



Mr. McGowan Reaping His Splendid Crop of Oats Six Miles South of Gladstone, Man.

as though the majority of those who write are country people. I should think the lonely homesteader especially would like to hear something a little different and not always farming and housekeeping—the two things he does all the time, and he certainly must have a busy life. But the long winter evenings are here now, and I should not think his mending would keep him busy quite all the time. I have not always lived in the city. I passed my childhood in the country and in Canada, so you see I know something about it, and when I can, I still like to spend part of each summer there. I enjoy the city in the winter and the country in the summer. So let me hear from some of you either from the city or the country. It does not seem to be the custom but I would like to have girls write me too. I do not have long evenings, they all seem too short, but I enjoy getting letters, and don't object to writing them, so step lively please, lest I lose interest. Will sign myself, City Girl.

Plato Again to the Front

Sask., December, 1912.

Dear Editor: My last letter called forth a trifle of criticism from a few of your correspondents which pleased me much, as I am glad to hear that all people have not had their eyes opened in regard to matrimony, as our race would very speedily become extinct were it plain to everyone what a losing game marriage really is. I have heard a great deal and read more about the unhappiness of the marriages in the West, but judging from what I have observed since settling here I think that it would be very strange were it otherwise when one considers how little real love there

They are, as a rule, steady, sober men, a little gloomy maybe—their lonely lives tend to that. But I do warn them against a loveless marriage. Those men do not mean to practice deceit but they need companions and housekeepers, and can easily settle it with their conscience if they venture beyond the truth in their vows of undying devotion. You know the best of us succeed in chloroforming our conscience when it comes to an affair of this kind and if you are on the point of giving a favorable answer to some agonized male creature in order to save him from a life-long misery, my advice to you is, refuse him and see for yourself how soon he will begin to scan the horizon for an easier victim. My belief is that a wife should be her husband's chief pride. She should be just the type of woman that he will always be proud of having won. As it is, the average wife seems to be regarded as a necessary evil, and my firm belief is, that these loveless marriages are going to be the curse of this otherwise glorious country. Plato.

A Valuable Criticism

New Westminster, B.C., Nov. 24th, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have been a subscriber to your very interesting paper for some years. I wrote about two years ago, but my letter must have gone the way of all other uninteresting ones, into the w.p.b. I hope you will be more merciful this time. When I first took the paper there used to be some very nice helpful letters in it—one would give a nice cookery recipe, and another would describe the part of the country they were living in or some place they had visited, but lately, the

writers have taken to describing themselves and their charms—the boys are as bad as the girls. Now, why does not someone write and tell of the friendships they have made through the medium of the paper, it would encourage the more timid and lonely ones to write and make friends too. I wonder if you have any members of the Loyal True Blues among your readers. I would like a few correspondents from Ontario and Manitoba. I will gladly give any information I can about this part of B.C. to any who wish it. I suppose I had better say that I am not sweet sixteen, but am on the sunny side of 40. Thanking you in advance and wishing you every success. My address is with the Editor.

Mora.

Fond of Sport

Manitoba, Nov. 18th, 1912.

Dear Editor: Kindly allow another bashful fellow to say a few words in praise of your valuable paper. Since becoming a subscriber nearly a year ago, I have looked forward for each new issue, and take my first pleasure from the Correspondence column, but must say the other parts receive the attention due them. I suppose it is rather out of date to say anything about dancing, but my opinion is, everyone should do as their conscience tells them is right. For my part I dance and can see no harm in it if it is carried on properly. Baseball and hockey are my favorite sports, but hockey is my hobby—I suppose because

we farmer boys do not take much pleasure out of a baseball practice after a long day's work in the summer. Old Homes Joy wrote a splendid letter. Now girls my address is with the Editor, and if any of you wish to volunteer to help a lonely bashful boy of about twenty to pass some of the long winter evenings, just come along, and in time I believe I will not feel so out of place in this world. Wishing the W.H.M. every success. I remain,

Diamond Dick, Jr.

"Whisky," said Beecher on one occasion, "is a good thing in its place. There is nothing like it for preserving a man when he is dead. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whisky;

if you want to kill a live man, put whisky in him.

Impersonating a Constable

The other day a man with a red nose was brought before a magistrate, charged with impersonating a police officer.

"What have you to say?" asked the magistrate.

"I am innocent," replied the man.

"What did he do?" asked the magistrate.

"Why, he tapped three times at the door of a public-house on my beat, and when the landlady shoved the beer out through the half-closed door he took it and drank it. That's what he did!"

The case was dismissed.

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If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

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Pennsylvania

Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on: It just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES A. BRITTON.

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Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I feel it my duty to let you, and also all people afflicted as I was, know what your Appliance has done for me. I have been ruptured for many years and have worn many different trusses, but never got any relief until I got your Appliance. I put it on last November, but had very little faith in it, but must say I am now cured. I have laid it away—have had it off for two weeks and doing all kinds of farm work with ease. While I was wearing it, I had



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who has been curing others for over 30 years. If ruptured, write him today

lagrippe and coughed a great deal but it held all right. Words cannot express my gratitude towards you and your Appliance. Will recommend it to all ruptured people.

Yours sincerely,

Bald Prairie, Texas.

J. E. LONG.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON

No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Cured at the Age of 76

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,

High Point, N. C.

SAM A. HOOVER

Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send For Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Free Information Coupon

C. E. Brooks, 94-B. State St. Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

City.....

R.F.D.....State.....

Household Suggestions

RECIPES

Potato Salad.—Take one quart of potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, two tablespoons of grated onion, moisten with French dressing. Slice the potatoes while hot, mix the other vegetables with them, add more French dressing and set in a cool place for two hours before serving.

Cooked Cream Salad Dressing.—Take yolks of three eggs, one tablespoon of thick, sweet cream, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of lemon juice, one salt-spoon of celery salt, one-eighth salt-spoon of pepper, one teaspoon of made mustard, one teaspoon of sugar. Beat the eggs lightly, add the cream, the butter, melted (but not to oil), and the rest of the ingredients, stirring all the time, and beating well as each is added. Set the bowl containing the dressing in a saucepan of hot water, and stir rapidly until the dressing thickens. Set it on the ice to cool thoroughly before using. Vinegar may be substituted for lemon juice.

Sour Cream Salad Dressing.—One cup of sour cream, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of sugar, one tablespoon of lemon juice, two tablespoons of vinegar, one-eighth teaspoon of cayenne. This makes an excellent dressing for vegetable salads. Place the pepper, sugar and salt together in a bowl, mix well, and add the lemon juice, and then the vinegar. When the mixture is perfectly smooth put in the cream, stir well, and place in a cool place till needed.

Potato Salad.—Boil about three dozen small potatoes until well done but not too soft, slice them while hot, and add two dessertspoons of oil and two tablespoons of vinegar. Chop one small onion very fine, and add, together with two dessertspoons of capers, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Pour a thin mayonnaise sauce over the potatoes, mixing thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Tarnish with lettuce a few pieces of lemon, and cut beets.

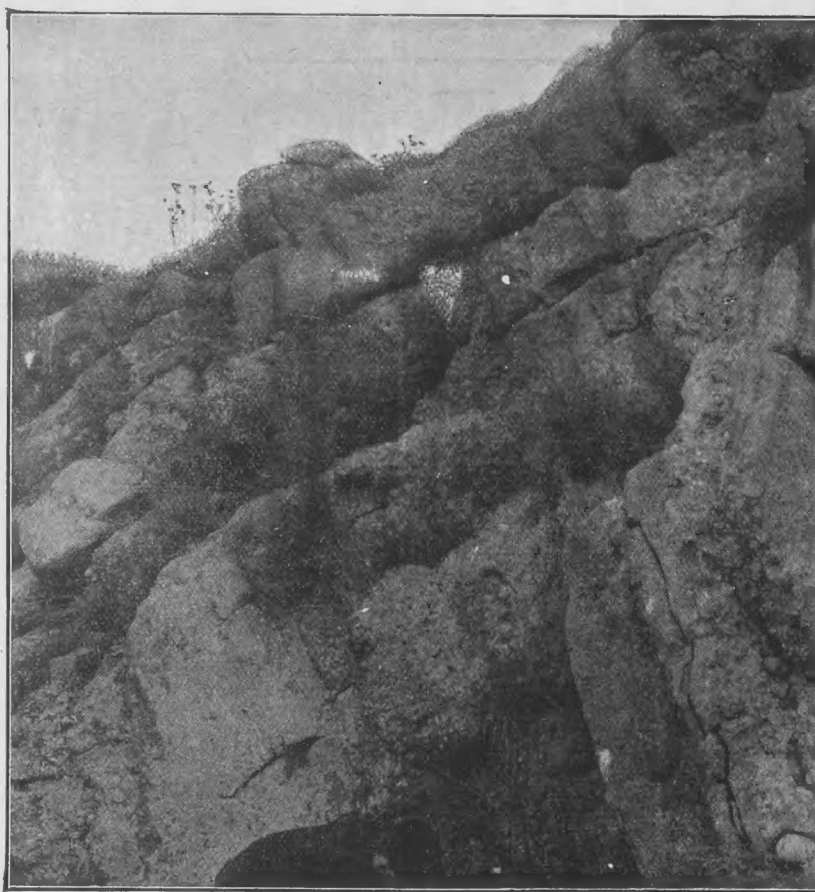
French Dressing.—The French always rub the bowl in which dressing is made with a piece of garlic. Ingredients: one teaspoon of salt, three tablespoons of oil, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper, one tablespoon of vinegar. Mix the oil, salt and pepper together, and slowly add the vinegar, stirring constantly. In dressing a salad at the table the dressing may be made in a separate bowl, and then poured upon the vegetable, the latter being tossed lightly for a few seconds, and then served, or it may be made in the following way: Hold a tablespoon over the salad, put into it the salt and pepper, and then fill with the oil the remaining space, mix with a fork and pour upon the vegetable, distributing well, add the remaining proportion of oil, a spoonful at a time, tossing the salad lightly, at the last add the vinegar, toss again and serve.

The French Dressing may be made at table. For this there should be a small china or glass tray, set with oil and vinegar cruet, salt cellar, peppercorn grinder, paprika shaker, bottle of Worcestershire sauce and a bottle of pearl onions. These may be passed to the person who serves the salad.

RECIPES FOR DAYS WHEN EGGS ARE DEAR

Gingerbread without butter or eggs.—Put one cup of molasses, half a cup of lard or pork dripping, and two teaspoons of ground ginger in a saucepan on the fire until warmed. When the lard has melted, beat for ten minutes. Mix one cup of sour milk in with the molasses. Dissolve one teaspoon of baking powder in a few drops of boiling water, mix it in, and last add enough flour to make a stiff batter. Beat well, pour into a shallow roasting pan and bake ten minutes in a quick oven. This quantity will fill a ten by fifteen inch pan about an inch and a half deep. It does not bake well if too deep. Test with a broom straw.

An Economical Fruit Cake.—Soak over night three quarters of a pound of dried sour apples. Next morning drain; chop and put them in a saucepan with 1½ pints of New Orleans molasses, one tablespoon of ground cinnamon, one tablespoon of ground mace, one teaspoon of ground cloves, and a pinch of salt. When they come to the boil, set where they will simmer gently for twenty minutes. Stir occasionally to prevent scorching. Set away to cool. Meanwhile, cream half a pound of butter with half a pound of coffee sugar, add the juice of one lemon and beat in one egg. When the molasses is cool, stir in the mixture of butter, sugar, lemon and egg, add one and a quarter pounds of sifted flour, and one teaspoon of baking powder. Beat hard for three or four minutes. Dissolve one tablespoonful of baking soda in a very few drops of boiling water. Have ready half a pound of stoned raisins well coated with flour. Now beat in the soda thoroughly, but quickly; then stir in the raisins lightly. The batter should be thick enough to



"Ye Rocks and Crags"

drop hot from the spoon. Have ready two large loaf-pans lined with well greased paper. Fill three-quarters full of the batter and set in a moderately quick oven. The oven should be steady but never intensely hot. After fifteen minutes when the cake is set, turn off excessive heat, cover the top with a layer of brown paper and bake in all about forty-five minutes. If the oven is too hot the cake will crack and be heavy. Test with a broom straw and when it comes out perfectly dry the cake is done.

Cake without eggs.—Beat three gills of granulated sugar and two tablespoons of butter to a cream: add two cups of sifted flour and a pinch of salt, then one cup of milk and one teaspoon of vanilla, and beat hard; add one teaspoon of baking powder and mix well. Bake in a tin lined with thin greased paper for thirty minutes or more. For this and all loaf cakes a quick but not scorching oven should be used. Shut the door gently and be careful not to jar the cake or it will be heavy. Do not open the door for ten minutes and then as little as possible and gently. If the top browns too quickly cover with thick paper. If it cracks ever so little lessen the heat of the oven by opening the range cover above it. A cracked loaf-cake is never light. Test with a broom straw and when done turn on an inverted sieve to cool. Ice or simply sift powdered sugar over it.

Chocolate Cake.—One cup sugar, quarter of a cup of butter, one egg, quarter of a cup of sour milk, one large cup of flour, one level teaspoon of soda, two squares of unsweetened chocolate dissolved in half a cup of boiling water and added last.

Peanut Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of water, one cup of butter (or one cup of carefully clarified mixed dripping), one half teaspoon soda, half a teaspoon of salt (or more if unsalted dripping is used), one cup of peanuts that have been made crisp in the oven and crushed fine with a rolling pin; flour enough to roll. Bake in a quick oven.

Cream Pie or Layer Cake.—Cream together one cup of granulated sugar and one large tablespoon of butter; beat in one egg, then one cup of sweet milk and a pinch of salt; then two cups of flour in which you have sifted two teaspoons of cream of tartar; lastly, one more cup of flour in which you have sifted one teaspoon of soda (or instead use two teaspoons of baking powder sifted in with the three cups of flour). Beat hard for one or two minutes. Bake in jelly-tins in a quick oven for six to eight minutes. Fill two layers with corn-

and throw them into a pan of water, to which the juice of a large lemon has been added. When all are peeled take them out of the pan and wipe clean and place in jars. Pour the boiling vinegar over and cover closely. Stand in a hot oven with the door open for two hours. They must not boil—only keep very hot. At the end of the two hours try the pears with a silver fork. If they are tender they are done. Take out of the oven, and if the vinegar has wasted add sufficient to cover the fruit, and cover with parchment paper or bladder and store for future use.

Apples.—Take ripe, hard, sweet apples. Peel carefully and throw into a pan of water to which a handful of salt has been added. Take two quarts of vinegar (for one peck of apples) and four pounds of lump sugar, half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of allspice, one teaspoonful of mustard seed, the same of pepper, and a little salt. Place all the spices in a muslin bag and boil in the vinegar for ten minutes, add the sugar, and boil till clear. Put in the apples, after wiping the dry from the salt and water, and simmer gently until they are soft. Take up, place in glass preserving jars, and cover with the vinegar.

Plums.—Take a large jar and see that it is perfectly clean. Take seven pounds of good eating plums, quite ripe but in perfect condition. Mix four pounds of crushed lump sugar with an ounce each of powdered cinnamon and cloves and a little mace. Place a layer of plums in the jar, strew over a little of the mixture of sugar and spices, continue until the jar is full. Heat a quart of white vinegar to boiling point and pour over the plums. Cover closely and stand in a warm oven for two hours. When cold, store as it is in the jar or place in smaller jars. This pickle is ready to eat at once.

RECIPES FOR CAKE

Can't Fail Cake.—If you don't mind the cost of eggs, here is a recipe for a cake that the worst cook can hardly spoil. Cream a half cupful of butter and work into it two cups of sugar. Sift two and a half cups of flour, two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add some of the flour to the butter and sugar, then add part of a cup of sweet milk. Alternate flour and milk, until you have worked in the two and a half cups of flour and the cup of milk, beating manfully all the while. Then fold in the well-beaten whites of eight eggs and a scant teaspoonful of vanilla. This cake can be baked as loaf, layer, or muffin cake. It can be ruined if you make it in too slow or too hot an oven, but it is pretty hard to ruin even at that.

Nut Crisps.—Some little cakes for luncheon or tea for which one woman has become justly famous are noteworthy. The way she achieves them is to take a tablespoonful of butter and add to it a cupful of powdered sugar, gradually; two eggs well beaten go in next, and then two and a half cups of rolled oats or puffed rice, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Add a few drops of vanilla. Drop the batter into baking tins, about a teaspoonful for a cake, and bake in a slow oven to a light brown. They come out as little, puffy, melt-in-your-mouth cookies, and when you serve them to your friends at your tea parties you have the consolation of knowing—and hearing—that they are 'deliciously different': for no Trust has gotten hold of the recipe as yet and introduced them into the pretty package system.

Aunt Sally's Chili Sauce.—Take a peck of large ripe tomatoes. They must be so old enough not to mush up in chopping. Ten sweet green peppers, four large white onions, one stalk celery, one horseradish root grated, six tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls salt, two tablespoonfuls ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful cloves, one of black pepper and one of ground allspice; a quart of strong cider vinegar. Chop tomatoes, peppers, onions and celery fine, add sugar, salt and boil down thick; two or three hours will suffice. When nearly done add vinegar and spices. Boil a little longer, then bottle and seal.

starch or boiled custard and serve as a dessert when still fresh, but not hot. The remaining layers may be filled with jelly or any desired filling and used as cake.

FRUIT PICKLES

Peach.—Take nice shaped peaches, not too large. For every pound of fruit allow half a cup of white wine vinegar, half a pound of lump sugar and a stick of cinnamon. Boil the vinegar and sugar together and, when clear, lay the peaches, one or two at a time, in the liquid and simmer very gently for three minutes. Remove the fruit, stick three cloves into each, and place in glass jars. When all the fruit is done pour the vinegar and sugar over and cork very tightly. If the vinegar has wasted add a little more, and boil for three minutes before pouring over the fruit. The peaches should not be quite ripe for this pickle, but should be fully grown. They are ready for use in a month though they improve with keeping.

Pears.—Put five pounds of sugar in a pan with a quart of white sugar and bring to a boil. Place a two-ounce packet of mixed spice in a muslin bag and boil in the vinegar and sugar. Skim the vinegar carefully. Take ten pounds of good-sized pears of a good eating kind. They should be quite firm, but almost ripe. Peel thinly



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